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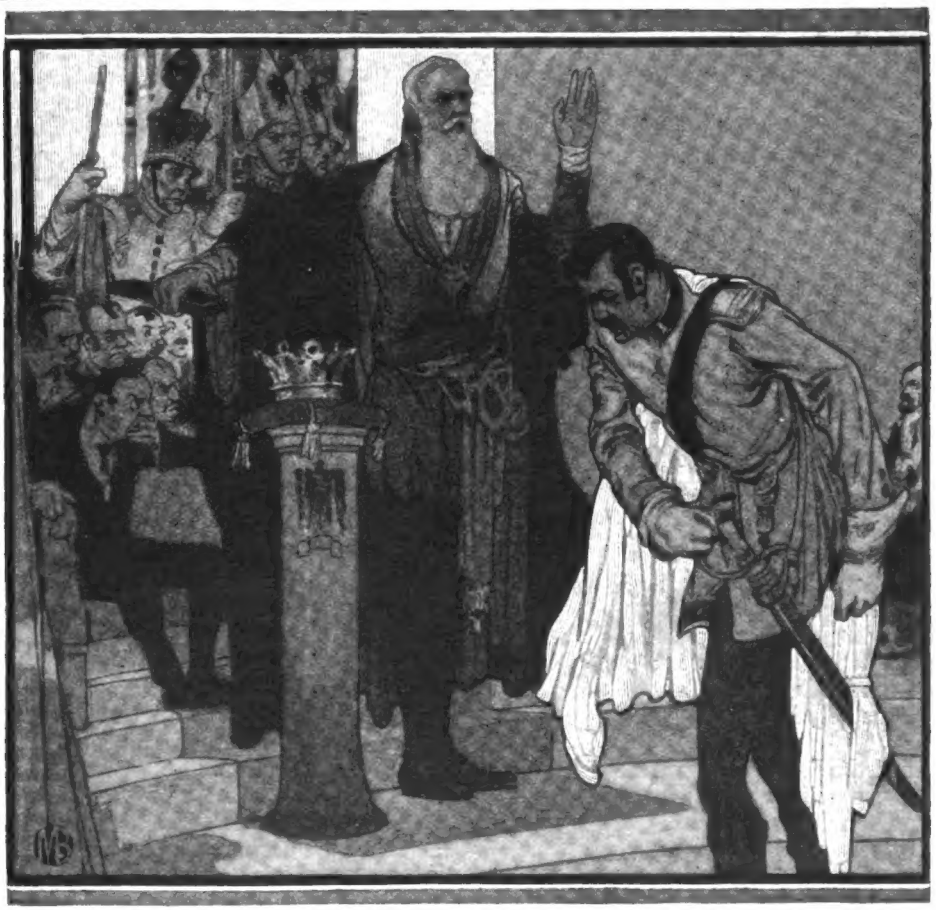

AND THE GERMAN REPUBLIC WAS FOUNDED.

The Great Defense

by Leavitt Ashley Knight

DECORATIONS BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

ONE brilliant June morning, in the year of our Lord 2217, fifteen years before the amazing war whose course we are about to narrate, all the shops of Berlin were shuttered; the thick bristle of factory chimneys in Treptow and Rixdorf was fumeless; and through the main streets there flowed torrents of stolid men, women, and children — all in the direction of the Reichstag, on the northern fringe of the Tiergarten.

At daybreak the vast open spaces around this building had been packed with eager people, all equipped with their pocket dictaphones of the Weitzzer type, which enabled the user to hear ordinary conversation half a mile away. The multitudes sat at ease on the needle-strewn grass, under

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the somber pines of the great park. But a tense silence hung over the place.

The crisis had come: the hour of final, decisive struggle between the people and the aristocrats of rank and wealth. At ten o'clock the Reichstag would convene in extraordinary session, on the great stone steps of the building facing the gloomy Bismarck statue; its eight hundred members would listen to an address from the Throne which would decide whether all men and women would receive the right of ballot, whether the Reichstag would be made the supreme legislative power, and whether the enormous real-estate holdings of the Hohenzollerns, which the Government had given to them in times long past, would revert to the public. For ninety years these questions had been hurled at the emperor, with an ever-deepening undertone of anger; and for ninety years they had been coolly ignored. But now—

Behind the Socialists stood an almost unanimous Reichstag and the ninety-four million workers of the Empire. On the side of the Imperialists were marshaled the thousands of princes, dukes, counts, barons, and other human gewgaws of the Hohenzollerns and the minor state nobilities; the four hundred great landowners, and hundreds of corporation heads who sided with the Emperor because he was in power.

Ten o'clock. Down the Charlottenburg Allee flew the golden royal car behind a flying squadron of scarlet Motorcycle Hussars. In it rode the venerable Emperor Maximilian Friedrich X, best beloved of all Germans, a jovial old fellow whose honesty of purpose no man had ever doubted. Beside him glowered the hard-visaged Crown Prince Eitel, who was wont to spend his nights carousing and his days dreaming of the good old days of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, when kings could proclaim themselves inspired vicegerents of God on earth without being laughed at in public.

BUT PROSPERITY DID NOT MAKE THE PROUD ARISTOCRAT HAPPY.

Gazing at the myriads who flanked his path, the old Emperor saluted politely, as he had been doing for thirty years. But from the sidewalks came no answering "*Hoch!*" And no hand flew to a hat, no head was bared.

"The dogs!" snarled the Crown Prince. "They'll pay dearly for this insult."

"I'll teach them a lesson," murmured the Emperor. And, with a mysterious smile, he continued to salute, all the way to the Reichstag steps.

"Why are those *Lumpen* sitting on the steps?" snapped the Crown Prince, in stupefaction.

"Because," the Emperor twinkled, "I am going to bring down the house. They don't want to be caught under it."

As one piece of stage machinery, the glittering ranks of the Military Aristocracy arose to greet the monarch as he ascended. But the eight hundred men in plain black remained in their places, ominously still.

"I'll shoot them down," snarled the Crown Prince . . .

A full hour the speech from the Throne droned on. The old Emperor reviewed the entire history of the struggle between people and royalty. Then he laid down his manuscript and picked up a long, black steel box.

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"And now I have weighed again all the facts." He lifted his voice and flung back his fine, firm head in the calm northern sunlight. "I have tried to look at my country and my countrymen with eyes unblinded by traditions and greed. And I have persuaded myself that the German people must govern themselves. And so—" he held out the strange box to the President of the Reichstag—"I herewith surrender my position as Emperor and titles to all imperial lands, castles, and other prerogatives."

The President of the Reichstag reeled, as if smitten by a sudden bullet. The multitudes gasped. Then, from far away on the unseen fringes of the myriad, there arose a thunder of praise louder than any surf or tempest. And, high above the old Emperor, one of the military dirigibles fired a jubilant broadside.

The Crown Prince leaped toward his father, and his lips shriveled away from his white teeth in a spasm of fury.

"I forbid it!" he bellowed. "You have no right to rob me of my heritage."

"Nothing is yours, my son," said the old man gently, "save what you have earned. What you have earned shall be yours——"

"And what is mine I shall keep!" the young man raged. Then he whirled to face the princes and officers of the army. "Follow me! My father has abdicated. Therefore I am Emperor from this hour forth. And I shall defend the fame and the splendid institutions of the Hohenzollerns against the rabble!"

Behind the clerk of the Reichstag sat the reporter of the Associated Press, snapping off the news of this astounding surprise to the waiting world. To him the President of the Reichstag spoke swiftly. The operator nodded. His key clicked, the tubes flashed greenly—

And in an instant ten prodigious dirigibles came humming over the forest of the Tiergarten and dropped a regiment of radium-gun sharpshooters.

"You are under arrest, sir." The President of the Reichstag smiled at the Crown Prince. "And let me assure all who may wish to follow you that they will be expelled from the country at the first sign of sedition."

Berlin thundered. The multitudes pressed toward the steps. A million fists flickered in the bluish shade of the pines. A policeman snapped handcuffs on the Crown Prince and shoved him aboard a police aeroplane.

And the German Republic was founded.

Three weeks later, two college students at Bonn were flying home from a dance at Zurich. The lower air strata of the Rhineland were thick with chilly, blinding mist; for it was one o'clock in the morning. So they shot their car up into the two-mile level. As they emerged from the nether clouds and hurtled into the clear wildernesses of moonlit sky, the young men heard, far above them, a great drone and whirring. And, looking, they beheld a host of aeroplanes and dirigibles, all racing into the southwest. Two hours the procession shot past like wild ducks, ranged in gigantic V's. There were hundreds of them; they were making a full hundred and fifty miles an hour—and always southwest.

The next morning Germany learned what had happened. The Crown Prince, the old nobility, five thousand army officers, half the aerial navy, and ninety thousand of the army had fled the country, bearing with them all their portable private treasures. On the door of his room in the old Palace at Berlin the Crown Prince had left this message, scrawled with chalk:

"*I shall return, conqueror and Emperor.*"

What the refugees did every schoolboy knows. They fled to Brazil, where flourished a German colony of some twenty million farmers and planters who, in their sparsely settled provinces of a new land, were strangers to the Socialism of the great European cities and cherished, as emigrants usually do, the sentimental traditions of their Fatherland. They received the Crown Prince with open arms. And within three years, under his vigorous lead, they placed him upon the throne of Brazil and rechristened the empire Bismarckia, the Land of Iron and Blood. Its capital was Saõ Paulo, renamed Wilhelmsstadt.

During the decade that followed nearly five million German sympathizers, mostly from the farming classes, left Germany for the new Teutonic nation. The Emperor Eitel was lavish with land grants, and soon his country was flourishing.

But prosperity did not make the proud aristocrat happy. At eventide he would stalk moodily along the lofty terraces of the Imperial Gardens and stare into the haze-hung northern sky. After an unusually

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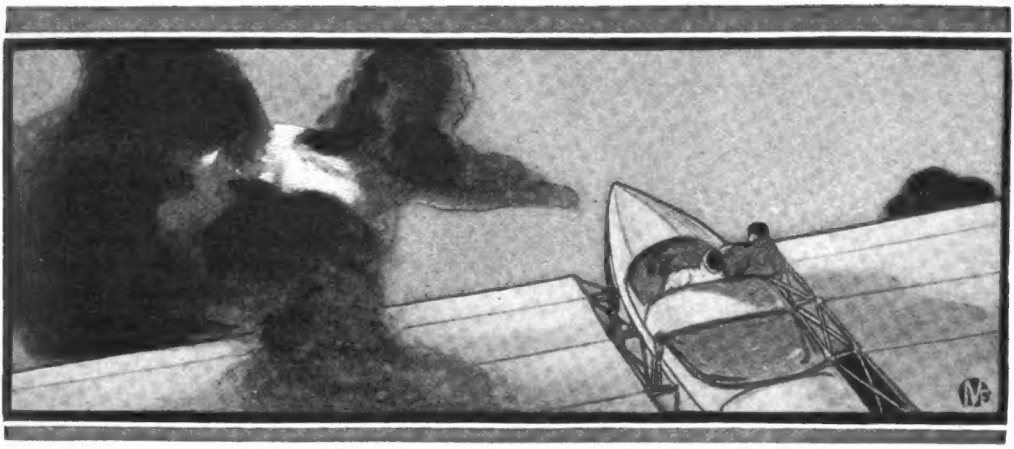

THEY SHOT THEIR CAR UP INTO THE TWO-MILE LEVEL.

hard day's work he would leap into his mighty aeroplane, shoot into the hot heavens, and try desperately to lose himself and his thoughts. No traveler dared speak in his presence about the cool plains of Prussia or praise the slumbrous happiness of Munich beer gardens. His ambassador to Germany regularly sent him, as required, a minute report of the progress of the Fatherland. And always the Emperor searched it for news that things were going to rack and ruin under the rule of the proletariat.

But not even fawning diplomacy could make the picture show that. And so at the reading's end the monarch always flung the document furiously into the pool of alligators behind the palace. Then he ordered his admirals to drill their aerial fleets in special maneuvers for forty-eight unbroken hours.

One day a puffy little clerk from the Göttingen post-office trudged into the antechamber of President Scheer, head of the German Republic, and timorously requested a private audience, which was granted.

"My wife's cousin is chef in a big restaurant called the Kaiser-keller, at Wilhelmsstadt, Bismarckia," he said to the President. "He writes me in cipher that the Emperor of Bismarckia has finished his plans for a great war against us. He will descend upon us in the third week of next May—ten months from now. My relative overheard all this and much more. Two great generals were discussing it in a private dining-room. They were whispering, but my relative happened to have his dictaphone in his pocket. I—I thought you might like to know this, sir."

"It's very kind of you, Herr Meissner." The President shook the little man's hot, sticky hand. "Won't you come to dinner with me? We'll meet some citizens and talk it over."

As stealthily as rats peer from their holes before emerging, the Germans investigated the rumor. And within a week they had richly confirmed it.

On the day when the last doubt was dispelled, a white-winged car fluttered over a lonely clearing in the Black Forest, swooped earthward, and discharged President Scheer, Hermann Fuchs, Secretary of the Treasury, and the six directors of the German National Bank. A minute later a second car whirled down and dropped Adolph Beethoven, head of Germany's greatest chemical works. Then, swiftly, from every quarter of the upper blue there came flashing cars and cars and cars—and when President Scheer lifted his hand and called the meeting to order there were seated before him Germany's five thousand shrewdest, richest, most experienced business men and statesmen.

All day they talked, while aerial sentries patrolled the region, guarding the secrecy of the session. The sun dropped behind the shafted forests of the western mountains, search-lights flashed down upon the clearing; and then the President in a brisk, matter-of-fact tone named a committee of ten "to formulate at once the details of the

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Great Defense and to submit the same to the Convocation before midnight."

Before eleven o'clock the committee was done. At two o'clock the gathering broke up. The twelve most momentous hours of Europe's history were over. What they had accomplished you shall learn, as the vengeful Emperor Eitel of Bismarckia learned it ten months later.

The year following the Convocation for the Great Defense was the busiest one in the long, rich annals of German commerce. It was also the most peculiar in its trade balances. These completely bewildered foreign commercial agents, bankers, and theoretical economists. Incredible masses of pig iron and copper were imported in the first three months of the year; and in the last three months incredible masses of machinery were exported to Siberia, South Africa, and Canada, the three countries which at that epoch were expanding industrially at the swiftest rate. People in the machinery businesses soon discovered a still more inexplicable fact: *Germany was shipping to these three countries more machines than they were buying.* To Siberia, indeed, four times as many were shipped as that country had ordered in an entire year.

Other exports showed the same queer distribution. Thus:

Scientific instruments	$94,000,000
Clocks, watches, and toys	31,000,000
Furniture	91,000,000
Carpets and rugs	48,000,000
Books in foreign languages	38,500,000
Jewelry and pottery (fancy)	355,000,000
Works of art	420,000,000

When a famous Fifth Avenue jeweler read this table in a trade journal, he threw up his hands and groaned: "Good Lord! Our business will be ruined for the next ten years! First-water diamonds will drop twenty dollars on the half-carat. And we'll be selling amethysts by the pound. The world markets can't stand that flood of trinkets and sparklers."

But now comes the strangest fact of all: *Diamonds did not drop. Amethysts stayed at their usual level.* And so did all the other commodities that loomed so large in that list of German exports.

Two other odd features must be noted: Germany quadrupled her imports of grains and hides, and she did something she had never done before: she brought in from the United States and Canada $626,000,000 worth of canned vegetables and fruits and meats.

In the tenth month, rumors about the impending onslaught of the Emperor of Bismarckia spread subtly through the banking houses of the world and thence to the offices of the great manufacturers. The great and vengeful Eitel was raising a war loan and could no longer conceal his purpose from his would-be creditors.

"Aha!" said Big Business. "It's all clear now! Germany knows about the attack, and is raising all the money she can for a tremendous defensive war. She's selling all she can turn out, and she's stocking up with food and footwear for the big armies she'll be putting into the field soon."

This hypothesis was natural. It seemed richly confirmed on the fifteenth of May, when the German Reichstag issued an Extraordinary Edict, expelling all foreigners from the country, confiscating all aerophones and aerographs, and instituting a rigid press censorship.

"That's to conceal her military and naval mobilization!" whispered Big Business.

The last foreigner to leave the country was a Yankee soap drummer. He passed through Elberfeld, on his way to the French frontier, and saw whole counties sheeted with the white pinions of monoplanes, rubbing tips.

"The war will be fought with monoplanes," prophesied Big Business.

The story of the drummer reached the wireless rooms in the palaces of Bismarckia. And the sullen Eitel knotted his hairy fists. "We've waited too long!" he growled. "They're arming against us. Summon the admirals! Quick!"

A black wall of tropical rain was roaring over the jungled hills, purging the heavy air with its lightnings. But the Emperor would not wait. Out into the fury of the raving sky he flung his navies—and the war was on!

In those days, at the farther end of the bridge over the railway at Westend, beyond Charlottenburg, there dozed a pleasant beer garden, set about with trimmed hedges and a snowy iron fence. From the outermost of its tables you could peek between the prim pines to the southwest and spy, at a short stone's throw, a pleasant beer garden, set about with a high box hedge and a noisy gravel walk. From any of *its* outermost

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tables you could squint between the stiffish trees to the southwest and discern, at about a short stone's throw, a pleasant beer garden set about with lindens and squat pickets. And thus you could keep on looking, from garden to garden, all the way across the vast Spandauer Forest, across Grunewald, across Glienecker Werder, until you came to the stupid gray houses of Potsdam.

This was—as it now is—the Playground of Berlin, the city which, as early as the days of the Great Defense, had spread entirely around the twelve-mile stretches of the placid Havel. Here, on the 21st of May, early in the afternoon, every table was surrounded with Teutons, serene and thirsty. Beer was flowing like water, and as harmlessly. (For, the reader will recall, all these events happened some twenty-two years after Saint Fritz, the great Munich apostle of temperance, achieved that for which he was later canonized; namely, invented his *Katzenjammerloses Münchner*, the miraculous beer, which produces all the exhilaration of alcohol without any of the injuries.) Electric orchestras were resounding throughout the merry wood. Old men were playing chess. Young men were sweating in the thousand outdoor bowling-alleys. Lovers were cooing. Little boys were—

Out of the sky dropped the giant squadrons of Bismarckia.

"Surrender!" bellowed the admiral through his electro-megaphone.

"As Excellency wishes!" shouted many men, with the intonation of authority. "Come and take us. We'll not resist!"

Evenly over the metropolis the dirigibles of the enemy scattered. And from them darted scouting aeroplanes, bearing detachments of officers who were to seize the arsenals, garrisons, and treasuries.

Berlin was captured! Captured without a shot! Captured without a single death!

"These Socialist curs! They're afraid to fight!" sneered the admiral. "Loud of mouth and faint of heart! There's neither iron nor blood in them. And now, pilot! Off to the Julius Tower!"

The Julius Tower stood in Spandau, north of the park. In Spandau it stood, in the midst of a little pool. And in the Tower for many generations the German emperors had stored a great gold reserve which was to be drawn upon only in case of war. The first nest-egg was deposited there by the vanquished French, after the war of 1870. Thirty million dollars they put there. And early in the twentieth century, after the colossal conflict between the Allies and Germany, the Militarist party in the Reichstag caused to be added to that reserve ten millions of bullion every January.

Forty-two years this continued, until checked by the Socialists. But all attempts to abolish the gigantic hoard of metal were thwarted by sentiment. Thus it came about that, in the year of the Bismarckian invasion, the Julius Tower sheltered a monument of yellow bars worth $514,000,000.

A PUFFY LITTLE CLERK TRUDGED INTO THE ANTECHAMBER OF PRESIDENT SCHEER.

Small wonder that the Bismarckian admiral rubbed his hands softly, as his ship spiraled down upon the solitary structure! Emperor Eitel, be it whispered, had experienced some difficulty in negotiating his first big war loan. The international bankers at London had forced the impetuous monarch to give as security a first lien on the Amazon & Andes Railway — and, even then, they charged him six per cent. interest.

In the shade of the Tower lay two obese citizens, vehemently arguing over the relative nutritive values of Swiss cheese and the corner-grocery variety. The fatter citizen was championing Swiss on the ground that it is made from goat's milk—"and goats, my dear Augustin, are famous for their ability to extract more nourishment from miscellaneous substances than the most well-meaning cow."

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"Surrender!" bellowed the captain. "And give me the keys of the Tower!"

"As Excellency commands," replied the champion of Swiss cheese. "But there are no keys."

"What? No keys?" shouted the admiral, and he stared at the captain. Then he marked that the door stood open, and in he rushed, with a most undignified waddle.

In the tricky half-light the mighty warrior beheld, piled mountainously and disappearing in the upper gloom of the windowless tower, bright, round, golden yellow—

Cheeses!

"Full speed to the National Bank!" he shrieked to his captain. "The devils have hidden it—in the vaults, of course! I should have known."

On the forsaken steps of the National Bank a dismal janitorial creature was sucking in a futile way at a cracked and brittle cigar.

"Open the door!" snapped the admiral.

"Excellency will find it open." The janitor bandaged the cigar with a cigarette paper and tried its draft.

In stormed the Bismarckians, and came upon a dust-coated floor that led to great safes whose doors yawned blackly, revealing empty drawers, empty boxes, empty everything! Ledgers, pass-books, blanks, all documents and archives had vanished. But there remained a fine assortment of blotters. The admiral dropped weakly upon a bookkeeper's stool and cursed insanely.

"They've hidden it all in some cellar or maybe in a pit. But we'll make them disgorge, curse them! Hey, fellow!" he shouted to the janitorial creature. "Where are the people who run this bank? Give me their addresses."

"Excellency must ask the Herren Directors. I am only in the employ of the Board of Public Works. I am not informed on finance."

At sundown the officers of the fleet met by agreement at Brandenburger Tor. Each man came, pallid and frightened. For each had searched a part of the city; each had found all doors wide open; each had ransacked banks, factories, offices, yes, even cellars and attics; each had found—*nothing*. Nothing but the common junk of daily existence: writing-paper, beer, boots and shoes, canned peas, socks, hats. . . .

And while they confided their horrible experiences to one another, messages came from their comrades in the other squadrons which had, at the same hours, been seizing Dresden, Leipzig, Cologne, Frankfort, Hamburg, and Bremen. Each great city had fallen without a blow. *And each was as bare of treasure as a beggar's purse.*

A young lieutenant had hurried to the Dresden Gallery, to look upon the Sistine Madonna and to make off with it: he found an abandoned hall of empty frames. A desperate crew of aerial sailors had looted the famous jewelry stores of Frankfort—and gathered in some nickel cigar-cutters and forty dozen plate souvenir spoons. An engineer of a dirigible held up the cashier of the Hofbrau House in Munich: he took from the full till a bushel of strange iron coins. The obverse bore a crudely designed arm and hammer, with the inscription around it:

"Against Labor even Emperors war in vain." And on the reverse was lettered finely: *"Redeemable for ten marks in gold after the war with Bismarckia. Legal tender within Germany during the war, but not to be used for external debts or foreign circulation. According to Fourth Edict of May."*

"Where is the German navy?" demanded the Emperor of Bismarckia through the Atlantic ether.

"Gone!" answered five admirals triumphantly.

"Where is the German treasure?" hissed back from the South American mountains.

"Gone!" repeated the five admirals in fear and fury. "Advise us."

On the evening of the second day after these unparalleled happenings, the Emperor alighted before the palace of his ancestors on the Spree and went to bed in the room he had lived in as a little boy. But he did not sleep as he used to sleep in the good old days of the Empire. The palace had been occupied for ten years by the Prussian Department of Experimental Hygiene; and every nook of it reeked abominably of carbolic acid, creosote, and formaldehyde.

Then there was the mystery of the vanished gold and treasures. It harassed the imperial Eitel terribly, that disappearance did! For Bismarckia, like all new countries that are lifting themselves from the agricultural stage to the higher industrial level, was a notorious borrower. It was in precisely the same financial condition that the entire Western Hemisphere was in the

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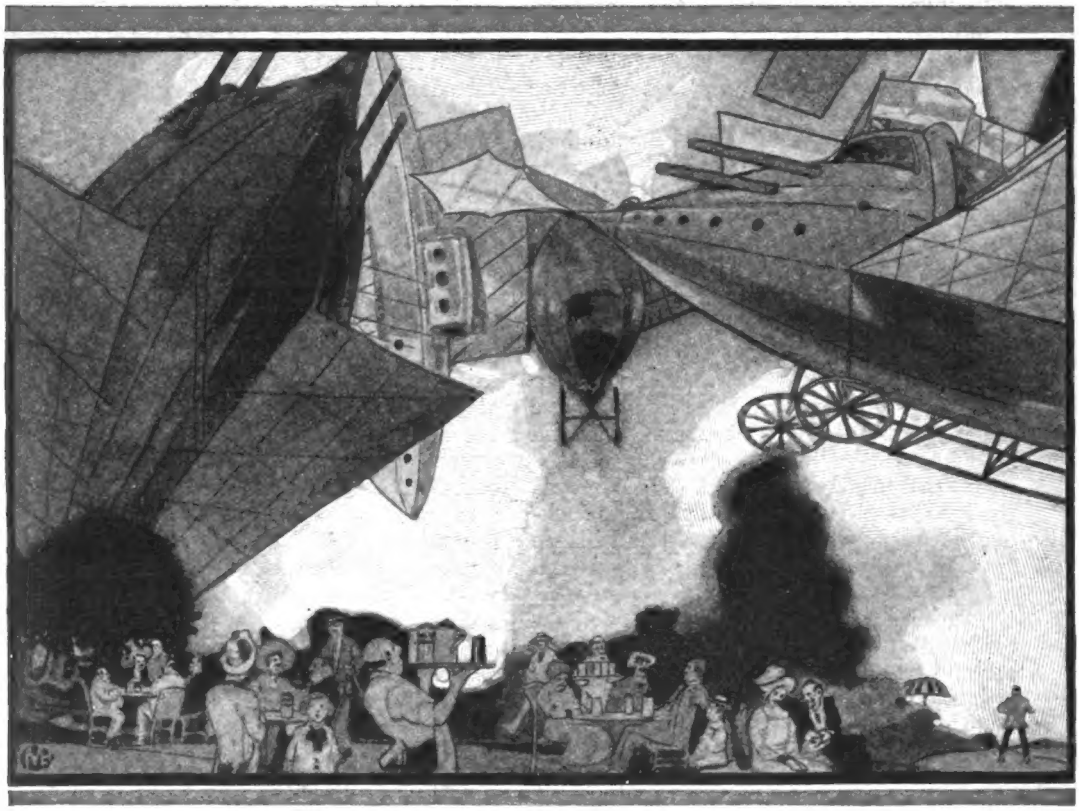

EVERY TABLE WAS SURROUNDED BY TEUTONS, SERENE AND THIRSTY. BEER WAS FLOWING LOVERS WERE COOING. . . . OUT OF THE SKY DROPPED

nineteenth century. It had been collecting funds in Europe, the mother of capital, for draining rice-fields, developing coffee plantations, road building, railways, and all the other costly equipment of modern life. And now, to the already weighty load of natural debt the Emperor had added a round half billion dollars for the waging of this war. He *must* lay hands upon the wealth of Germany. If he didn't get it within thirty days, his half billion dollars would be squandered in vain. For, as everybody knows, that sum wasn't enough for even a third-rate war in those days.

The warrior dropped his head upon his royal pillow. He was dozing fitfully, when, from the languid summer night outside, there burst in upon his nervous ears the muffled roar of a great, hoarse chorus swinging a tuneful measure lustily, in the lead of a brass band—a real, old-fashioned brass band like those the little Prince Eitel used to read about in the Memoirs of his grandfather. He sat up and listened, straining after the words. They rang familiar, and yet— At last he caught them:

Fuchs, du hast das Gold gestohlen.
Bring es wieder her.
Sonst wird dich der Kaiser holen,
Mit dem Schiessgewehr.

Against his will, in the secret darkness of his bedroom, the Emperor grinned. He had penetrated the pun in the ditty. The Secretary of the German Treasury was one Hermann Fuchs. It was he who had made off with the nation's wealth, then. He had probably hidden it in some cave, perhaps in the Hartz Mountains. Well, the Bismarckians would find it—it might take them a month or two, but——

"Rap! rap!" Somebody knocked briskly —not at all as men should knock on an emperor's bedroom door. And once more "Rap! rap!"

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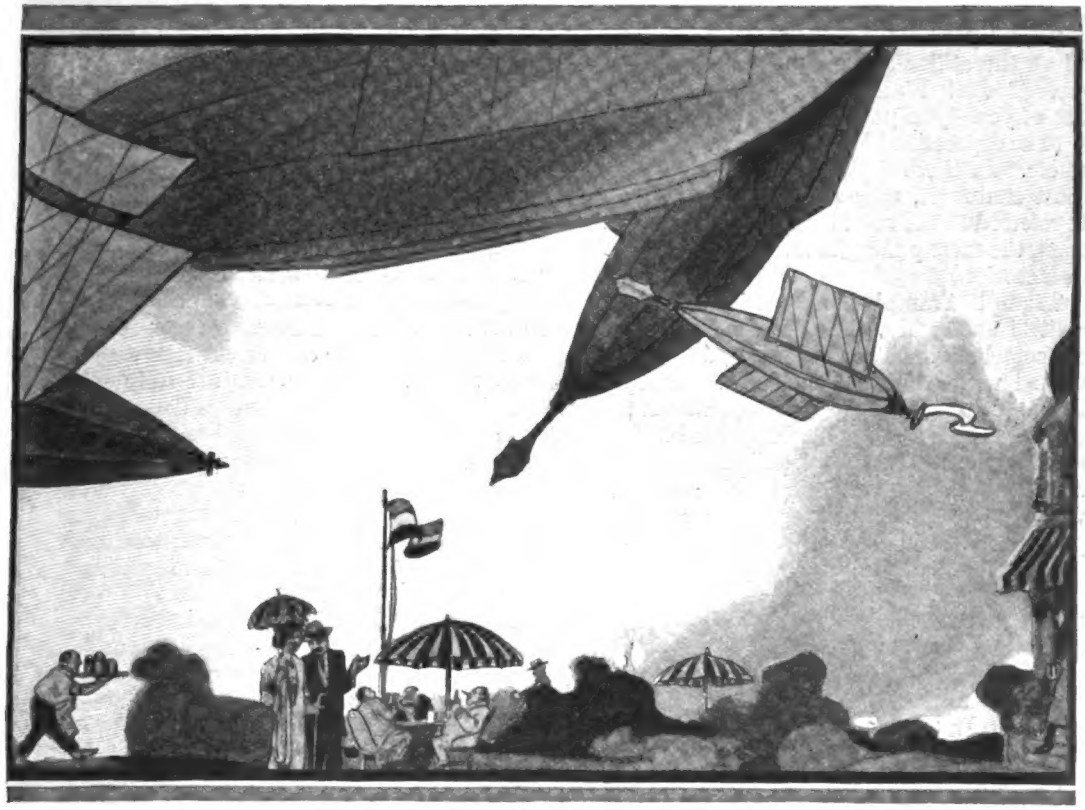

LIKE WATER. ELECTRIC ORCHESTRAS WERE RESOUNDING THROUGH THE MERRY WOOD. THE GIANT SQUADRONS OF BISMARCKIA.

It was a messenger from the imperial dirigible at anchor overhead. He handed the Emperor a paper:

London, 11 *p. m.* At this evening's session of Parliament a motion was passed requesting the Foreign Office to address your Majesty on behalf ot British creditors of German institutions and the former German Government. The Foreign Office requests that you signify within twelve hours whether Bismarckia will pay promptly the obligations of the German Republic, in the form of bonds and notes maturing during the next thirty days. Parliament has taken this step because of the bulletin which the German Republic has circulated among the governments and financial institutions of the world this afternoon. I am sending you herewith a full copy of the bulletin. BGB.

BGB was the code signature of the Bismarckian ambassador to Great Britain.

"Curse those British Shylocks!" The Emperor stamped his bare foot on the bare floor. "Let them wait till morning! I'll not have them disturbing my sleep."

He wheeled, closed the door, then halted. For the messenger was whimpering something.

"Pardon, your Majesty," he said in fear, "but the long message from London—the bulletin—it is coming by wireless now. I am under orders to deliver it to you—shall I not do so?"

By way of answer the Emperor knocked the poor devil down and strode back to his unquiet bed. "Shylocks!" he raved into his hot pillow. "When I've put the house of Hohenzollern in order, I'll cross the Channel and teach those money-grubbers a lesson!"

The brass band outside had ceased its blare, and the chorus had hushed its boisterous parody. Berlin was falling asleep, as peacefully as if there were no such empire as Bismarckia nor an expatriate ruler named Eitel, thirsting after the rare vintage of power. The very carefreedom of the night rasped like the rattle of war-drums in the

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ears of the South American monarch.

"You—you—*Lumpengesindel!*" he snarled at the stillness. "You aren't afraid of me, eh? Ha! Wait! Wait! I'll sweat taxes out of you—you pack of lever-pullers!"

(The expression "lever-pullers" is now obsolete. In those days it was a term of utmost contempt, applied to the proletariat. It referred to the chief labor of the unskilled class, the mere pulling of levers and switches in factories.)

Tramp! Tramp! Up the stairs clattered, a little unsteadily, the old-fashioned shoes of somebody. The bedroom door-knob turned with a faint squeak in somebody's hand. And in walked somebody, who turned on the lights—and the Emperor blinked stupidly into the wrinkled, yellow face of his aged father, him who had of his own free will flung away hereditary grandeur, power, palaces. . . .

"My boy!" was all the old man said; but the quaver in those two words spoke many things that are left unsaid between man and man.

Many minutes slipped away, while the two Hohenzollerns contemplated each other without cry or comment. At last the old man found voice. "My son," he said gently, "the messenger was afraid to bring you the bulletin. I was coming to see you, and I found him on the palace steps, crying in terror. So I offered to bring it. Here it is. Read at once!" The last command rang stern.

It was a thick sheaf of despatch slips that the Emperor took from his father's trembling hand. And their story was long. Here is the more vital part of it:

"DECLARATION BY THE GERMAN REPUBLIC TO THE GOVERNMENTS, BANKING INSTITUTIONS, AND INVESTORS OF THE WORLD.

"On the 21st of May, current, without provocation, the Imperial Navy of Bismarckia invaded Germany and captured all our large cities. Happily, the German Government foresaw this move ten months in advance and made preparations for repelling the enemy.

"A war of physical violence would have left our Republic with four armies: an army of debtors, an army of cripples, an army of mourners, and an army of thieves. Therefore we have chosen to wage a new kind of war which, if unsuccessful, will leave us only with an army of debtors, and, if successful, will have given us only a long and unique vacation.

"The war will be one of purely economic resistance. To this end the Government has taken the following steps:

"1. All specie and all gold and silver bullion reserves held by the Government and by private parties have been deposited in fifty of the leading banks of Great Britain, France, and the United States.

"2. All bank-notes current in Germany during the past ten months have been gathered in; and their holders have received in exchange for them the equivalent face value in iron tokens. These tokens are fully secured by gold and silver reserves deposited by the Government in foreign banks. But they will be exchanged for gold only after Bismarckia has evacuated Germany and signed a treaty of peace, agreeing to pay Germany in full for all the expenses we have been led to, as a result of Bismarckia's aggression.

"3. All records and all accounts current of the Government, the municipalities, and the large private corporations of Germany have been transferred to offices in one hundred foreign cities. The business of the Government and the corporations will, during the war, be conducted wholly in these cities. The usual officials will be in charge of the work, and the usual employees will manage the details of administration. *All bills receivable and all bills payable will be settled through these foreign offices. And all parties doing business with the German Republic or with German corporations are hereby warned against forwarding bullion, specie, drafts, or any other negotiable paper to Germany during the war.*

"4. The names and addresses of the foreign offices through which German business is being transacted are this day being posted in every banking house and in all German consulates throughout the world.

"5. All payments of German Government bonds and notes maturing after today will be suspended until the forces of Bismarckia have evacuated Germany and a treaty of peace has been signed. In case the Emperor of Bismarckia retains his present nominal control of the German Government's buildings and undertakes to manage public affairs in the Republic, all creditors of the German Republic must look to him for satisfaction of their claims.

"6. The German Reichstag will hold

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secret sessions from time to time during the Bismarckian occupancy; and all resolutions and enactments will be published through the Associated Press.

"7. In case the invaders attempt to sell real property belonging to citizens of the German Republic and confiscate the whole or part of the proceeds, to defray war expenses, the German Republic hereby warns all foreign investors against bidding for such property. The police of all German cities are under strict orders to destroy or seriously damage all such property, after the purchase money shall have been paid and the invalid titles transferred.

"8. All titles to real property in Germany have been deposited with trust companies throughout the world, with instructions that no transfers be made during the period of the Bismarckian occupancy. These instructions have been issued in the form of a law which is binding upon all courts of the German Republic.

"9. All paintings, statuary, relics, valuable curios, precious stones, jewelry, and other mobile properties of great worth have been deposited by their owners in safety deposit vaults and storage warehouses throughout the world.

"10. The entire German navy, aerial and aquatic, all armaments and military supplies other than food and clothing, have been sold to nations and private concerns. The entire proceeds will be devoted to the administration of German affairs during the Bismarckian occupancy.

"11. The German National Treasury has on deposit throughout the world bullion, bonds, and stocks of foreign corporations, and short-term notes amounting to $12,058,394,475. The income from this sum will be devoted to supplying the inhabitants of Germany with food and clothing, in case the invaders continue to occupy the country longer than six months. During these six months, in that event, all productive labor in Germany will cease, except on the farms and in the fisheries. Every German citizen is already equipped with food and clothing sufficient to carry him through six months.

"12. The private corporations and citizens of Germany have on deposit throughout the world bullion and negotiable securities and paper to the amount of $9,749,107,00. The income of this sum will be placed at the disposal of the Government, should an extraordinary sum be needed to carry out the prospective economic war.

"13. During the past ten months, all German factories have been working night and day. They have produced more than they would ordinarily turn out in two years. And they have shipped all their products to various parts of the world, where they will be sold off gradually, so as not to upset the markets of the world. We particularly call the attention of foreign stockholders and bondholders of our corporations to this fact. An enforced idleness of all German industries for more than a year will not reduce the gross output nor the net profits over a three-year period."

There was a great deal more in the bulletin. But the Emperor of Bismarckia did not read further. He shook the papers under his father's nose and stammered: "What—what does all this mean?"

"It means many things, my son." The old man spoke quietly. "First of all, it means that we Germans of the twenty-third century have discovered how to prevent war. *We can beat Blood and Iron with Brains and Gold.* You'd better run back home, Eitel. The credit man'll catch you, if you don't watch out!"

"I suppose," the young man's lips curled sneeringly, "that you won't explain this original stratagem to me. That would be bad tactics."

"There's really nothing to explain, lad." The old man smiled indulgently. "You have only to put together a few commonplace facts. They may seem rambling and irrelevant to you at first. Suppose I jot them down for you, as I used to do when I taught you geography and politics." The former ruler turned up the blank backs of the despatch sheets and busied his pencil.

"Item one," he began. "*The German Republic owns all common carriers, all water power, all canals, the post-office, telegraphs, forest reserves, and mines.*"

"Excuse me," interrupted the younger man arrogantly. "*I* own all these now."

"You think you do, but you don't!" retorted his father calmly. "You merely happen to be in the midst of them. You do not own them even as genuinely as a thief owns an umbrella he has snatched. The thief can put up the umbrella and keep dry, if it rains. But what could you do with all those institutions? Nothing! You are outwitted by an exceedingly simple fact: a fact that people

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have left unseen and unused for generations. It is this: *The German Republic has left most enterprises in the hands of private capitalists and laborers. To many radicals this seemed a most unfortunate compromise, a weak-kneed falling short from thoroughgoing Socialism. But, in fact, it has proved the salvation of our country. How so? Listen:*

"A highly developed and thickly settled country depends for its further prosperity upon the steady extension of its foreign trade. There is no great opportunity for capital at home, except in manufacturing goods for export. This is peculiarly true of Germany and England, because we and our English cousins can not raise on our own acres food enough to feed ourselves. We must buy from the Russian peasant, from the Argentine rancher, from the American wheat farmer. Buying, we become debtors. And how shall we pay? Only by making something for the distant farmers.

"But who shall make things for the men of Argentina and Montana and Tomsk? Surely not the Government! For the risk of supplying a distant market is too great. The foreigner's wants are often obscure. His way of doing business is peculiar. Settling accounts is sometimes very awkward. And, above all, the seller is in competition with men of many other countries. *Now, even if the risks of the trade were not excessive, it would still be bad politics to put it in the Government's hands. for that would make the Governments of Europe direct competitors for trade in the undeveloped continents. And hence they would fight even harder for the control of those lands than they did in the old days, when they went land-grabbing under the instigation of great private corporations.*"

"What has all this to do with me and my capture of Germany?" demanded the imperious Eitel with a blank stare.

"It does seem remote, doesn't it?" mused the old man. "But it's not. Here's where it all connects with your futile campaign:

"The greatest profits of our private corporations come from their foreign trade. To carry on this foreign trade they must receive raw materials by train and boat, transform them by power, ship the finished products by train and boat, and advertise them, manage their sale, and effect collections by letter and by telegraph.

"Hence, *by taking over all these public utilities, our Government makes private capital dependent upon the Government's prosperity and sound management.* Hence the private capitalist is willing to do what few men would do out of pure patriotism: he will cooperate with the Government to the limit in maintaining peace and order and wise management of the public utilities.

"That explains the removal of all private capital and personal property of value from our land. Capitalists saw that, if the Government took its possessions away, while theirs remained here, you would cover your war expenses, and probably some others, by seizing their property in lieu of public property."

"I'll seize it yet!" howled the exasperated and somewhat befuddled Emperor. "Here are thousands of houses and stores and factories. I've got 'em! I've got 'em right under the guns of my dirigibles! And I'll squeeze five billion marks out of 'em within a year——"

"Don't be silly, son." The old man wagged his white head pityingly. "You're disgracing the memory of the Hohenzollerns. You've borrowed half a billion Bismarckian dollars from England for this invasion alone. You must pay that back in gold. Every day you keep troops in Germany, you must spend about ten marks for each soldier—mostly for food and transportation. For the food you must pay cash, strictly cash! Now, to keep this nation of ninety-four millions under control, you must have, at an absurdly low estimate, two million men under arms. That will cost you about twenty million marks a day.

"Now, where will you collect that? From Germany?

"But there is nothing here save land, buildings, machinery, and people. Let us not consider the food and supplies that have been distributed. They are all distributed, and each man has hidden his share. You would have to spend a thousand marks in finding a hundred marks' worth of bread and cheese. Now, as for the land, you can't till it. You haven't the men, and you haven't the time. Your big bills are falling due every noon; but farms pay returns only once or twice a year. Do you think you can sell it? Well, no German will buy it.

"In the first place, he wouldn't take it without a clear title; and that he couldn't get. In the second place, he hasn't any money except those iron tokens; and they are worthless to you, because they will be redeemed only on condition that you

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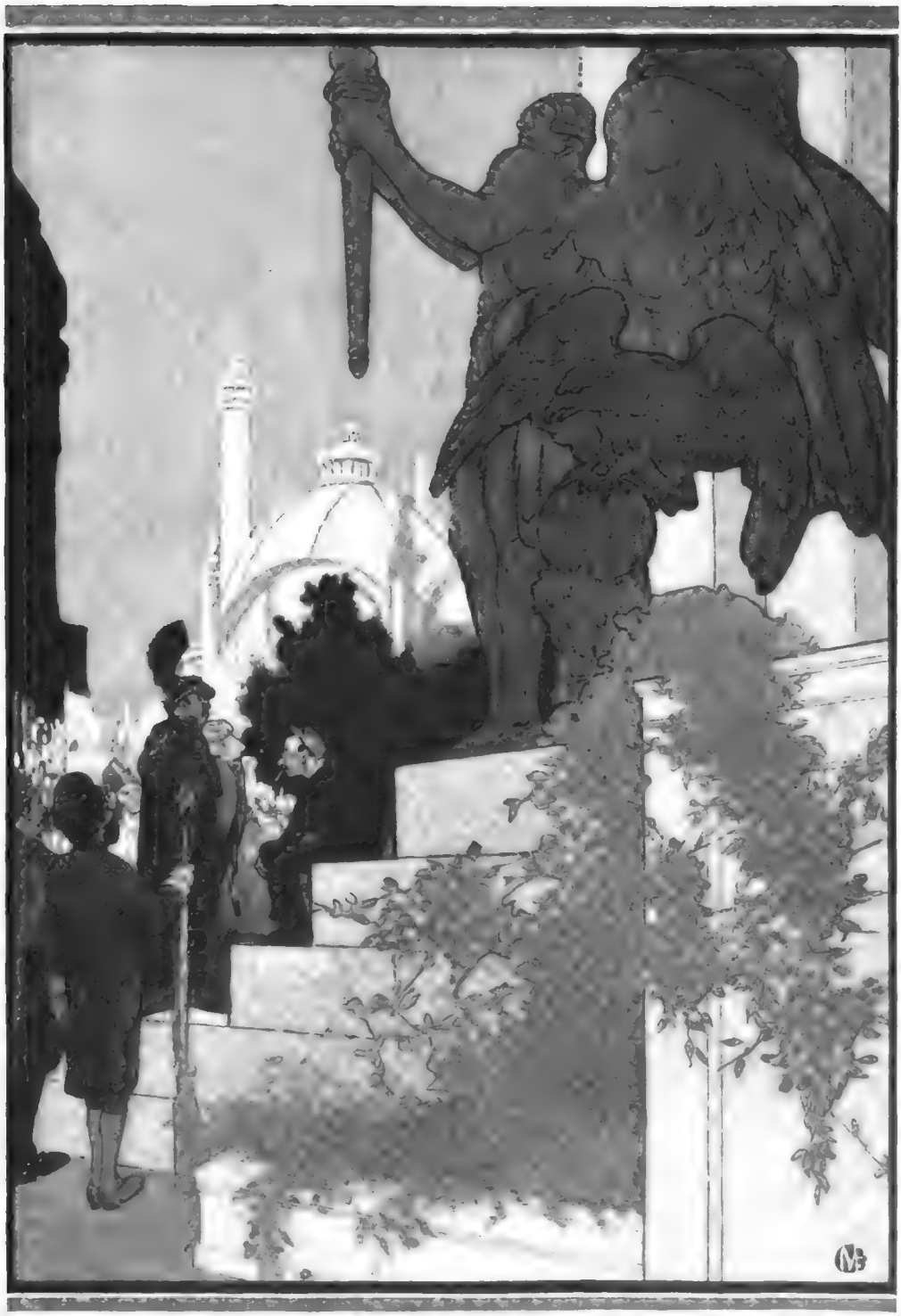

"OPEN THE DOOR!" SNAPPED THE ADMIRAL.
"EXCELLENCY WILL FIND IT OPEN," ANSWERED THE JANITOR.

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leave the country and defray all our war expenses. Your creditors wouldn't accept a bushel of them in settlement of a ten-mark account. And, in the third place, if a German did have money to buy land, he would know that his countrymen would ruin whatever acres he might take over from you. If it were farm land, they would salt it. If it were timber land, they would burn it. If it were mining land, they would flood it.

"The case is pretty much the same with buildings and machinery—only much worse for you, because they are more easily damaged by our workers and are less tempting to possible foreign buyers. And how, now, will you wring your billions from the people? Will you drive them to work in the factories at the bayonet-point? Bad business, son! Your overhead charges would eat up all your profits. But maybe you would sell our men into slavery? Alas, my poor, witless Eitel! The slave market is very, very dull these days!

"So, you see—" the old man touched his son's arm gently—"you have made a very bad blunder, Eitel. And if you do not crawl out of it at once, the whole world will be laughing at you, even as ninety-four million Germans are now doing." He glanced at a wall clock. "It's midnight. Better go to bed, get up at five, and start your fleet back to South America——"

"I'll burn Berlin first!" the discomfited Emperor snarled. "I'll——"

"Oh, no," his father frowned. "You might have done such a monstrous thing in the Dark Ages of the nineteenth century, or even the twentieth. But to-day all the civilized world would unite against you, were you to indulge in such atrocities. In a year Bismarckia would be stripped of money and prestige. Englishmen, Frenchmen, and Americans would lend you nothing. They would fear lest you might pay your debts with violence. Your people couldn't ship a bag of coffee, a pound of rubber, a bunch of bananas to any northern country until you had paid for all the damage your torches had done to Berlin. Really, my poor Eitel, you sully the reputation of the Hohenzollerns. Whatever else we have been, we have always been shrewd——"

Two college students from Bonn were strolling down the highway to Cologne, early on the following morning. They were commenting on the strangeness of walking after one has formed the habit of aeroplaning. The upper-air strata were charged with heavy, eddying vapors; but the lower were clean and still. As the young men reached the crest of a hill, they heard a terrific drone and whirring. And, looking up, they beheld a host of aeroplanes and dirigibles, all racing into the southwest. Two hours the great procession passed, like wild ducks, ranged in enormous V's. There were hundreds of them, they were making a full hundred and fifty miles an hour—and always southwest.

The last leviathan flew only a few hundred feet over the observers, and at its stern they saw, stiff in the vessel's self-made cyclone, the sullen black and red banner of Bismarckia.

Of the many comments by the press of the world on this remarkable forty-eight-hour war, the most significant was that made in the editorial columns of the *Samarcand Sentinel*. This splendid newspaper, which is still the best of the many excellent sheets of Central Asia, said:

"When all is said, the stubborn fact remains that the highly ingenious stratagems of the German Republic depended upon conditions which have existed ever since the dawn of the twentieth century. *The transfer of government and private business administration to many foreign cities was the supremely important step in the stratagem. And this step might have been taken by any highly developed country three hundred years ago. For it was made possible by three things: high-speed communication, high-speed transportation, and international banking.* All these might have been similarly employed as early as 1900, for the same purpose. Even then, the railways of Prussia might have been quite efficiently supervised by ten directors sitting in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, while the Bavarian roads might have been looked after by six men in Peru. We do not say that such long-distance management could have been as efficient as the more natural sort. But it would not have to be, in order to score heavily against the invader.

"For the long-distance manager would have to look after plants that were running on half-time or not at all. He would not be expected to extend the business, but only to protect it against looters and needless deterioration, to sell finished

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goods, to collect and pay bills, and to solicit future business.

"As for Germany's trick of giving her own citizens iron tokens and paying her foreign creditors in gold through banks in foreign cities, we can not here find evidence of diabolical ingenuity. The use of tokens during war time is very old; and often they have been issued with no tangible security whatever, but simply against the credit and good name of the Government. Instead of being radical and unprecedented, the German tokens were exceedingly cautious and conservative; for they were secured by the Government's foreign deposits.

"More originality was shown in the scheme of carrying on the business of the Government and its private corporations through foreign bankers. And yet even this idea is an old one. As early as 1914 we find England and France understanding its value. During the opening weeks of the pan-European war, it was proposed that the American bankers place a huge sum at the disposal of the French government to pay the debts of French firms in America. In the same manner, $10,000,000 in gold was sent by London banks to Ottawa, Canada, and there distributed to the Canadian creditors of British corporations.

"Certainly, from this it is only a short step to renting an office building for the ambassador and installing representatives of the home corporations to assist him, and increasing the sums deposited in foreign trust.

"We say, then, with complete assurance, that for the past three centuries it has been possible for any nation to elude any conqueror merely by using the methods and instruments of modern business with a little ingenuity and boldness.

"Why did not France or Germany or Austria or England think of all this in the twentieth century? The thought would have saved many billion dollars and measureless poverty and suffering. For it would have made the disarming of the great investing nations both possible and profitable.

"We can explain this only in terms of the unexplained. We must conjecture that all statesmen for three hundred years were smitten with a kind of blindness. In saying this, we really say nothing. The mystery stands, impenetrable and abhorrent."

THE MAGIC LIGHT

by

MARION STANLEY

OH, LONG ago, a child that dreamed,
I viewed with wondering eyes
Life's far, ascending path that seemed
To lead into the skies.

Then every peak did beckon fair
With rainbow color kissed,
And every way that wandered there
Was hid in rosy mist.

Now on the height I stand and view
Dun field and mountain bare.
Where is the magic light I knew?
The golden vision, where?

Here on a mountain's barren brow
I pause with backward gaze.
Lo, all the vale of childhood now
Is hid in rosy haze!

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Photograph by Paul Thompson

What About Hiram Johnson

of California?

by

GEORGE CREEL

CALIFORNIA, more boldly than any other state, has offered itself as an experiment-station for the working out of those laws which are being urged as corrective of the evils and inequalities that poison the wells of democracy. On its statute-books is nearly all of the political, social, economic, moral, and industrial legislation that comprises the program of "reform."

Governor Hiram W. Johnson not only insists upon complete success, but claims entire credit. During his effort for the vice-presidency he declared repeatedly that he had "made the fight single-handed and alone," while in a campaign book just issued the recital of achievement is capped by this paragraph:

> What has been accomplished stands as a tribute to the constructive statesmanship of Hiram W. Johnson, and as a monument to his steadfastness of purpose in the interest of the people of California.

Upon this showing he bases a very definite and aggressive presidential ambition.

These are things that go to make up a situation well worth inquiry and consideration. A bloodless revolution is fast destroying

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outworn institutions, old lies, and moldy superstitions, and everywhere, in amazing openness of mind, there is eager search for the men and materials that best lend themselves to the construction of a new establishment.

This sweep of popular scrutiny is from coast to coast. The test of change is not attractiveness of presentation but the manner in which it works. Where once the hucksters of privilege fattened men for office like Strassburg geese, master builders are now being sought without regard to the political and geographical specifications that formerly prevailed. Reformation has accomplished its task and the need of the day is information.

If it is true that California's mass of recent legislation has perceptibly equalized justice and opportunity or taken any of the savagery out of the competitive struggle, then the news should be printed large, so that hesitant commonwealths may avail themselves of the rich benefits that lie in imitation. If Hiram W. Johnson, as he asserts, dreamed a Utopia and made it come true, it is to the interest of the country that his presidential aspirations be fostered and encouraged.

At the very outset of a California survey there comes a great wonder. Here were a people of American pioneer strain, schooled in courage and resolution by grapple with sand and granite, and thinking always in terms of democracy, yet for years they endured conditions that epitomized waste, extravagance, and corruption. Until 1910, the big corporations largely owned the public service—executive, legislative, and judicial—and the privilege of general looting was the perquisite of their office-holding tools. In twenty years over two hundred millions were expended without an audit, and no one will ever know how much of this vast sum stuck to thievish fingers.

It was nothing for the pay-roll of the legislature to run ten thousand dollars a week. There were eighty-three doorkeepers to guard one small portal that led into a blind corridor. Stenographers were named who could not read nor write, prize-fighters and plug-uglies burlesqued as clerks, prostitutes were given positions, and it was quite a usual thing for the bulk of this horde of appointees to discount their salaries in the first days of the session and scatter to their homes.

The pay-rolls of institutions were padded; inmates of asylums farmed out as day-laborers; superintendents sold the state's goods back to the state; officials made fat contracts with themselves; the usual "rings" furnished all supplies at profits running from one hundred per cent. to one thousand per cent., and embezzlement was a favorite indoor pastime.

Freight charges, based upon an "all the traffic will bear" policy, kept the noses of producer and consumer hard against the grindstone, and the extortionate rates of all other public utilities contributed to an effect of poverty in one of the world's richest sections.

Capitalizations ran water like so many Niagaras, the natural resources of the state were wasted and plundered, and the vice, liquor, and gambling interests, open and unashamed, lorded it over the captive cities.

About it all there was no greater secrecy than attaches to the operations of a locust swarm. The governor of the state, a congressman, two members of the supreme court, and other public men were actually proud to be photographed in company with "Abe" Ruef as late as 1905, scarcely two years before his imprisonment.

THE SEARCH-LIGHT, PLEASE!

These conditions have admittedly disappeared. The corporations are now painfully ostentatious in devotion to their own business; judges and officials beg the searchlight as a privilege; and the slogans of discontent have lost entirely the damnatory virulence of former days. Where once public servants were attacked as thieves and traitors, the cry is now against "freak legislation," "wild-eyed demagogues," "cranks," and "impractical radicals."

Strangely enough, it is *not* the Initiative, Referendum, and Recall that center this attack. A progressivist legislature, eager to oblige, has left little room or reason for the people to make extended use of the Initiative; and as for the Referendum, it has come to be the cherished and peculiar possession of those who fought it most bitterly.

In November, for instance, the principal referred measures were a "red-light" abatement law, a water-conservation amendment, an act forbidding the sale of wild game, and a "blue-sky" bill, all passed by the legislature of 1913. One finds no quarrel with this in

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HIRAM JOHNSON, PRESIDENTIAL ASPIRANT; DELIVERING ONE OF HIS CAMPAIGN SPEECHES.

Photograph by Brown Brothers.

California, though, for the people realize that the purpose of direct legislation is to do away with all autocracy, benevolent as well as malign. If the vice ring, the stock swindlers, the pot-hunters, and the water pirates can get the necessary signatures, they have the same right of appeal to the people as the purest of the pure.

As for the Recall, which was to blast the Ark of the Covenant, the records show that it has been a gun behind the door rather than a blackjack in the hand. In three years of operation only one judge has been subjected to the "tyranny of the mob"—a police-court magistrate in San Francisco who persisted in treating rape as a social blunder. The women ousted him by way of example.

One state senator was recalled after being convicted of embezzlement, and organized labor initiated proceedings against another when he repudiated certain written pledges; but the liquor interests saved him from discharge. There was also a mayor of Los Angeles, accused of partnership with commercialized vice, who resigned rather than face the electorate. Aside from these instances, the use of the recall has been confined to small towns and supervisoral districts, figuring in fights over vice and liquor policies.

The Initiative, Referendum and Recall, as a matter of fact, have been taken out of

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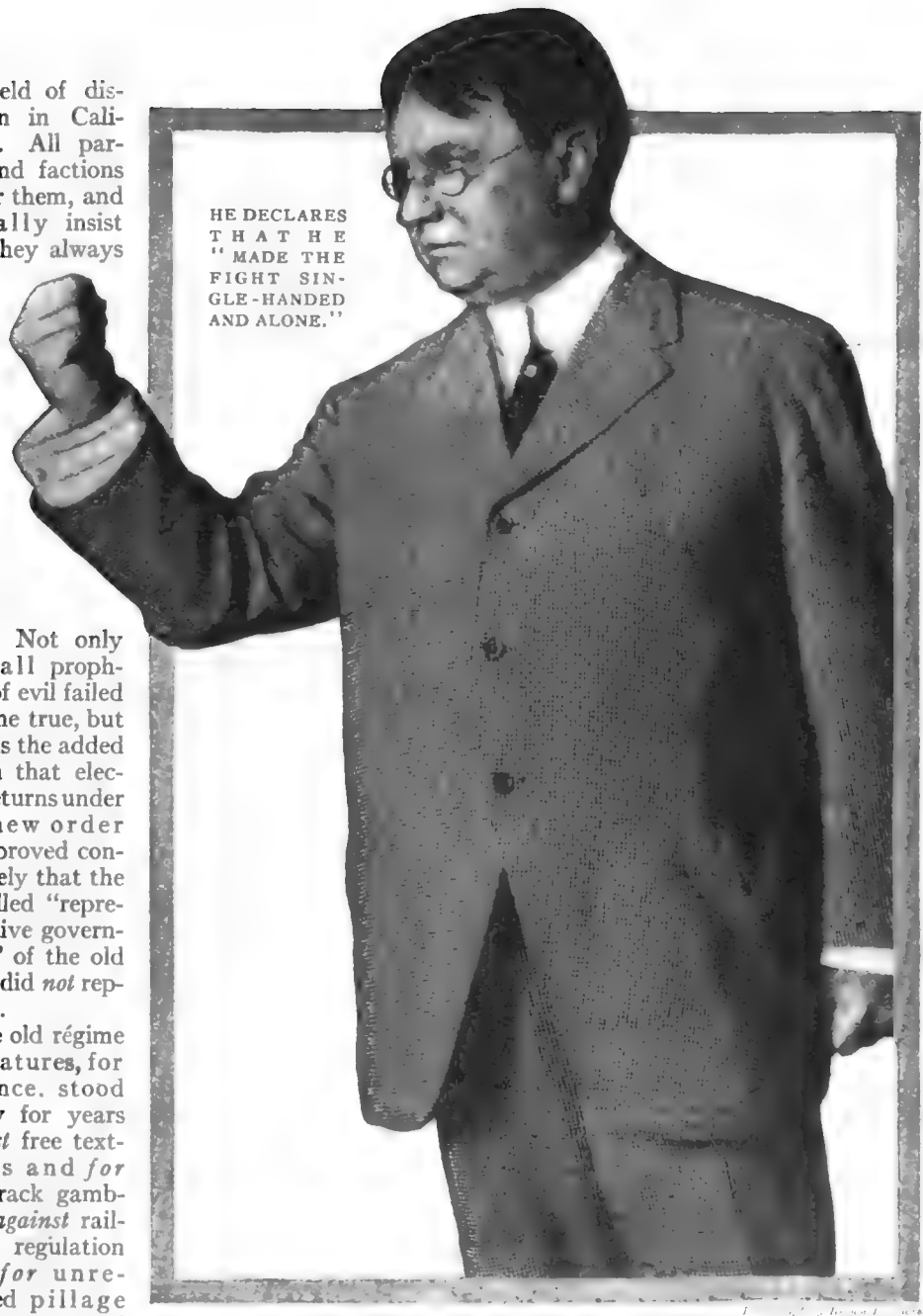
the field of discussion in California. All parties and factions are for them, and actually insist that they always were. Not only have all prophecies of evil failed to come true, but there is the added reason that election returns under the new order have proved conclusively that the so-called "representative government" of the old order did *not* represent.



HE DECLARES THAT HE "MADE THE FIGHT SINGLE-HANDED AND ALONE."

The old régime legislatures, for instance, stood solidly for years *against* free textbooks and *for* race-track gambling, *against* railroad regulation and *for* unrestricted pillage of the natural resources, *against* equal suffrage and *for* legalized vice. Yet when these propositions were put before the people by direct legislation, the results proved that these "representatives" had been outrageously misrepresentative.

California, too, has handled these tools very wisely from the start. As in Oregon, all initiated and referred measures are printed in pamphlet form, together with arguments for and against, and put in the hands of every voter well in advance of the election. This transference of the arena of discussion from the platform to the home is an absolute essential to the success of direct legislation.

Equal suffrage is another "menace" that has ceased to be a live issue in California.

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Fought even more bitterly than the Initiative, Referendum, and Recall, it has now taken its place with such accepted facts as meals, climate, and babies. A journey from border to border failed utterly to disclose any male person who would admit that his home had been "broken up," while a search through the records proved that the women have *not* plunged into office-seeking.

WHAT WOMEN HAVE DONE

There can be no question, however, that they have been active politically, for there is general agreement that the following laws are due to the woman vote and feminine insistence: joint guardianship, "red-light" injunction and abatement, raising the child-labor age from twelve to fifteen years, mothers' pensions, teachers' pensions, the eight-hour law for women, minimum-wage board, immigration commission, state training-school for delinquent girls with most approved correctional methods and thorough vocational training, requiring fathers to support illegitimate children, prison reform, and argus-eyed statutes with reference to weights and measures.

The women have also wiped out gambling of all kinds, and, taking complete possession of the local-option law, have succeeded in placing one-half the territory and one-fourth the population on the "dry" side. In his authoritative "Story of the 1913 Legislature," Franklin Hichborn makes this comment:

> Up to the 1911 session, the organized gamblers were, on a moral issue, the most potent group at legislative sessions. They actually directed committee organization in their own interests. With the institution of women's suffrage in 1911, however, the race-track gamblers were practically eliminated from California politics, and organizations of women, on moral issues, became the most potent power in the state. The members of the 1913 legislature gave repeated evidence of appreciating this fact thoroughly.

The specific instance that he had in mind was the "red-light" law which places the responsibility of disorderly houses upon the property-owner instead of the wretched inmates. This bill, first introduced in 1911, was killed with ease and dispatch, Senator "Eddie" Wolfe wielding the principal ax. This notorious politician had served for years, and was deemed a fixture by the male vote.

In 1912, the very first election in which women participated, Wolfe was cast into the discard, and E. E. Grant, his successor, was handed the abatement law as his message to Garcia.

Throughout the session the California Federation of Women's Clubs maintained headquarters in Sacramento, and when the measure came up for consideration the word went out to fifty thousand female voters, and the storm of telegrams and letters commenced and continued until final passage. In point of argument, facts, authorities, and statistics, the women made such a showing against the horror of the "necessary evil" theory that, when Governor Johnson announced a public hearing, commercialized vice could not muster one speaker.

While it is a record that shows a larger emphasis on the moral and humane than has been customary, even the most prejudiced can scarcely urge that it is "hysterical." There is also this thing to remember —*the women are not in the majority in California.* Many of the measures had to go before the whole people for approval, and their majorities in every case must be taken as indication that male sentiment backed up the women.

ONLY PREJUDICE SURVIVES

Summing up the objections that one finds in California against all four fundamental changes — Initiative, Referendum, Recall, and Equal Suffrage — it simmers down in the final analysis to personal prejudice rather than public attack. Even while a certain lessening class admit that direct legislation has not failed nor injured, they still grimace and shrug and mutter, vaguely resentful of the idea that the whole people can possibly be as intelligent as a choice few.

It is the same way with equal suffrage. Outside of the liquor and vice trades, there isn't a man who will come out in the open with the declaration that it ought to be repealed, but there are any number who do not *like* it. It is an antagonism without mental processes or expression, springing from somewhere in the region of the pit of the stomach; and just as it is the result of years, so will years be required for its removal.

Putting these four fundamentals to one side, the next step in investigation carries to the charge of waste and extravagance. In Eastern states, where direct legislation,

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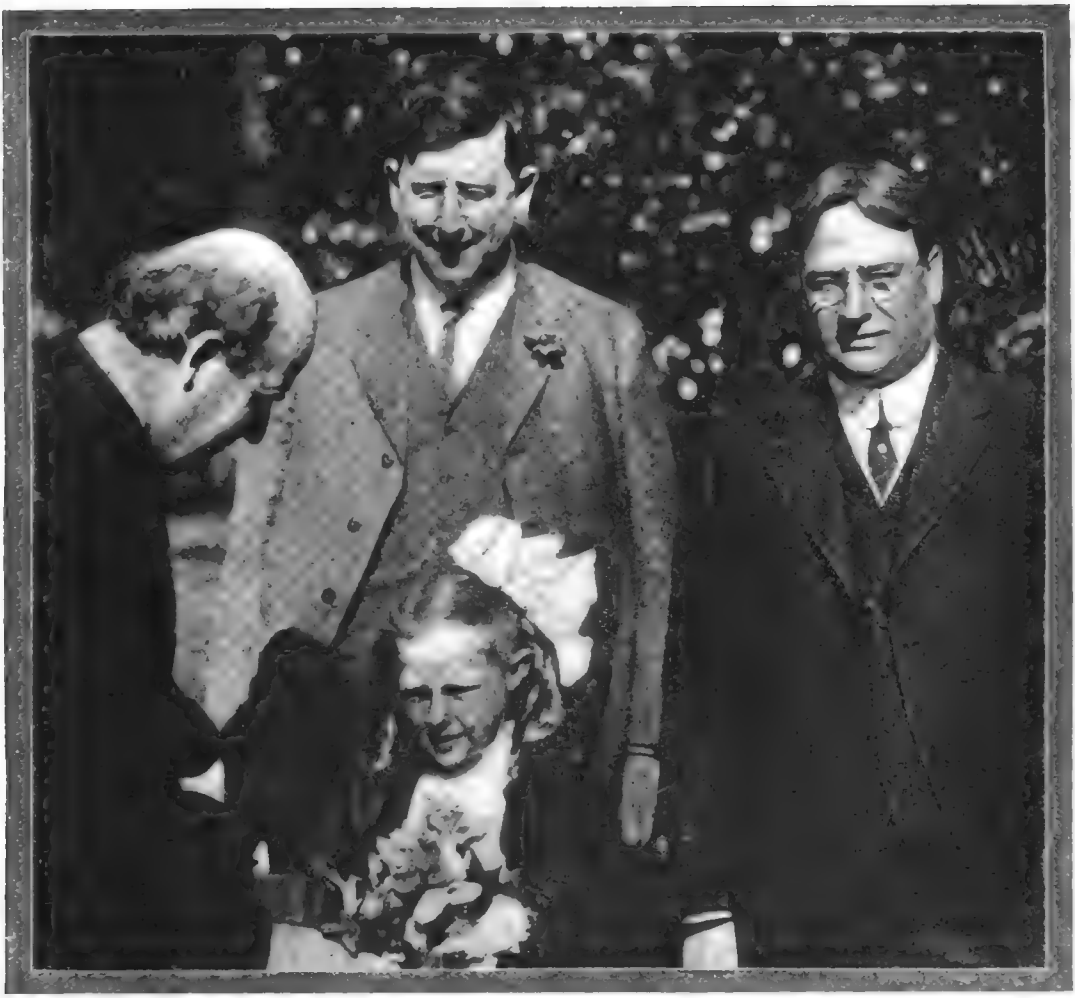

Photograph by Underwood & Underwood.

SECRETARY OF STATE BRYAN, ROBERT F. ROSE, GOVERNOR JOHNSON, AND EVELINE E. MEGER. ON THE OCCASION OF MR. BRYAN'S FIRST VISIT TO SACRAMENTO.

equal suffrage, and social justice laws are still debated, California has been constantly cited as a "terrible example." The accusation most freely printed is that the 1913 Legislature created thirty-one commissions which would cost the state one million dollars a year, and that the bankruptcy of California was so near that no appropriation could be made for the Panama-Pacific Exposition.

As a matter of fact, only six commissions were created, four of them unsalaried, while the total appropriations for all six were scarcely more than $100,000 a year. Not only has the state given $5,000,000 to the Exposition, but to-day there is a cash surplus of $3,800,000 in the treasury, the largest in the history of California.

The state board of control, appointed to have plenary power over the business and financial affairs of the state, lopped off $1,500,000 in graft the very first year, forcing sixteen officials to disgorge and resign. It has audited the books of the state institutions, smashed "rings" and restored competitive bidding, and installed a system by which every pennyworth purchased must stand tests in quantity and quality.

Best of all, this board prepares a state budget that goes to the legislators two weeks in advance of a session, permitting them to make appropriations for all institutions and

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departments on a scientific basis instead of in the old haphazard, log-rolling way.

The savings of this one body, fifteen times the cost of all the commissions, reduces the charge of "reckless extravagance" to an absurdity, and even the most vicious of the reactionary papers in California have ceased to use that avenue of attack. The quarrel with the commissions, as outlined by such dailies as the Los Angeles *Times* and the San Francisco *Chronicle*, is based on the assertion that these commissions are "nagging," "demagogic," and "repressive." The three bodies specifically named are the Railroad Commission, the Industrial Accident Commission, and the Bureau of Labor Statistics. These three activities center the bulk of the reactionary attack—they excite the most irritation and resentment—and it is to them that major consideration must be addressed.

The Railroad Commission is, in reality, a public-utility commission, for by successive enactments approved by the people it possesses jurisdiction over steam and electric roads; gas, water, power, telegraph, telephone, and express companies; warehouses and wharves.

There can be no denial that this body has exercised to the very fullest its power of rate reduction and supervision of the issue of securities by corporations. As a result of the lower charges ordered and enforced, there has been effected an annual saving of $6,500,000 to the people of California.

As for control over the issuance of stocks, bonds, and notes, up to May 1, 1914, the authorization of $346,000,000 in securities had been requested. Of this amount, $27,000,000 was denied, $261,000,000 granted, and $60,000,000 is still pending. It may also be mentioned that the commission requires a monthly report on the expenditure of every dollar.

Photograph by Brown Brothers.

ONE CAN NOT READ HIS SPEECHES WITHOUT FEELING THAT THE DEEPER MEANINGS OF DEMOCRACY WERE A SEALED BOOK TO HIM.

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As an illustration of the "old way," the United Railroads of San Francisco is an admirable example. The entire property could be duplicated brand-new for less than $20,000,000, yet pyramidal finance has run its capitalization up to $88,000,000. In April the Railroad Commission found as a fact that President Calhoun had been permitted to take $1,096,000 from the company's treasury for investment in a land project, giving in return a note that was valued at *one dollar* on the books.

Had the commission been in existence during these operations, fully fifty millions of water would have been kept off the market, and the $1,096,000 would have remained in the coffers of the impoverished corporation.

The commission is completing the physical valuation of every railroad in the state, and is also overhauling methods of operation and safety appliances. Irrigation tangles that have cursed the state are being straightened out, the cost of water extension is no longer assessed against the consumer, wasteful competition has been prevented, warehouse squabbles adjusted, physical connection between unrelated telephone companies compelled, and for the first time in history there is peace between the public and the utility.

The five commissioners hear cases individually, only sitting *en banc* on rare occasions. From March 23, 1912, to May 14, 1914, there were 1,649 formal complaints adjudged and 3,627 informal complaints. A postal-card, addressed to the commission, receives the same instant attention as a lawyer's brief.

The best proof of the fairness and accuracy of the commission lies in the fact that there has been only one appeal from its findings. The Wells-Fargo Express Company, for instance, may bitterly resent a reduction of its earnings from 130 per cent. to 10 per cent., but it knows that there is no legal ground for its rage.

With regard to the Industrial Accident Commission, it is difficult to find a reason for the cry of "freakishness." Bismarck developed the theory of "workmen's compensation" as far back as 1880, and since then thirty countries and twenty-five American states have followed Germany's example.

The damage-suit way is a wasteful, ruinous, hate-breeding way. The average time required to carry a case to completion is five years; attorneys' fees bleed the defendant and devour the plaintiff's judgment in event of success; and there is the appalling cost to the taxpayer of the entire court machinery. Under a workmen's compensation law, fair settlement for an injury is a matter of minutes; industry is not disturbed by litigation, the injured workman does not become a burden on the community, and the employer, writing down his policy as part of the proper expense of business, passes the cost to society. No other law is so effective in promoting a better, happier relationship between the two industrial classes.

The California Commission is proving itself singularly efficient, and opposition, bred by ignorance, is fast disappearing. The state furnishes insurance to employers at cost and returns profits in the form of dividends. The department does a cash business, pays no commissions, and during the first four months of 1914 wrote $350,000 worth of business.

In dealing with the Bureau of Labor Statistics, larger space could be wished, for here is an activity that should be pinnacled for the labor departments of other states to study and to imitate. Under the projectile leadership of John P. McLaughlin—once a teamster—this bureau has made it possible for California to go out of the business of *manufacturing vagrants*.

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He has made it a "poor-man's court" where the humble and oppressed can obtain justice without cost. In two years over $90,000 has been collected for 8,277 claimants without charge, practically nine-tenths of which would formerly have gone uncollected or been eaten up by lawyers' fees.

Employment agencies, handling 200,000 people a year, have been subjected to rigid supervision, many have been run out of business, and more than $5,000 in fees has been returned to swindled workers.

Six thousand employees of the Alaska fish-canneries used to spend six penniless months in San Francisco as the result of graft and extortion. The bureau has devised a system of wage payment in the presence of a commissioner that has saved these men $300,000 annually. Scrip payment, company stores, labor-camp abuses, all have been dealt with, and an end put to the injustice and exploitation that bred crime and mendicancy.

This is the agency that enforces child-labor laws, and such is its efficiency that during the first year over three thousand illegal working certificates were taken up, and the grade-school enrolment increased by 22,290.

CALIFORNIA IS "WISE"

It is not difficult, in view of these showings, to understand the reason for the cry of "nagging" and "repressive." Most certainly the people of California are not fooled, a fact clearly proved by the passion with which all factions and parties praise the commissions and promise to continue them.

Practically the only two other pieces of legislation about which antagonism gathered, and still gathers, are the minimum wage and the eight-hour law for women. The former question has been turned over to an Industrial Welfare Commission, empowered to ascertain the proper working day for women and minors, the conditions necessary to health, and to report on the wage below which society can not afford to go. Mrs. Charles Farwell Edson, expert in humanity, is on the commission, and for a year the most searching industrial investigation has been made. The report may safely be awaited as a sane and scientific word on a matter that has hitherto been left to legislative conjecture.

The eight-hour law for women, while still in the throes of adjustment, has been worked out sufficiently to give the lie to many a gloomy prophecy. An investigation of eighty-three hotels in Los Angeles, employing 1,406 women, proved that while 134 had been discharged, 154 were added. Department stores have not reduced their women working forces at all, but in many cases wages have actually been raised. This is probably due to an aroused public opinion more than anything else; however, the fact remains that the law exhibits no bad effects as yet, while its benefits are as understandable as overwhelming.

So much for the record of California's "radical" legislation! There it stands for outsiders to like or dislike, applaud or attack. What next comes to hand is consideration of Governor Hiram W. Johnson's claim to sole credit and his very definite ambition to receive the Progressive nomination for the presidency.

Theodore Roosevelt's third-term candidacy in 1912, likewise his summary elimination of La Follette, were explained by the insistence that he was the unanimous demand of the people and the Lord. When the election returns proved that both names had been used without authority, what more natural than to assume the need of a new standard-bearer? And where was better material to be found than in the person of Hiram W. Johnson, the one Progressive governor in the United States, and captain of a commonwealth heavily cargoed with social justice?

Having asked this question of himself and his appointees, and having received answers rich in encouragement, Governor Johnson has spent the time since 1912 in preparing for the honor that beckoned. He took on the larger air that is associated with statesmanship, commenced to note that this is a "bully world," evinced new and exquisite appreciation of the ability of newspaper editors to hold lucrative official positions, and, most decisive step of all, repudiated the Republican insignia under which he was elected, and declared the Progressive party separate and distinct from any other political organization in California.

In view of Mr. Roosevelt's resolve to give the people and the Lord one more chance in 1916, Governor Johnson finds himself in the painful position of one who, having divorced his wife, discovers that his affinity has transferred her affections.

Hope, however, has not quit the Johnson

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Photograph by Underwood & Underwood.

HE TRIES HARD FOR THE ROOSEVELT POSE.

camp. In administration circles in California there is a growing conviction that Mr. Roosevelt, out of his feeling that the Progressive party is a nugget dug by himself, has intrusted it to Mr. Munsey and Mr. Perkins for a trade with the Republican leaders—in which event there will be a revolt well worth leading. The Progressives of the West, unlulled by the dreamy drip of his money barrel, hate Perkins and are sensitively antagonistic to any suggestion of a 1916 partnership with the Republicans.

There is also cheer in the expectation that Mr. Roosevelt's vocal affliction may prevent him from carrying out his threat to assist Governor Johnson in his campaign for reelection. In 1910, when the Roosevelt support was begged on bended knees, it went to Stanton, Johnson's reactionary opponent, and now that it is pushed forward when neither needed nor desired, there is a bitter conviction that its purpose is merely to reassert Johnson's subordinacy and Roosevelt's overlordship.

The question, however, is not Johnson's chances but Johnson's fitness. Quite naturally, it presents far greater difficulties than any mere measurement of legislation,

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for it deals with the well-springs of personal action, character tests, and view-points, and winds an inevitably perilous way between the enthusiasms of friendship and the prejudices of enmity.

At the very outset, one is met by utter inability to square Governor Johnson's claim of entire credit for all achievement with the facts of political history. Aside from his occupancy of the governor's chair during the period of change, his leadership of the forward movement in California has no base in service or devotion.

As far back as 1902, Dr. John R. Haynes wrote the Initiative, Referendum, and Recall into the city charter of Los Angeles, and long before the north dared to protest, Marshall Stimson, Edward A. Dickson, Meyer Lissner, and Russ Avery had stirred southern California to revolt. In 1906 Heney and the graft prosecution aroused San Francisco, and by 1908 the rebels were strong enough to control one-third of a Republican convention and wring a direct primary law from a reactionary legislature.

WHERE WAS HIRAM THEN?

These were the days when the battle was really fought and won; yet throughout the years when men risked political lives and business futures in the dogged assault on entrenched corruption, one looks in vain for mention of Hiram W. Johnson's name. The dark times of struggle, martyrdom, and suffering knew him not. Nor does research develop that his final inclusion in the forward movement was due to any intense conviction or passion of protest.

For a lawyer, the first volumes of the Johnson life are peculiarly devoid of political chapters. Perhaps the unenviable prominence gained by his father as a pro-corporation man was responsible for this close attention to practise, also for his removal from Sacramento to San Francisco.

From this point on, what may be termed the accidental quality in Johnson's career commences to develop strongly. Johnson had happened to assist District-Attorney Langdon in a case, and it was to Johnson that Langdon turned when Heney asked for some local lawyer to prepare papers in the graft prosecution. For his services in the first Schmitz trial he rendered a bill for $15,000, a proceeding that came as a shock to Spreckels and Phelan, who were paying all expenses out of public spirit, and to Heney, who was donating his aid. As a compromise, Spreckels flung Johnson $10,000 and intimated that he was too much of a luxury for retention.

The revolver shot that sent Heney to the grave's edge, however, called Johnson back from the obscurity into which he had dropped with his fee, and he carried the Ruef case through to its successful conclusion, entering the limelight fairly for the first time. As yet, he had manifested no interest in the radical movement or its propaganda, and the coming of 1910 found him either ignorant of California's tremendous revolt or else indifferent to it. But Chance held him fondly on her knee.

Francis J. Heney was the man the radicals wanted for governor; but he was too weak from his wound to make the race, and suggested Johnson as one who filled the twin requirements of being a "good talker" and having been connected with the graft prosecution. Nothing so definitely sets Johnson apart from those whose vision leaps mountains, and whose faith feeds on sacrifice, as the fact that it took terrific pressure to gain his consent. He didn't think there was any chance to win, there was more money in the law, he wasn't interested in politics, etc., etc., and even when he did enter the race, it was with an effect of peevish martyrdom.

In the beginning he concentrated on the usual Southern Pacific attack, but as the campaign progressed he gained glib familiarity with the Initiative, Referendum, and Recall. One can not read his speeches in those days, however, without feeling that the deeper meanings of democracy were a sealed book to him—sealed alike by his ignorances and his prejudices. Never at any time a Peter the Hermit or an Ossawatomie Brown, but always the full-paunched lawyer with the fishy eye of calculation!

The great wave of revolt that swept him into office, however, had also cleansed the legislative halls, and in the lawmaking body that Johnson looked down upon were all those who had been making the fight for years—the men who had been ridiculed and cursed as "cranks" and "Socialists"—and every mother's son of them clutched some favorite bill in his wild right hand.

No human power could have stopped the rush of progressivism. Almost three thousand bills were introduced in the 1911 session, while 3,922 went through the legislative

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hoppers in 1913. In the closing days seventy-one bills were passed in seventy minutes. The pent-up idealism of years, given outlet at last, demanded that everything be done at once. The state rang to the clangor of liberty bells, and the legislators, carried off their feet, were swept forward on the shoulders of the people.

Through it all, Hiram Johnson is seen alternating hobnails with rubber heels. That which was inevitable received his leonine approval, and that which was debatable found him afflicted with lockjaw. As a consequence, he was not embarrassed by defeats nor yet debarred from taking full credit for victory—the oldest and safest political trick in the world.

Photograph by Brown Brothers.

True to type, he hated equal suffrage, and because divided public sentiment made it safe for him to do so, he spoke no word for it to the Legislature nor mentioned it in a single speech when the amendment went to the people.

The eight-hour day for women had been preached by Fremont Older for years, urged incessantly by organized labor, lobbied for by Miss Maude Younger, and fought for by Senator Caminetti; yet Johnson's position was in doubt until the bill came to him for signature accompanied by the telegraphed support of 50,000 women.

The "red-light" abatement bill, mothers' pensions, minimum-wage theories, local option, anti-gambling, immigration commission, prison reform, child labor—these were things that went by his startled eyes like aeroplanes, sped on by devoted "cranks" and the woman vote.

Water conservation, fought by Johnson's closest friends, waited on the sledge-hammer arguments of former Governor Pardee and Heney; William Kent and Heney battered down opposition to the recall of the judiciary; and it was Attorney-General Webb and Heney who drew the alien land law that gave Johnson firm ground to stand on.

As a matter of truth, it is across a record of achievement compiled almost entirely by others that Johnson has scrawled his fulsome biography, "How I Saved California." In giving the history of the California revolution, justice demands that there be written large the names of John R. Haynes, father of the Initiative, Referendum, and Recall; Francis J. Heney, Rudolph Spreckels, and James Phelan, who bared graft and killed it; of Caminetti and Shanahan, the Democratic members of the Legislature who made the fight for years; of Boynton, the great Republican senator; of Stimson, Lissner, and Dickson who freed Southern California prior to 1910; and above all, the names of those very wonderful women who won the vote against Johnson's antagonism, and then used it to get the social-justice legislation for which they had begged in vain throughout the years.

That he has so utterly failed to give proper public credit, extend appreciation, or withhold self-laudation, is an even harsher indictment against Hiram W. Johnson than his failure to cast his fortunes with the forward movement in the days when it seemed a forlorn hope.

The deeper one goes into his public career, the closer he is approached, the clearer comes this quality of absolute self-centeredness. Behind every action an indomitable selfishness is seen lying in cold coils.

He tries hard for the Roosevelt pose, but a sedentary habit precludes the physical boisterousness that enables Roosevelt to secure effects of interest and enthusiasm, and the result is a public attitude like that of the lord of the manor mingling with the tenantry. At many turns he is seen to prefer subordinates to associates, and his

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most obvious characteristics would seem to be a colossal vanity that feeds on grossest flatteries, and envies that consume him like a fever.

Francis J. Heney of all men would seem to deserve well at the hands of Johnson, yet he hates him rancorously. An incident in the 1910 campaign is not only illustrative of this envy, but of the selfish calculation that underlies every Johnson approach. When Heney, after some work in the East to relieve his poverty, was rushing back to California to aid in the campaign, he received a letter from the Johnson committee that practically ordered him to stay away and bury himself.

The essence of this remarkable document was as follows:

The Johnson policy is now one of conciliation. We have the ultra-reformers with us, and our job is to get the other fellows. You've done everything you could, and your presence now would only irritate the reactionaries we are trying to win over. Of course we appreciate your noble work in the past, and sincerely hope that some day will witness reward for all your sufferings. But keep out of California for the time being.

It was true enough that Johnson wanted to carry water on both shoulders, but the deeper reason was his hot desire to shove Heney out of the limelight, to get rid of his rivalry, and to clear the stage of one who would share applause. And even after the election, when a generous citizenship rallied to give Heney a great banquet, Johnson's attendance was procured only by bitter pressure. Even to-day, when Heney is making the fight of his life for the United States Senate, his chief obstacle is the antagonism of Hiram W. Johnson.

His refusal to let pledged faith interfere with personal aggrandizement is also disclosed in the La Follette incident. Johnson was among the first to swear allegiance to the Wisconsin senator, yet when the Roosevelt men in the La Follette camp, choosing a moment of physical collapse that lent itself to ghastly exaggeration, deserted in a body to the Roosevelt, Hiram Johnson forswore himself and telegraphed a complete change of orders to his appointees. Not content with this, he launched and led the brutal and vindictive attack on the man who was fighting for Progressivism when Hiram Johnson did not know whether it was a disease or a toothwash.

Rudolph Spreckels, in open speech, denounced him as a traitor, and pointed to the suddenness with which every administration man quit La Follette as "evidence of the complete control that Governor Johnson holds over the political machine he has so industriously built up after being elected on an anti-boss platform."

This is the real indictment against Hiram W. Johnson. At the time of his belated entrance into public life, reaction had been destroyed, and the people of California, sick of partisanship, were marching forward as a united army to grapple with great adventures in humanity. In this ardent and sincere emotionalism—this tearing off of labels that divided fraternity into parcels—there was rich promise of a progress that would go far beyond palliatives and battle with causes, not symptoms.

Into such an atmosphere Johnson brought only cold-blooded opportunism and the arrogant autocracy that invincible conceit breeds so inevitably. His work has been to print a new label, to split this splendid unity into the old warring partisan camps, and to divert the rising flood of generous endeavor into the mean, narrow channels of self-advancement.

By building up a political machine he has substituted personal service for social service, personal loyalty for social loyalty, and made of the wonderful forward movement an air-tight corporation for his own selfish ends.

Like the one speck of rot, his lack of faith and vision, his incapacity for disinterested effort, are being absorbed by the rank and file, and petty greeds are crowding out all warmth and breadth and brotherhood. Mass progress has been hobbled—mass intelligence repressed—mass development set back.

This is the curse of the Johnson type, and its menace.

***"Pygmalion"*—a play by *George Bernard Shaw*—in the November number.**

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HIS NIMBLE FINGERS SPED HERE AND THERE, TOUCHING ONE AFTER ANOTHER A ROW OF PUSH-BUTTONS.

The WATER-BUGS

by

DONAL HAMILTON HAINES

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HENRY REUTERDAHL

BY ALL the laws of the eternal fitness of things there should have been a huge crowd of wildly cheering spectators along the water-front and whole batteries of photographers and moving-picture men busy at their work as the conning-tower and folded masts of the *Dirk* emerged glistening and dripping from the waters of the bay and Captain Blenham stuck his head out of the conning-tower and said prosaically enough to the little knot of men on the dock:

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"Well, she works!"

But the public knew nothing of the existence of the *Dirk* and would not have been allowed to witness its startling appearance at the slip had it known. The public was concerned altogether with reading the hourly extra editions which flooded the streets of every city, chronicling in large black type the steady and relentless approach of the hostile fleets. In smaller type would be noted the arrivals of American cruisers and dreadnoughts in this or that port.

These last reports were not detailed. Even a war-crazed editor retains some shreds of consideration for the feelings of the reading public, and none of the papers told how the gray ships came scurrying into port, harassed, overmatched, many of them battered and limping from the buffets of a foe who, if he could not hit harder or straighter than they, could at least strike three times to their one.

So the anxious public knew nothing of the trial trip of the *Dirk*. Had they been told that the sore-pressed government was experimenting with a new submarine, they would have cried out in anger. With the enemy's fleets coming down on the coast, it seemed a poor enough time to be playing with new and untried weapons.

But the knot of men on the sun-blistered, empty dock knew what the trial trip of the *Dirk* had been, and they attached full significance to Blenham's remark when he said casually, "She works," and they took long breaths and looked out to sea with less care for the grim black smudges that might be visible at any moment blurring the faint line of the horizon.

They were all old naval men. Submarines were no novelty to them. They remembered the first trips of the little *Holland*, and the subsequent fleets of snub-nosed, cucumber-like things with which every navy on earth had been hastily equipped. And they knew how really futile all these things had been, and at heart they were old-fashioned and incredulous, so they asked Blenham a question before ever the *Dirk* came to a slippery stop:

"How fast?"

Blenham's bearded face wore the grin of a boy whose new top has outspun the tops of a neighborhood. Discipline was forgotten; he was telling of a triumph.

"Thirty-seven and two-tenths knots!" he cried eagerly.

That day, hour after hour, Blenham and his little crew—it did not take many men to operate the *Dirk*—sat and talked and answered questions. Outside the slip where the *Dirk* lay, revenue-cutters and torpedo-boats prowled ceaselessly up and down, and no craft of any sort were allowed within a thousand yards of those three stumpy little masts, while marines with loaded rifles watched both sides of the locked gates.

At the slip itself there was a species of orderly confusion. The *Dirk* had been raised high enough in the water so that much of the body of the boat was visible, and her strange hatches—tight as the breech mechanism of a six-inch gun and made with the care of a watch—were open to take in her queer cargo.

No long, bulky torpedoes of the Whitehead type went into the dark interior of the new boat. A casual spectator would never have thought the blue boxes—no bigger than beer cases—held missiles capable of piercing the bottom-plates of a battleship, had he not noticed the gingerly way these same blue boxes were handled.

At half-past nine that night a wireless station on the Carolina coast reported picking up messages in a strange code, and a light-armed, powerfully engined cruiser came like a wraith into Charleston harbor with all her superstructure shot away and her decks covered with the awful litter which battle makes.

There could be doubt no longer. Flying rumors and unshaped fears hardened into the terrible fact: The hostile fleet was close to the coast, its thousand guns sweeping the sea before it.

These reports had hardly been ticked off the wires when westbound trains began to carry from the coast a fair percentage of the seaboard population.

Almost at the same hour the *Dirk* prepared to put to sea. There was no more pomp and circumstance surrounding her departure on the first of her real cruises than there had been upon the return from the hasty trial trip. Blenham received his orders, and his superior laid aside formality and shook hands with a clinging grip.

"I don't need to say much, Blenham," he said shortly. "I'll be twenty years older when you get back—if it's to-morrow at sunrise!"

And Blenham, being an ordinary man and no hero of apt speeches, could think of

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nothing to say, so saluted gravely and went aboard his ship.

In the faint illumination coming from the few lights along the great slip the outlines of the *Dirk*—still high in the water—showed faintly. The three masts were folded back and clamped tight to the hull; a faint glow came from the conning-tower and from the one hatch that was still open. The unusual length of the craft and its extreme narrowness were visible; it looked like a gigantic black needle floating on the dark water.

After Captain Blenham went aboard, the dim light at the open hatch vanished and that in the conning-tower became more brilliant. The officers and the big, square-shouldered Secretary of the Navy on the slip watched in silence.

There was no noise, little perceptible motion, only a faint ruffling of the water. The *Dirk* backed, swung round with an incredible readiness in answering her helm, and slipped off into the night. The bright point of light at the conning-tower grew slightly smaller, then suddenly popped out of sight as if it had been extinguished.

The Secretary of the Navy broke the silence with unexpected brusqueness. "I can't get used to that," he exclaimed. "They're gone! They're down there close to the slime and the rocks—and going forty odd miles an hour."

The group stood staring out at the spot where the *Dirk's* light had vanished; then one of the older officers said slowly:

"Well, gentlemen, we haven't played at bowls like Francis Drake, but I imagine some of us would rather play billiards than think—and there's little else we can do."

The interior of the *Dirk* was no more suggestive of its grim character than a doctor's reception-room is of the bloody knives of the operating-table. At bow and stern, and in three long, narrow compartments on each side, were the ship's weapons of offense. In the very heart of the ship, in a room as spotless as constant scouring could make it, were the engines, purring steadily under hoods in the bright glare of incandescent lights.

Close to the prow, just aft of the forward tube-room, lay the little compartment which made the *Dirk* terrible. In it, sheathed round by steel walls, floors and ceilings all carefully insulated, were the delicate range-finders, sounding devices—the whole nervous system of the vessel which allowed it to dart unafraid over the uncharted floor of the ocean.

Lieutenant Roberts, making his rounds, opened the door of the engine-room and stepped inside. The chief engineer, a grizzled man in a faded uniform, dropped the paper he was reading and rose from the stool on which he sat.

Roberts acknowledged his salute absently

THE ENGINES PURRED STEADILY IN THE BRIGHT GLARE OF INCANDESCENT LIGHTS.

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and stood staring down at the faintly whirring motors.

"They'll go like that for eternity, won't they?" he asked.

"I wouldn't go so far as to say that, sir," answered the engineer, "but they'll go this night, sir!" And he looked at the young officer meaningly.

Roberts nodded without speaking. At the far end of the room a white-clad under-engineer was studying the fuel-gage, another was handling an oil-can as a surgeon might his lancet. The whole room was clean, quiet. There was a faint odor of oil, and the slight smell of polished metal work.

"No dirt," mused Roberts, "no churning and chugging, no sweating, blubbering safety-valves, no half-dead stokers breaking their backs in the hold!"

He passed out of the engine-room into a narrow tunnel of a passage. The door of one of the port tube-rooms stood open. Like every other room in the vessel, it was long and narrow. One side of the room consisted entirely of pigeonholes, each one showing the brass base of one of the deadly little torpedoes, wrapped in pasteboard like a phonograph-record.

The tube itself was in the very center of the outer wall—a rather intricate-looking affair, apparently half pump and half surveyor's transit, with a breech mechanism of unusual pattern in the center.

One member of the tube-crew lay in his bunk watching the other two, who were playing chess, their elbows on the board between them.

"That gets him! That gets him!" shouted the man on the bed. "Trapped his bishop, Ned, and his queen's gone the next move if you don't lose your mind!"

Roberts passed on, even more deeply thoughtful. He found similar scenes in the other tube-rooms; everything in perfect order and perfect serenity. There was no before-the-battle feeling in evidence anywhere.

"I can't even feel it myself," he muttered as he closed the door of the forward tube-room. "I ought to be nervous, but I'm not."

As he walked toward the captain's post in the steel-walled room, he tried to make himself shudder at the thought that he was traveling forty miles an hour some hundreds of feet under water—but without success. The steadily burning electric light over his head and the calendar, hanging on the wall of the passage without the least flutter to betray the vessel's motion, were too reassuring.

When he entered the room under the conning-tower, his feeling changed somewhat. Here at least was the unusual, the mysterious. Blenham sat in a chair at a massive desk clamped to the steel floor. On the desk, on the walls, everywhere, were dials and meters of all sorts and shapes, with red needles, blue needles, and black needles skipping and gyrating over their surfaces.

Directly under the captain's eye a coil of pale blue paper unrolled steadily beneath a glass, and a steel pen drew upon it a wavering red line.

Blenham sat with his hand on a lever and a device such as telephone-operators wear strapped to his head. Sticking out from the wall toward his seat was a cluster of speaking-tubes that looked like a bunch of stiff, unbeautiful flowers.

Just back of the big desk a tiny skeleton staircase wound up a few feet into the conning-tower. The legs of the man at the wheel—a wheel like that of a big touring-car—were visible on the upper step of the skeleton stairs. In front of this man were more disks and dials, and another blue paper unrolled beneath a glass cover and a red-marking pen.

"Sit down," commanded Blenham, "and watch it go."

Roberts dropped down on to the padded top of a chest. There were no chairs. The little room was full of a chorus of tiny metallic noises. Clockwork ticked faintly, buzzers whirred, clicked. A little bell chimed and Blenham jerked at the handle of the lever; a buzzer sounded its whirring signal, and the steersman's legs moved slightly as he turned the wheel. The whole room seemed to wink with the flickering dials.

"Sort of spooky, isn't it?" asked Blenham with a grin.

"Yes," answered Roberts, "it is—in here. It's quiet and commonplace everywhere else."

"I know it," admitted Blenham without taking his eyes from the blue paper. "This place is IT. The rest is just incidental."

Roberts was silent for a space, listening; then he let out the thought that annoyed him. "We ought to be frightened," he said with a boyish abruptness. "We ought to be

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nervous, anyhow. They're playing chess back in Number Six, and their hands are as steady as so many pipe-wrenches!"

Blenham smiled. "Let me tell you what's happening," he said.

"Oh, I know," answered Roberts rather shortly. "We're some five hundred miles from the enemy's fleet — the biggest fleet of warships that ever plowed the Atlantic! We ought to hit 'em early in the morning. And we'll wipe out the lot of them as easy as a woman shooes flies out of her kitchen!"

THE WHOLE ROOM SEEMED TO WINK WITH THE FLICKERING DIALS.

"If nothing goes wrong," suggested Blenham, and smiled down at the blue paper, on which the hurrying pen was marking the depth of the water in front of the speeding *Dirk*.

"Nothing can go wrong!" said Roberts.

"Not with us," admitted the captain, "but who is ever sure about the other fellow?"

"You know as well as I do," persisted Roberts, "that there isn't a steel plate in the world that can withstand one of those little brass torpedoes."

"Or rather," corrected Blenham, "I know that we don't know of any such thing."

Whereupon they plunged into a technical discussion of the possibilities, while the *Dirk* sped silently among the wondering deep-sea fish, and the ribbon of blue paper unrolled endlessly and recorded the undulations of that strange journey.

After a time both men fell silent, but Roberts did not go to his own quarters. From time to time he glanced at his watch —although the chronometer hung in plain sight—and as the hours dragged along and the *Dirks*' speed held steadily, his eye traveled more frequently to a big black dial with a white needle which hung squarely above Blenham's desk.

"How fast do you suppose they're steaming?" he asked after a long silence.

"Not above ten knots," answered Blenham. "They're cautious, if they have been having things all their own way, and they're not quite sure what's ahead of them."

Roberts looked at his watch again. "Then we ought to be—say, a hundred and seventy-five miles from them now," he suggested.

"About that," answered Blenham.

"Then what does that mean?"

Roberts's finger pointed at the big black dial, the movements of whose white hand indicated the presence of a steel vessel within five miles of the *Dirk*.

Blenham looked up quickly. The white hand had moved over several points of the dial. The captain rose from his chair to look closer.

"Liner, maybe," he said, "or something on the bottom. It's done that three or four times before, to-night. All the steel on the bottom isn't in battleships, you know."

He peered closer and read the tiny graduations of the black dial.

"By George!" he exclaimed. "It's going fast—too fast for a liner!"

"Four and a quarter miles south by southeast!" Roberts read aloud, watch in hand; then in a few seconds: "Great Scott! Four and a half! It's going as fast as we are!"

Blenham made no answer. His hand closed on the handle of the lever; his nimble fingers sped here and there, touching one after another of a row of push-buttons beside him.

"Stop her!" he said jerkily into the speaking-tube that connected him with the engine-room.

The light in the conning-tower had snapped out. The little room was lighted only by shaded bulbs over the dials and desk. And Roberts knew that at the first pressure of Blenham's finger on the buttons the twenty-four men in the eight

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tube-rooms had sprung from bunk or stool and gone silently to their places.

Instantly Blenham cast off informality and became the ship's commander. "To your station at once, Lieutenant!" he said gravely.

Roberts looked back once as he went out of the door. The legs of the man at the wheel were still motionless. Blenham sat rigid at his desk, and the roll of blue paper was now motionless under the steel marker.

Roberts walked toward his post in the forward tube-room. The whole atmosphere of the passage seemed changed. Abruptly the young officer seemed to feel the pressing weight of the tons of water above him, the rat-like position in which he was caught. He was at the mercy of the almost silently, beautifully "sweet" machinery all about him, and it no longer seemed commonplace and dependable.

Ahead of them, somewhere in the blackness, was a sinister steel Something, going as fast as they were, perhaps *hunting for them* as they were hunting for the fleet of huge battleships that an hour before had seemed so helpless!

"They can't know anything about us!" he muttered as he walked forward. "It can't be looking for us!"

In the tube-room he found the three men at their posts, silent, their faces a little pale and drawn. The pasteboard covers had been removed from the pigeonholes and the brass ends of the wicked little projectiles glimmered and sparkled in the light.

Roberts switched off the main lights and turned on others, cleverly shielded so that their light was focused on the tube and left the rest of the room in total darkness. Then he stepped forward and slid back a heavy panel in the wall. His groping fingers touched a pane of glass. Through this glass, nearly a foot in thickness to withstand tremendous pressures, he was to second the eyes of the man in the tower above.

He looked out through the glass. For a moment it was like staring against a curtain of black velvet in a dark room. Then there appeared a sort of vague uneasiness as if the curtain stirred slightly—little blurred, phosphorescent patches, dim shadows and bulks that were merely grayer or blacker spots of darkness.

As he stepped to the glass, Roberts reached up into the darkness above his head, pulled down a little harness such as Blenham had been wearing, and fastened it to his ear. Almost instantly the captain's voice reached him.

"Anything?"

"No, sir."

"The dial shows three miles. It's been back to five, and they were out of radius once. They appear to be moving about a good deal. Look sharp!"

The minutes passed. Roberts could hear nothing except the quick breathing of the three men. The darkness and silence were too oppressive.

"We have not reached the enemy's fleet," he explained to the waiting men. "The dial shows something moving very fast within five miles of us."

The only answer was the lengthening of the men's breathing, but Roberts felt easier. It was good to feel those three men near him, and to know by this slight sign that their feelings were his own.

He pressed his face against the icy-cold glass, putting a hand each side of his head to shut out a fancied reflection from the hooded lights.

"Two and a quarter miles and coming fast," said Blenham's voice. "The draft-dial will tell us whether we've got a destroyer or a battleship to deal with—in a few minutes now."

"Load!" ordered Roberts without turning.

He heard Leffingwell, the gunner, open the breach, heard Turner take the torpedo from its compartment, heard the slight hiss of air as the pneumatic mechanism closed, and the sliding of the shutter through which Leffingwell would do his aiming.

"They're out of radius again," Blenham's voice said in a tone of nervous irritation.

Roberts could hear the two gunner's assistants talking in low tones, scarcely above a whisper.

"She was a blonde," one of the men was saying, "one of those big, blue-eyed ones, you know——"

The triteness of the speech breaking in upon the monotonous chantings of Blenham's voice and the uncertainty of the mysterious Thing out ahead of them grated against Roberts's tight-keyed nerves.

"Silence!" he ordered sharply.

Then, like a flash of lightning, a beam of light shot through the shadowy darkness before Roberts's eyes. With an unconscious

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THE WATER IN FRONT OF THE *DIRK* WAS SUDDENLY ILLUMINATED BY A BLINDING GLARE OF LIGHT.

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movement he sprang back from the glass, and at the same instant he heard Leffingwell make a similar movement.

"What's that?" demanded the gunner hoarsely.

Roberts tried to steady his voice as he spoke into the mouthpiece of his instrument.

"A flash of light straight ahead off the port bow—" he began; but Blenham's voice, strangely calm and without a trace of inflection, broke in on him.

"Yes, we saw it up here. There's another submarine somewhere within half a mile of us. As near as I can make out, they make more speed than we can."

Roberts half turned toward the three dimly visible figures behind him.

"It's in your hands now, men," he said. "They've got a submarine as good as ours. Don't forget your practise records, Leffingwell!"

"All right, sir," answered the big gunner, a bit thickly.

Blenham's voice sounded again, its tone altered. The flatness had all gone out of it. It was the voice of a man whose nerves had all come to the surface in an instant.

"It's up to you fellows, Ned," he said. "don't show the flicker of a light down there, and get in on 'em before they get us. I don't want my head to pop like an egg down here!"

Leffingwell gave a sharp exclamation. "Did you see it, sir?" he cried.

Roberts found his tongue at the second attempt. "Yes. Don't wait for my orders. You're a better judge of these under-water distances than I am. Fire at will."

He flattened his face against the cold glass, straining his eyes for another glimpse of that shadowy, moving blotch of darkness which had showed for an instant. He had seen little; only enough to tell him that the enemy's submarine was larger than the *Dirk* and not so slender.

"I hope they can't turn as quick," he muttered unconsciously aloud. "I wonder what they'll shoot at us—I wonder—and what it'll do."

A thud and a hiss told him that the tube at his elbow had been discharged, and an unreproved stream of oaths from the gunner announced that the shot had been a miss.

The water in front of the *Dirk* was suddenly illuminated by a blinding glare of light. With a sinking feeling, Roberts realized what a target the craft must make. He waited, rigid as iron, for something to happen. . . . It seemed hours. . . . The flare of light vanished as quickly as it had come and the *Dirk* heeled over to port with a sudden lurch as if some giant hand had pushed her

"We're hit!" howled one of the gunners.

"Steady down there!" came Blenham's voice. "They didn't score that time. Their torpedoes don't go off by impact. They've got some sort of fuses. I saw that one. It was a good hundred yards to starboard."

A huge shape drifted out of the darkness, a lump of a thing with three squat conning-towers that were almost turrets, and a swirl of foam and bubbles at its stern.

"Now!" yelled Roberts. "For God's sake—*now!*"

He heard and felt the muffled discharges of the tube, and slight tremors told him that the other seven were busy. Once, twice, as the shape in front of him flashed past, the *Dirk* heeled and staggered as the enemy's torpedoes exploded.

Like an arrow the *Dirk* swung to meet the enemy's maneuver, and again the huge shape floated before Roberts's eyes. Even as he looked, one of the brass torpedoes from the American submarine struck one of the squat humps on the back of the hostile craft. Roberts knew the bursting charge of one of those brass cylinders; the figures popped in and out of his mind as a swirl and yeast of foam and released gases blurred his sight.

"Ow!" he howled, like a man in a ring-side seat at a prize-fight. "Ow! Ow!"

Before his astonished eyes the black shape recovered from the terrific blow. The squat tower was gone, a jagged line showing where it had been, but the vessel itself seemed uninjured.

"Bulkheads!" gasped Roberts. "She'll swim till she's shot to bits!"

Warned by this wound, the hostile craft left off using the lights which had brought disaster upon her. One instant the injured vessel floated distinct before Roberts's eyes, the next inky blackness swallowed her.

"Come up here!" ordered Blenham's voice.

"It's all sense of touch now," the captain said the instant Roberts entered the room. "Neither of us dares show a light. It's knifing in the dark, and if they've got better feelers than we have, we're done. Thank God, their tubes won't shoot as straight—or

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their gunners can't! Throw in the Brawler."

Roberts threw over a switch, which enabled him to control the simultaneous discharge of the eight tubes by touching a button.

"Now," ordered Blenham, "if I make a loud sound—never mind words—if I make a loud sound, let 'em go."

There followed such a game of "hide-and-seek" as the world had not known. Only by watching Blenham's face and the clicking dials of the *Dirk's* delicate, sensitive organs could Roberts follow its course. He knew that the *Dirk* dived to black depths where the pressure must have edged close to the margin of resistance, and darted up almost to the very surface. He knew that it darted and twisted and turned, and that never in all the age-long minutes of that awful half-hour was the opposing vessel more than six hundred yards away.

Time and again, in answer to strange cries and grunts from Blenham's tight-pressed lips, he pushed the button under his moist finger-tip.

Blenham's face looked like that of a man a million years old. He was trying to do a dozen things at once, to supplement all that marvelous feeling mechanism with his own brain and instinct.

Suddenly Blenham gave a cry that made Roberts's knees sag under him.

"They've stopped" he fairly shrieked. "They've stopped!" He jerked frantically at the handle of the lever. "Oh, push that button, Ned—push, man—now again, again!"

Then his hands dropped nervelessly to his sides, and he took the receiver of the telephone from his head with trembling fingers.

"Turn on the lights, will you?" he asked slowly.

The room was flooded with light. The man at the wheel in the conning-tower drew in his breath with a hiss.

"My God!" he said.

"What is it?" whispered Roberts.

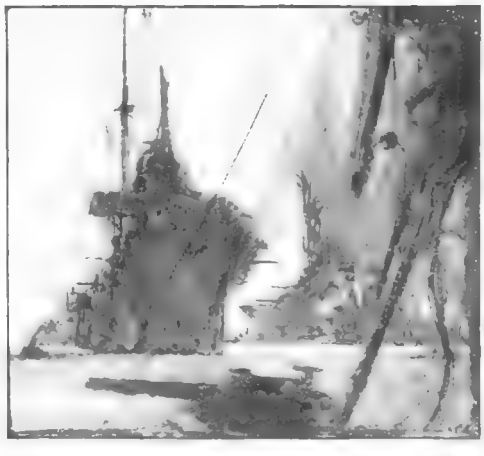
The helmsman was tearing at his wheel. He bent down and showed a face of chalk.

"I saw," he began, and then choked, "I saw—what would have happened to us, sir!"

Blenham made a gesture with one hand. "Take us up into the light!" he ordered.

The *Dirk* lay basking on the surface of the smooth blue water under a brilliant sun. The three hatches were open; the deck of the vessel glimmered and sparkled.

Hanging out of the hatch amidships, Blenham and Roberts smoked cigarettes and drank in hungry mouthfuls of the fresh air. Far off on the horizon a great black smudge showed the enemy's fleet of dreadnoughts. Neither of the two officers looked in its direction.



THE GRAY SHIPS CAME SCURRYING TO PORT, HARASSED, OVERMATCHED, AND LIMPING FROM THE BUFFETS OF THE FOE.

"When I retire," Blenham said slowly, "I'm going to live where there's always sunlight—all the sunlight there is, and air—oh, lots of air!"

After a time Roberts jerked his thumb in silence toward the great bank of black smoke. Blenham shuddered slightly.

"To-night!" he decided. "Let's let 'em have God's good daylight, Ned. That's little enough."

And they turned their backs on the enemy's fleet and finished their cigarettes in thoughtful silence.

Henry Reuterdahl *has gone to Europe to make* **War Pictures**

He is a marine artist of the first quality, a naval critic of note, and an authority on the submarine and aeroplane.

His magazine work will appear exclusively in EVERYBODY'S.

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FREDERICK
AT THE FRONT

Editor's Note—**When the war storm broke Frederick Palmer was in Mexico for *Everybody's*. We wired him. Within four days he was on the *Lusitania* speeding toward the inconceivable tragedy of seven nations at war. Below is his first return, sent by cable and by two mail-steamers, as opportunity offered—hurried observations from three war-torn countries.**

As this magazine goes to press, Mr. Palmer's place as the leading American war-correspondent has been recognized again, brilliantly. The London War Office ruled that only one American correspondent should be allowed at the front with the British troops. It asked Ambassador Page to name the man. Secretary Bryan, to whom the ambassador referred the problem, queried the four Press Associations serving all the daily papers. They united on Frederick Palmer, and asked *Everybody's*, permission to share his services.

Mr. Palmer's news bulletins will be published in all the daily papers anonymously. His signed articles—*appearing exclusively in Everybody's*—will not seek to cover the war in newspaper fashion, but to interpret the big dramatic events and tell the intimate inside stories as Mr. Palmer, *only American correspondent at the front,* gets them right on the field.

Mr. Palmer's work will be very ably supplemented by Henry Reuterdahl, the noted marine artist, who has just sailed with a commission which makes his magazine work exclusive to *Everybody's*.

The chronicle of this war, written and illustrated by two such men, should make the forthcoming magazines worth treasuring by all our readers.

A MONTH OF WAR

BY CABLE, SEPTEMBER 2

THE man with the rifle—that one atomic unit which makes oceans of men in a cataclysm lose individuality—is still supreme in his will and skill, in the face of every form of projectile.

We have witnesses to courage by the millions, which history has not surpassed. We have seen men taken from daily peaceful toil, to rush in desperate charges and resist charges by bayonet under sprays of rapid-

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firers. It proves that men need not have experience in order to have courage.

Battle on battle, charge on charge, gaining and losing along the great lines every second. There is not time to count the dead. The wires tick off to the staff the big results of the breathless straining of spirit and body.

Consider how multitudes of dead are marched over and fought over; and how, in order to waste no energy needed to make breastworks for the living, the dead are buried in shallow trenches with no more ceremony than vagrant mongrel dogs mercifully etherized.

It is as if every man knew war was slaughter; that he who had the reddest sword, regardless of his victim, must win.

Hereafter, when Spanish-American revolutionists are warned against their atrocities, they can point to the invaders of Belgium for justification. Ethics count for nothing. The twentieth century of popular education has reverted to the Middle Ages, when masses could not read nor write and did not know the world was round, and yet knew how to fight.

Aeroplanes and dirigibles have shown little offensive power against troops. Their utility lies in reconnaissance or in terrifying populations by bomb-dropping. They are about the only element which spectators have so far witnessed in action—being visible like swift flocks of great birds over battle-fields whence a continuous terrible roar proceeds.

Aviators, to see well, must descend low and take fearful risks as they sweep down to deal death or to gain information. Scores of airmen are being killed. More fly up and take their places.

If Germany destroys France, it is "might makes right." Her success will be due wholly to violation of Belgium's neutrality.

Apparently Germany used the big war tax of two years ago to prepare for this foreseen war by accumulating traction siege-guns, armored motors with rapid-firers, which operate over the roads at the front with the infantry, and other secret supplies, to smash through Belgium in a catapultic drive by her massed strength.

Her spy service is infinitely superior. The way she struck the British at Mons, five to one, in the effort at capture, showed that though the British press did not know where the army was, the German staff knew precisely.

THE GERMAN PLAN

Yet there was no strategic surprise in her general plan. French military experts knew that Germany must come through Belgium, but could not convince democracy of the necessity for provision of proper defenses along the Belgian frontier; while German autocracy could act on expert advice without consulting the people. It was clear that the Belgian route offered the only possibility for German success. By any other approach the forces would have been stalemated, or slaughtered. Germany did precisely what the world's military experts expected—swinging into the open country of northern France with heavy flanking columns. Against critical positions she has driven great masses with certainty of sufficient survivors to gain them, thus forcing

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the Allies' line back again and again.

Cruelties have been part of her efficient brute calculation. A terrorized population in the field of the armies of France minimizes the necessity for policing garrisons and permits the whole army to move forward under action. In spite of German anger at any Belgian reprisals, the official instruction of the German Landsturm in case of the invasion of Germany is to strike the invaders in the back, using every trick of guerrilla warfare.

Thus far all reverses in this war have gone to democracy and all the successes to imperialism. Imperialism seeks to instil in all the population a sense of dutiful submission to the autocratic will. Against the French officers' fellowship with their men, the German military exclusive caste system appears to have military vindication. French generalship has suffered from commanders' acting on their own initiative at the front, while the autocratic German obedience has meant cohesion.

Not Heine and Goethe, but Nietzsche, is uppermost in Germany. One feels that democracy is fighting a monster whose rule stretches far beyond the Rhine.

PROPHECY FROM THE FRONT

I hazard that a Germany which has got only to Amiens by September 1st—the day set for the fall of Paris — is a losing Germany; a Germany that by October first has not taken Paris and demoralized the French army, unless the Austrians defeat the Russians, is a beaten Germany, particularly when the British talk of a long war and refer to the patient endurance of Abraham Lincoln, and the resolute resistance of Lee, and the determination of Grant before Richmond, with armies which were made from recruits after the war began, as the British are now about to make an army.

BELGIUM—THE MOUSE THAT HARRIED THE LION

Brussels, August 20.

If I could only write, if I could get the lump out of my throat, I might be able to impart something of the flood of impressions of the fortitude of a little nation.

You may have made the two-hour ride from Ostend to Brussels through a land which was like a patchwork of carefully tilled gardens. From every house, the afternoon I went, flew a flag in honor of the valor of the garrison of Liège. No adult man of any physique between the ages of twenty and forty-five was in sight. It was a land despoiled of its strong manhood. Women and boys were working in the fields, and on the roads old men and women, and children, were taking their outing in Saturday-holiday fashion.

A little black dog, a *shipperke*, with his paws on the rails of a canal-boat, seemed to me as expressive of Belgian character as the bulldog of the British. The *shipperke* stays at home on his own boat. He is busy on watch all hours of the day and night. Though not much to look at, he is loyal, domestic, affectionate. He never goes out on the tow-path to pick quarrels with other dogs. But let anything with two or four feet try to go on board when his master is away, and every ounce of him is at war.

"We didn't know that the Belgians would fight," said an Englishman. "We thought all they cared for was to make money."

Yet there were two mottoes in French on the Belgian steamer to Ostend: one, "Glory is the recompense due to great men;" the other, "Art is the spark, the cry of the soul."

The citizens of the big nations had laughed at such dream stuff on a Channel steamer run by such a money-grubbing nation. But now we know they voiced a spirit which is regarded as finer than money-making. The Belgians had the art of living well with few resources. They have now won the glory due not to great kings and generals, but to the shopkeeper, the artisan, the farmer who fights for his threshold *shipperke* fashion against impossible odds.

"We asked only to be left alone!" Belgians kept repeating to me. Belgium, a thumb-mark on the map of Europe, wanted

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FREDERICK PALMER

As He Looks To-day

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to be left alone in the peace of its gardens.

While other nations armed, Belgium worked. Statistics told us that she had the densest population in Europe. In finding work for her people at home she outdid all the paternalism of the ambitious Prussian, with his army and navy at his back.

BELGIUM IN HER GARDENS

The Belgians did make money; they made much of little with an amazing industry in a land where even the dogs worked, helping to draw the milk and vegetables to market. Their shrewd business sense missed no opportunity. Their capitalists profited by the neutrality of their position, slipping in where the jealousies of the great powers offered an opening. The international European sleeping-cars company and concessions from Mexico to China were Belgian. Gardens ran to the very walls of factories that sent their wares through the port of Antwerp, in competition with German goods throughout the world. Belgium, cutting all the grass by the roadside for her fat cows, was content in supplying quality where she could not compete in quantity. Those costly, big, black grapes called Hamburgs, so grateful to the palates of invalids, were Belgian; the French endive which the well-to-do can afford for salad was Belgian.

At the Brussels and again at the Antwerp exposition the world had glimpses of Belgian progress. The big nations sniffed a little, as much as to say, "What business has a little country with this sort of thing, anyway?" Still, a little nation might make money, it was agreed. But it could not have patriotism, which expresses itself in imperial armament.

Aristocrats complained that Belgium was bourgeois; everything in Belgium was on a level. Of course it was a pretty high level, with less poverty in Brussels and Antwerp than in London or Liverpool or Paris or Marseilles; but, then, levels are commonplace and uninteresting. It was a country with a coin worth only two-fifths of a cent, which would buy a poor man's newspaper. It dealt in bread-crumbs and counted its turnip-tops; which shows that Belgians must love Belgium—and perhaps that is patriotism—or they would have emigrated to less developed countries where land was plentiful. We heard of the spread of a socialism which is not the kind that some of our mouthing propagandists advocate at home. We heard of the cooperative societies in Ghent, which had actually reduced the cost of living in fact, instead of in literary symposiums.

All this may seem a pretty poor background for war-correspondence, but I find it the right background for war-correspondence in Belgium.

"We'll march right through Belgium," German officers have often said to me. "And we need Antwerp as a port."

"Of course we know the Germans will try to flank us through Belgium," said French officers.

Knock out the partitions of your neighbor's house and run the steam-roller through his garden because you choose to go that way. All the world accepted the prospect.

But Belgium did have a sort of an army. Some of her people were in earnest about the army; others said that it was needless, as Belgium's neutrality made her safe. How could any one make war on her when she wanted to make war on no one?

Once a French officer was teasing a Belgian officer about his army.

"We'll come over and give you a taste of it some day," said the Belgian laughingly.

"How will you get it past the customs?" inquired the Frenchman.

STOPPING THE GERMAN CLOCK

When in a cavalry-riding contest some years ago a Belgian officer won over the best the German army could produce, the Kaiser did not enjoy the event, which, however, seemed to have given him no useful hint. And the Frenchman was to live to give his prayer of thanks for the Belgian army's service. The little Belgian threw the collar-button into the German clock and stopped the works. Whatever the future may bring, he gave the French time to effect their advance in Alsace and their resistance on the Belgian frontier, and the English time to bring their army to the firing-line.

"It will be only two or three days before the German army is here," said the German minister before leaving Brussels. "Poor little Belgium!" he added. "I hate to think—" For he was sure that it was the end of her nationality.

The officer chosen to cross the line and

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inform the burgomaster of Vise that the Germans were going to march through Belgium and to request that no opposition be made, was Major von Kloeber, the German military attaché in Belgium.

"I shall have to ask the military commander," said the burgomaster.

During his absence, Major von Kloeber slipped the burgomaster's servant a gold piece, saying, "Get me all the papers you can!"

When the burgomaster—*bourgeois* burgomaster—returned to give his answer to the aristocrat, he handed an envelope to the major. "It contains something that my servant wishes to return to you," he remarked. "The commandant says that we are going to fight. Good day, sir!"

BELGIUM'S KING

And Belgium has a king as well as an army, though in few kingdoms is the fact of kingship so little in evidence. Albert was mild and hard-working; diffident rather than pretentious. People said that he had no ginger; that he lacked force—certainly the martial force which kings ought to have. But he, too, was *shipperke* when the German eagle set his talons on the taffrail of the canal-boat. Appearing in a simple service uniform before his hastily summoned Parliament, he struck the table with his fist and his voice was thrilling with his anger as he read his speech. "*Aux armes!*" To arms!

And from the tribune he went to the front.

The Kaiser promised neutrality; he promised to let Belgium keep the deed to her house in return for allowing the imperial steam-roller to be moved through. If any Belgian would have liked to accept the offer for the sake of peace, none thought of doing so, because—there is the plain truth—they were sure that the Kaiser was lying. Such is the opinion which his neighbors have of William; not of his subjects. For I heard no Belgian, even in this hour of outrage, speak ill of the German people. Their war was on imperial Germany and her military caste, which were responsible for the aggression.

The thousands of Germans under the protection of Brand Whitlock, our minister to Belgium, who had taken over German affairs, became panic-stricken in the fear of reprisals for the raiding of Belgian villages by Uhlans. At the *Cirque Royale* they were gathered by the Civic Guards, with women and children hysterical, while rumors of wholesale massacre were spread. Gibson, the secretary of legation, turned stump speaker in French and German, as he tried to quiet their fears—very needless fears. A bearded old peasant of a Civic Guard picked up a little child and held it aloft and crooned to it as he said:

"We Belgians don't harm children. We love them. I've children of my own at home."

Other Civic Guards bought chocolate and food for the Germans with their own money and sent for milk for the babies.

SPEAKING OF CHIVALRY

Every German who confessed himself to be one was got safely away by our legation. Talk about the "after you" gallantry of the French and English cavaliers at Fontenoy! The Belgians let even the German reservists, who were rightfully prisoners of war, depart.

"We thought it was their right," an official explained to me.

Pretty fine and pretty civilized is this consideration for a guest when the guest's brother is a burglar with a jimmy at the door.

Which was the real chivalry?—that of the old peasant Civic Guard come to defend his farm or that of a captured German officer who exclaimed:

"I am a baron—a *baron!* And captured by the Belgians!"

BRUSSELS—BEFORE!

On a Saturday night when I reached Brussels its main avenues were literally walled with flags—the Belgian colors: black, orange, and red. The statue to the city of Liège bore around its neck the great bronze cross of the Legion of Honor which France had conferred on the valorous city. The little mouse had nipped the lion's paw and made him stop—that was the favorite theme of the cartoon post-cards for sale. The streets were thronged with old and young, none knowing what relative they might have lost or might lose to-morrow, but all confident in their sacrifice to keep their gardens and their shops. Brussels was happy, infinitely happy.

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The English were coming and also the French, to help. Brussels was safe.

The people's faith was a pitiful satire to those who knew that if the Germans wished to take Brussels it was not in the Allies' plans to defend it.

"MY DUTY!"

The jingle of coins in a locked tin box was always at your elbow. Girls of good family were collecting money for the Red Cross—and some girls not of good family, who wanted to help. The proprietor of the hotel where I was staying had given twenty-five thousand dollars to the Red Cross the day that war was declared; servants begged their masters to advance their wages in order that they might turn the money over to the Red Cross. Every one was ready to give to save Belgium. The attitude of each individual was that of a man who turns to his savings-bank account without second thought when the life of a dear one is in danger and the best of surgeons is required.

Hundreds of stories you heard, told in snatches of sentences; stories on which you could base a novel. Each one expressed abandoned devotion in a transcendent crisis.

"*Mon devoir!*" (My duty!) "I am going!" was all that the American Minister's valet said when he entered the Minister's room.

"*Mon devoir!* I am going as a private!" said the son of one of the oldest of the pre-Napoleon aristocracy of Belgium, while the government took his automobile.

A REAL ARISTOCRAT

On every hand you saw the evidences of the value of Belgium's industrial efficiency in the promptness with which all the needed material for war was supplied from its workshops.

With Baroness van der Elst, wife of the Sub-Secretary of Foreign Affairs, I went to see a large men's furnishing-store which had been turned into a hospital. The proprietor had given it freely to the cause, which used all except one small section where the tailors were busy making uniforms. The fitting-rooms became small wards; the main floors were screened off into other wards by curtains of white cotton. The wife of a doctor who had just returned from a medical congress in the United States was chief nurse, and under her were volunteers, all in tidy, new uniforms, exhibiting a tenderness of patriotic attention to the fellows on the cots which ordinary cases in civil life never receive. Operating-tables were in place where the leading line of haberdashery had been displayed; in the cellar, where stock had been stored, an X-ray apparatus with full equipment had been installed.

According to my own ideas, Baroness van der Elst, in her nurse's uniform—her husband had already gone on to Antwerp with the government, while she remained on duty to face the Germans—came as near being a real aristocrat as any woman I have ever met.

There are side-lights of another kind on the American girls who have married into the old aristocracy. Being expatriated, they had paid little attention to the Americans in Belgium until this crisis, when they hastened to the American Legation demanding protection and got the answer that their nationality was now their husband's. They were Belgian subjects.

But not all were like that. I met one who was making bandages in the furnishing-store and was very proud of being a Belgian and an American, too.

All the errands of the town were done by Boy Scoots. That is French for Boy Scouts. What efficient youngsters they were, on the run with a Foreign Office or an army paper in the pride of service!

THE BELGIAN "DOGS OF WAR"

And the Belgian "Dogs of War." If the dogs work in time of peace, why shouldn't they help in the desperate effort of little Belgium against great Germany? Therefore, the dogs draw a battery of mitrailleuses—rapid-fire, rifle-bullet guns—a battery unique in all the armies of the world. Now they lay resting, the same big, brindle, sturdy fellows who draw the vegetable carts, tongues out as they panted, ready if master said the word to give a tail wag and then go to it, pulling their best. I recalled how my old dog-musher in Alaska had said:

"Horses? Hell! Give me dogs to drive when you know 'em. They're the friends of man."

You have heard how, in the old days in Russia, food was thrown from sledges to the wolves to stay their advance. Belgium was the food which the Allies had to throw.

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SENTIMENT IN RED TROUSERS

August 28.

I was at Boulogne as the last of the British army moved away and disappeared behind the veil, to link its fate with that of the French. Then I saw the last of the French garrison march away, leaving behind none but women, children, old men, boys, the stupid, the weaklings, and the undersized. Napoleon took the young life of France in instalments. Democracy sends it against the enemy in a wave.

With the departure of the French garrison, Boulogne became an undefended city, open to any regiment of German cavalry that might get past the French army. This was wisdom, as it was at Brussels. The war must be waged by armies and not by civilian populations. When your army is beaten, submit and pray that it will yet regain the lost ground.

I had a devout wish that as each French soldier went to the train he might step up to a clothing counter and get a suit of khaki. It is four years since French music-halls and satirists made sport of the proposed new French uniform of a neutral tint. There sentiment played into the hands of the Germans, all of whom received at their mobilization stations a pea-green uniform which, in European fields, is less discernible than khaki. The Germans were slow, but at last they did condescend to take a leaf out of the books of the regular armies of England and America; while the French insisted on fighting against long-range bullets in the red trousers and red caps and blue coats which their grandfathers wore against rifle bullets that carried only a sixth of the distance of bullets to-day. What their grandfathers wore was good enough for them.

"We can not see the Germans!" the French soldiers complain.

When a bunch of Germans start down one end of a village street and a bunch of French down another, the Germans are bound to have the first glimpse of the enemy and to be the first to fire a fusillade. So it is where skirmish lines feel each other out; so it is when the main attack moves; so it is for the bullet machine rapid-firers looking for targets; so it is for the aeroplane seeking out the positions of marching columns and of masses of reserves as a target for field gunfire. Red can be seen the farthest of all colors. Soldiers are ever urged to fire low, for their natural tendency is to shoot high. Red trousers are a low target.

"Shoot at the red!" the German officers tell their men.

A little touch of sentiment has cost the French thousands of lives against an enemy who is cruelly practical and businesslike.

THE WONDERFUL MUDDLERS

The French with their red trousers are not the only victims of sentiment in fighting the German machine. If England had had a form of conscription that would have enabled her to put five hundred thousand soldiers across the Channel, the French would not now be fighting the Germans inside of French territory. Never has that stretch of salt water called the Channel seemed so precious to Britain as now.

The sense of the sea barrier's security has become second nature to Englishmen; a guarantee that they would have time to prepare for any crisis. It is this that keeps the latest cricket scores in the same column of "stop press" news with word of heavy casualties to General Sir John French's army.

What if—what if—the fear looms larger in the background of the British mind. The suspense grows heavier. You begin to see the shadow of it in the faces of the people who boast that they somehow "muddle along," and will "see a thing through."

And yet your English muddler is a wonderful being in the average. On the pier at Boulogne, where for twelve hours a mass of humanity had waited for the Folkestone steamer, I fell in with a number of them, returning wounded to England, especially a British lieutenant, Irish, of the Lancers, assisting a Belgian woman, infant in arms, to press forward through the gangway. He had a piece of shrapnel in his leg.

"We had a good go at them, hell for

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leather—lance to lance," he said, "till I got hit. I don't know what happened, then, except I had my wound dressed and got away. If I were taken prisoner I know I'd not have another chance at them. No, thank you"—when one offered an arm to help him across the deck. "If I appear dependent, they'll be keeping me in hospital for a long time."

He regarded a second chance to face fire as he would a second at an opponent at cricket or golf.

The wounded privates also wanted another "go."

"It's only ten days ago since I saw your regiment in England," said an Englishman to a group of British wounded. "Quick work!"

"My word, yus!" said a Cockney.

WAR—WITHOUT FRILLS

From none could you get any connected account of action; none knew anything of the battle itself; he knew only of the part that his little group of atoms had played in the great mass. Their tired brains dwelt on small personal details which rose bright to them out of the murk of battle. One with a bullet in his arm had crawled a mile across a field under fire all the while. He was mud-caked, a grotesque parody on the Tommy who had marched off to the front from the British base at Boulogne; but, as Lord Kitchener says, he had tasted "the salt of life." No glamour of war about him or the others. They had marched and countermarched without sleep; they had known shrapnel fire all night and all day; they had had to fall back step by step, holding off German charges as they went—the most difficult and trying work that a soldier can do.

"And the Frenchies had dug trenches all ready for us at Mons," said one; and, being under cover, he thought the German artillery fire was good.

"It was that German aeroplane that gave us away," said another. "We were massed in a valley ready to go at them when that plane came shooting by. We all fired—and it was gone and we hadn't hit it! It told the German guns where we were and then the shrapnel came in showers." There was but one dominating impression—the Germans kept coming on, wave after wave.

"You saw them close, then?" I asked a Highlander.

"So close, mon," he said, " 'twas like hitting a cottage door from across the road. There wasn't many of us, but we put a few holes in the door before we had to go."

"We dismounted to fire and went back to our horses," said a cavalryman, "covering our part of the retreat. It was stiff work. When we came into the edge of the woods there were the Frenchies, thousands of them, ready to take the reception out of our hands."

THE ENGLISH VOLUNTEER

They made it all matter-of-fact, for they were regulars; the men molded of clay who fight England's battles over the sea and had been in the opening of the greatest battle in the world's history. Their numbers were few beside the French or the Germans, but they seem to have been worthy of their traditions.

The difference between them and the Continental soldiers is that they enlisted to fight for the Queen's shilling, while on the Continent every able-bodied man serves his term with the colors. Where in France you saw women and boys packing the wheat sheaves to the barn in the absence of their menfolk, from the train window from Folkestone to London you noted an able-bodied man trimming a hedge. Trains were running on regular schedules; all England was running on its regular schedule. The only visible signs of war were the guards at the railroad bridges. Across from me sat two well-built young Englishmen of the upper class. They were saying how the French surely had the Germans now. The taxicab driver at the station was young; the streets were sprinkled with young men. On the taxicab wind-shield was a sheet with big red letters, "Enlist for the war. Discharged when over." Posters and newspapers were crying to patriotism to answer the call of "God and country." All the poets and novelists were writing letters to the press in an urgent strain of high-pitched, literary fervor.

"We believe that a man fights best when he offers himself as a volunteer," the English say, and that is our idea inherited from England. Conscription is against the very principle of English individualism.

Every non-soldier Briton has two minds: One is attending to the thing in hand, whether it be his business to sew on buttons

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or to run a bank. He must sew on the buttons well or he may lose his place. He must watch his bank well under the greatest financial strain in history. The other mind is with Sir John Jellicoe's fleet in the North Sea and with the Allied troops. It is asking what if—what if England should lose command of the sea? What if the German army should reach Paris again? What if—! Telepathy exchanges the thought between all men and women. They do not say it aloud.

They go on thinking to themselves, "We muddle along," and saying so rather proudly in expression of the calm way they have of doing things. An individual may have dignity often; a nation only on great occasions. England as a nation has dignity now, in this terrible ordeal of spirit.

"We muddle along"—but all the throbbing traffic keeps to the left, and out of the chaos of "luggage" dumped on the platform from the "goods van" of the train the porters bring your trunk and put it on top of the venerable four-wheeler, giving you the same old "Thank you!" for a tip. "We muddle along"—and fifteen hundred thousand dollars' worth of luxurious fittings are torn out of the great new liner *Aquitania*, and out she goes as a collier to the North Sea. "We muddle along"—and General So-and-So, K. C. B., V. C., who is too old to go to the war, takes his afternoon constitutional to the club as usual and carefully and leisurely adjusts his glasses before he reads the latest war extra. Lady So-and-So, who has to remain in town, takes her drive, smiles to all her friends and cuts all her enemies, quite as if the Kaiser were on a peaceful holiday.

Costermonger and retired general, maid and lady, all are thinking what if—! And the costermonger begins, "Gor blimey!" and the old general "By Jove!" and the lady "My dear," and all together they say: "We'll see the thing through!"

After all, a nation is only an assemblage of units; and every unit in England—Irish, Welsh, Scotch, English—feels as you may have felt if ever one near and dear to you were in danger and all you possessed were at stake. In that event, didn't you make an exalted, earnest point of appearing perfectly natural; of saying "Good morning" at the breakfast-table in the usual tone and passing the time of day with a neighbor, and of keeping at your work with particular concentration in order to drive that haunting "What if" out of mind, and to give courage and fortitude to those around you?

THE SPIRIT OF ENGLAND

That middle-aged English woman talking to another in the hotel reception-room on all kinds of petty topics, when any hour a war edition may tell her that her son has died on the field of honor, emphasizes it pretty well; but not so poignantly as that young bride, a typical English country girl, come up to London with her young husband of the Territorials—the equivalent of our National Guard—who may get his orders any minute. She tries to appear there in the dining-room as if they had been married for some time and to enjoy the favorite dishes he has ordered, though every mouthful sticks in her throat. But she is not going to break down when he leaves. No. She might if he were to be away on a business trip in comfortable hotels in the States for six months, but not when he is going out to face bullets in a supreme struggle.

She seems too frail to be Spartan. She is simply a shy country girl, prizing a gold band on her finger, who expresses the spirit of England. And she speaks the language in which Magna Charta and the Constitution of the United States are written.

There will be an article from Mr. Palmer next month—and every month of the war—and after that.

In addition to his article in November, there will be expressions from men chosen to represent both the Germans' and the Allies' points of view.

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THE NEW POPE

By JOHN J. WYNNE, S. J., Editor of "The Catholic Encyclopaedia"

BENEDICT XV. is the name chosen by Cardinal Giacomo della Chiesa, elected successor to Pius X. on September third. He is a Genoese of noble family, born in November, 1854.

The new pontiff's selection of a name implies that he will strive to blend the best in the régimes of Leo XIII. and Pius X. For Benedict XIV., presumably his model, was eminent in both the temporal and the spiritual spheres.

His experience has admirably fitted the new pontiff to combine the policies of his two predecessors. For years he was private secretary to Cardinal Rampolla, who so largely shaped the policies of Leo. During the past seven years he has been Archbishop of Bologna, with 550,000 persons under his efficient care. He has thus acquired familiarity with the administrative functions with which Leo was so conversant, and with the pastoral charges for which Pius was noted. Doubtless the civil policies of Leo XIII. will be renewed; while the works that Pius X. had most at heart—the codification of the laws of the Church, their adaptation to modern conditions, and the reform of the Liturgy—will surely be carried to completion.

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ONCE OVER

by

JAMES SHELLEY HAMILTON
and
FRANK LEON SMITH

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FANNY MUNSELL

THE FIRST INSTALMENT: In a studio on Washington Square three young men live together—a painter, a lawyer, and a moving-picture dramatist who is a desultory poet as well. "Andreas," the painter, is illustrating a Christmas story, and is bent on putting fresh values into the familiar figures of the Three Wise Men. He has a remarkable model for Melchior: a silent old man named Dickinson, with exactly the right kind of dignity and of —whiskers. But one morning the model fails to appear, and while Andreas is fuming helplessly the old man's daughter, Pandora, comes to the studio to inquire for him. He had not been home the night before, it appears, and the girl is alarmed. Andreas goes back with her to the boarding-house to investigate; but all they get is the information that some woman has been telephoning repeatedly.

Out of sympathy for Pandora, Andreas takes her to dinner, and "Coley," the poet, joins them. While they are in the restaurant a strange man, with haunting eyes and haggard face, looks in at them. As they cross the Square, Andreas sees the same man again and, breaking away, tries to follow him, leaving Coley to take Miss Dickinson home. Back in the studio, Andreas is startled to realize that the eyes of the strange man are the same as the eyes of Melchior in his picture. At the same moment his hand touches a forgotten parcel which the half-witted maid at the Dickinsons' boarding-house had given him.

He opens it. It is a mass of snow-white hair.

PART TWO—ABOUT IT AND ABOUT

COLEY slipped his hand under Pandora's elbow to help her over a crossing.

"Shall we go over and nail a Broadway car?" he asked.

"Oh, let's walk—unless you want to ride. I don't think it's going to rain any more and I love the streets when they are all shiny like this!"

The dark, wet asphalt, reflecting the two long, converging lines of street lights far up Fifth Avenue, tugged at the Coleridge part of Coley. He knew there was something poetic and worth remembering he could say, if he could only say it. But the sublime utterance would not come. Perhaps farther on he might hit upon it.

"Wonder what Andreas had on his mind!" he said, suddenly aware that his musing had caused a silence. "Guess he wants to work to-night."

"Oh! I hope I haven't been a bother——"

"Dah!—nothing like that! We were awfully glad you could come. He's probably got some work he has to deliver right away. How do you like Andreas?"

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"He's awfully nice. He seems so—so—Oh! I don't know! Sincere: I guess that is the word," she said.

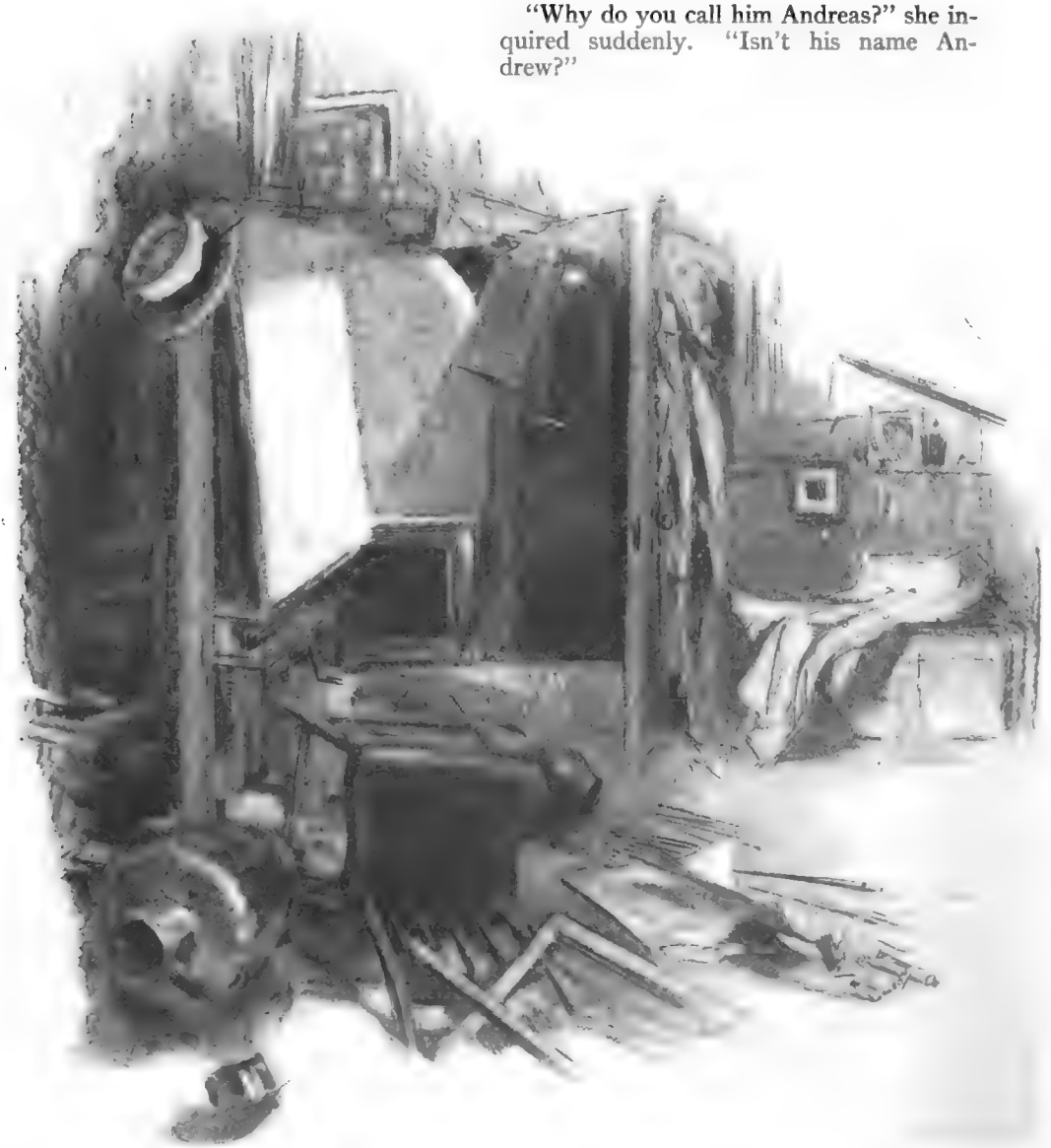
"Yeh, you don't find 'em like him very often. He's built on solid rock, and he's honest all the way through. Some folks don't get him because he's blunt and outspoken, but you can always bank on it that he means what he says, and you can depend on him to be within reach when you put your hand out. The diplomatic guy, with a flat place on his knee to hold a cup of tea and a tongue pivoted in the middle and wagging both ways, plays to capacity in the parlor; but if I'm in a cell and wanting bail, give me a lad like Andreas."

"Yes, he does seem the sort you could rely on."

"Oh, he's Anchor-man Andreas, all right! Say, Miss Dickinson, would you mind if I seemed to smoke a pipe?"

She wouldn't, she said. Coley filled and lighted his pipe, and they walked nearly a block in silence.

"Why do you call him Andreas?" she inquired suddenly. "Isn't his name Andrew?"



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"Sure," Coley laughed. "I call him Andreas just to make it hard. Andrew or Andy is too simple. I've got a theory that it shows you take a real interest in a person if you call him by some other name than the one his folks wished on him. Anyway, why should we use the parents' choice of monickers? How can they tell what a kid is going to be like when it grows up? It's pretty tough on a lad to wear a name like Claude, for instance, after he gets big and husky and ought to be called Ben or Sam. And versy verse, as Moe Levy would say."

Pandora looked up at him and laughed gaily. "I wonder what you would think of my name if you knew what it was," she said, forgetting that she had told him her name only that morning.

"Oh! I rather like Pandora. It is——"

"How did you guess it?" she cried, puzzled.

"It's a gift. I'm very psychic. But tell me, are you Pandorian? Do you gather around the sidewalk awning and look into the church to watch the bride and groom come out? Or follow along with the mob while the cop is leading his man to the patrol box? I s'pose those are the modern instances of Pandorics."

She was laughing again. "No, but I've always wanted to," she said. "Most of my curiosity is aroused by feet."

Coley swung his pipe over to the other corner of his mouth and stared at her. "Guess you'll have to diagram me!" he said. "Feet——?"

"Where I live the front windows are level with the sidewalk," she explained. "The curtains are drawn so that if I'm in the back part of the room all I can see of passers-by is their feet. I'm alone a good deal, so I have a lot of fun sometimes trying to imagine the rest of people from their feet when they're going by. You can really read character that way."

"Supposing some guy came walking by on his hands?" Coley chuckled. "Guess that would give you a start, eh? But say, Miss Dickinson, you ought to have a job at police headquarters. With you and the finger-print boys on the trail, a crook would have to swim or fly."

"Or ride a velocipede," she suggested.

Coley snapped his fingers joyously. "Sure! See 'em riding round on bikes in the dead of night, bent on dark deeds? All we'd have to do would be to dig deep trenches across the streets—crime would disappear in a week."

"Oh! cruel!" she cried.

"Aw, no—civic pride!" he protested.

"HOH! AND WHAT AM I GOING TO BE DOING WHILE YOU'RE GETTING UP?"

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"Say, Miss Dickinson, I'll bet you're getting me all wrong!"

"Why, I was only joking! I didn't really mean that I thought you were cruel!" she said earnestly.

"Oh, I know that! But you think I'm a roughneck—a crude sort of a bohick with no genuine feelings."

It was one of Coley's vanities to fancy he was misunderstood. He was not unaware of the fact that he was a likable chap, and he was always reasonably confident of the impression he made on people; but there was a strong apologetic strain in his make-up and he dearly loved to explain himself.

Pandora's cheeks were flushed with the earnestness of her denial. "No, no! I don't think that of you at all! I *was* angry at you this morning—I'll confess that—because I thought you were making fun of me. But I think I understand you better now, and I was mistaken."

Coley grasped her arm as an automobile, shooting down a side street, crossed their path. "Saved your life," he murmured mechanically, as one suffixes "Gesundheit" to a sneeze. Then, as they fell into step again: "I sure am sorry about this morning. If I had realized how upset you were I wouldn't have kidded you for the world. I do hope you won't think I was deliberately setting out to hurt you."

"Oh, I don't think that at all!" she assured him, with the tremendous earnestness of a little boy. There was something so entirely little-boylike about her at that moment that Coley wanted to grab her hand and start walking fast to see if she, not noticing that the pace had been made brisker than necessary, would trot to keep up with him. "It was my fault—I was so terribly excited," she went on.

"Not at all!" cried Coley hastily, with a sudden terror that the conversation was veering around toward her missing father. "You were fine. You must come again, and you'll find I won't try to be facetious a bit. How do you like our dump, anyway? Don't you think we have a splendid view of the Square?"

"I—I'm afraid I didn't look at it very carefully, but what I did see was awfully attractive." Pandora was having little conversational difficulties herself. "Are you an artist, too?" she asked.

Coley rapped out his pipe on the palm of his hand and thrust it into his pocket. "Artist—meaning a painter, or just one who excels in his line?" he questioned breezily. "No, I don't work with the pigments. It is my humble mission to provide the jaded public with diversion in another form. I pursue the winged trade-dollar with motion-picture scenarios."

"No!" Clearly she was tremendously impressed. "How splendid!"

"I dunno as it is—not now that every obvious idea has already been used. It makes us free-lances old before our time, hatching up new plots."

"I'm crazy about moving-pictures," she exclaimed, beaming up at him. "Don't you think that——"

"I do!" he declared. "She's a wonderful actress. You mean Mae Marsh, don't you?"

Pandora's eyes widened with amazement and she gazed at Coley as if he had dealt suddenly in magic. He grinned happily.

"Gee, I'm glad! It was a hundred to one shot—but I was right, wasn't I? I sure was hoping you would agree with me. But say, I never saw anything like the movie fans you little maids have become."

"I go to them whenever I can," Pandora said eagerly. "My father doesn't like me to go alone, so I have to wait till Miss Plumer can take me—she's a boarder at Mrs. Jaqueth's—or Lottie. Lottie is loads of fun. She gets so excited when the cowboys are galloping fast! She has a terrific case on one of them—a tall man with big cheekbones and mustache. He wears a very wide belt, full of brass-headed tacks, and whenever he comes on Lottie nudges me till I'm black and blue. But I'd lots rather go with her than Miss Plumer—she's so sedate she doesn't like a picture unless there's a minister and a wedding ceremony in it."

Coley visualized Miss Plumer as a thin spinster with a pen-line mouth, and he had Andreas's description of Lottie. It was a shame, he told himself, for a healthy, cheerful girl like Pandora to be dependent on two such people for playmates, and he made a few quick plans for the future.

"I'd like to see some of the pictures you wrote," she went on. "Maybe I have, without knowing it."

"Did you see 'The Bandit and the Maid,' about six months ago?" he asked. "Or 'The Bowery Midas' — that was last winter some time—or 'A Balkan Romance?'"

"Oh! did you write that? I saw it—it was great!"

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Coley had never found anybody who would take his picture-stories seriously before. "Ah, Fame! you blessed old hag, you're winking at me!" he chuckled, throwing back his head in a salute to the heavens. "Yep, gaze on the author. Six reels—ten weeks in New York houses, and I only got seventy-five shell for it. Did you like it, really?"

"I thought it was wonderful!"

"They did the battle scenes down on Staten Island. Oh! if you'd been there! It was most as exciting as the real thing—four hundred men on a side, and the artillery and cavalry and everything. They even hired a couple of militia companies with field pieces to help out—Whang! Bang! Zippety-bing!" Coley was off, with waving arms, on a wild orgy of description.

"Oh! it must have been exciting!" breathed Pandora, as he made a last wild gesture with his free hand.

"You'll have to go with me some time and watch 'em making a picture. Wouldn't you like to?"

"Oh—! Could I go—really?" She asked it as if such a boon were beyond mortal power to grant her.

"You poor kid!" thought Coley. "It would probably be a treat to you to be taken up to the cemetery to pick dandelions." He grinned genially at her, and unconsciously tightened his hold on her arm.

"You bet you can," he assured her. "And we'll make it soon, too. Is this your street?"

"Yes. We turn down to the right."

Neither spoke for a little time. Each was busy with pleasurable thoughts—it would be hard to tell which was busier. To Pandora it had been the most eventful day of her life and, in spite of her trouble, the pleasantest. Coley was industriously congratulating himself—for being alive, for living with Andreas, for being in the cinema business, and for being Coley, with Coley's keenly developed understanding and sense of appreciation. Before he knew it they had come to a stop before Mrs. Jaqueth's front steps and she was offering her hand.

"Oh! are we here so soon?" exclaimed Coley.

"Yes—this is Jaqueth Hall."

"Gee, I hate to say good night—but these tragic moments will occur, I s'pose."

Pandora looked quickly at the basement windows, hoping to see a light there. But the windows were dark.

"I can't thank you enough for—for taking me out of myself," she said. "I don't think I could have stood it if I had stayed at home to-night—alone."

"Now, listen!" said Coley seriously. "Don't you get to worrying any more about your father. I'm sure he'll be back soon, and when he tells you why he was away you'll feel like a little silly for ever being anxious at all. And if there's anything I can do to help out, why, I'm going to be good and sore if you don't mention it right away. Er—I'm going to phone you to-morrow morning, and then we can see what's what. Now you want to get a lot of sleep to-night—and don't you worry, do you hear?" He deepened his voice in a threatening burlesque. "Worrying doesn't make the least impression on old George Destiny, and it just has the effect of spoiling precious moments."

"I'll try not to worry," she said earnestly; but there was a catch in her voice. "It's so kind of you to take an interest in me!"

"Hoh!" said Coley easily. "It's an honor."

"Good night," and she smiled up at him.

"Good night," he returned, and released his grasp on her hand.

When the door closed upon her, he put on his hat and rummaged his pocket for his pipe. He had walked a few paces down the street and was scratching a match against a stone stair-rail when a long touring-car, with the top up, shot by him and, sneaking noiselessly over the wet asphalt, came almost to a stop before Mrs. Jaqueth's. Then it moved slowly on again, till it stopped before the unlighted business block on the corner.

Coley turned and lit his pipe, looking over his cupped hands at the motor-car. The chauffeur reached behind him and opened the tonneau door, and a stout, middle-aged woman in a long opera cloak that revealed the glitter of jewels at her neck stepped out, hurried quickly along the sidewalk, and mounted the steps to Mrs. Jaqueth's door. From the impressions he had got from Andreas and Pandora of the boarding-house it did not seem at all a likely place for ladies with jeweled slipper-buckles and necklaces to visit. With all the melodrama in his make-up suddenly seething, Coley slowly sauntered back, and just as he passed the house the door was opened and he caught the name "Dickinson."

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His heart gave a mad thump. He stopped again to scratch an unnecessary match and relight his pipe.

In a moment the woman was back down the steps and past him and getting into the car again. He hurried forward to get a better look. As the whir of the motor started he came alongside, and he caught a glimpse of another occupant of the car as it began to turn. It was a man sitting well back in the gloom of the rear seat, but as the car swung about, the light from the street lamp struck upon him. The man wore evening clothes and he had a close-cropped white beard.

"Melchior!" Coley almost gasped aloud. "And he's been to the barber's and the mint!" He made a leap forward to stop them, but the car was already under way. It sped swiftly down the street, and the last he saw of it it was turning the corner to go up Fifth Avenue.

II

THE THIRD MELCHIOR

Andreas sat in the studio, still with his hat and raincoat on, still studying the face of the Wise Man. Twice he had got up, once gone as far as the telephone, and then resumed his sitting. He could not decide whether it would be better to call up Pandora and tell her he had seen her father or leave her, for to-night, in her present complete state of ignorance. Telling her would remove any fears she might have about accident or sudden death—at least the old man wasn't lying unconscious in a hospital. It would also give her something quite new and perhaps more terrifying to worry about. Maybe it would be as well—anyway, he would wait till Coley came home.

There was no doubt at all in his mind that he had seen Dickinson. Removing his beard was an effective disguise, but it could not alter his eyes, which to Andreas, who had been studying them for a week, were the old man's most characteristic feature. And there, as if to corroborate the testimony of the picture, was the handful of hair.

But why these strange antics—the disappearance, the manifest attempt to disguise himself, the ghost-like dogging of his daughter's footsteps without a word to her that might put her mind at ease about him? There must be a simple explanation if he could only get at it—real life, with all its surface complexities, was simple enough at bottom.

But the picture!—he realized suddenly that now his model was gone irrevocably. Even if it were possible to get hold of him, the man was changed—useless—without his beard. Shorn of the venerable dignity it had given him, all his value as a model for the Wise Man was lost. The change in him remained vividly in Andreas's memory—the white, haggard face, and a hunted, haunted look that altered his whole character. Even the mystery of his eyes was changed to something wild and unholy.

Andreas couldn't drop the matter now—his friendliness to Pandora had committed him too far—and yet, no matter how far he went with it, it could no longer help him with the picture. Time and more time lost—and his picture standing still, with less than two weeks to finish it in!

And he fell to thinking of Pandora.

"Hi, Andreas!" It was Coley, slamming the door behind him, hurling his hat and coat from him—electric with news.

"I saw him—the old guy!" he cried.

Andreas's startled look vanished. "Oh! did he turn up again?" he asked. "Did you talk to him?"

"Again? Wha' d'yer mean, again?"

"Why, I saw him the first time he showed up, only I didn't recognize him till I got home."

Coley walked over to him, a puzzled frown puckering his forehead. "What's wrong with you, Andreas? Have you been eating Matteawan berries?" he asked, putting his hand on Andreas's shoulder.

Andreas shook the hand away. "What's wrong with yourself?"

"You ought to stir your talk—it's getting lumpy. You saw him the first time he showed up, but you didn't recognize him till you got home! Withheld decision stuff, eh? It sounds like 'They told me you had been to her and mentioned me to him.' "

"Rot! You didn't recognize him yourself at first——"

"Huh? I sure did—the instant I laid eyes on him. He was dressed up and he's had his beard trimmed, but——"

Andreas stood up. "Cut out the kidding, Coley. The man had his beard shaved off completely—his face is as smooth as yours or mine. Look at that!" He held out exhibit A, Lottie's package.

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"LOTTIE, THE QUEEN OF THE COWBOYS!"

"What's that?" Coley demanded.

"Whiskers—old Dickinson's whiskers, to be exact. Lottie—the girl up at his boarding-house—gave me this package and I stuck it in my pocket and forgot all about it until I got home tonight. Then I opened it—and you can see for yourself."

"I can see that somebody's talking on the long-distance. You're 'way, 'way off, Andreas—you want to play in deep for these low, fast ones. How do you know that this bunch of hair is a set of whiskers? Where do you get that crazy noise about their being old man Dickinson's?"

Slowly and with extravagant patience Andreas explained: "Because I saw him—you saw him, too. Down at the Safety Valve—and you just said you'd seen him again."

Coley took a firm grip on his forehead lock of hair and started pacing up and down. "Now let's rub this out and start over again, A! We're all balled up. What's this song about the Safety Valve? In words of one syllable——"

"You remember the guy who stuck his head through the door and stared at us? You know—Enoch Arden! I asked you to look him over."

"The pale, wild-eyed bomb-thrower—who looked like a dope-fiend?"

"Yes. I had a hunch he was watching us, and when we were crossing the Square I saw him sitting on a bench and still watching us, and when I gave him a good look he got up and scuttled away. That's why I left you—to follow him and see what he was up to."

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"What did he have to say?"

"I didn't find him—but there was something familiar about him—I knew I had seen him somewhere before, and when I got home and looked at old Melchior here—look!"

With both hands he concealed the lower part of the Wise Man's face.

"See the eyes? The same—the very same."

Coley studied the picture in silence for a moment, then turned and gazed at Andreas. "I never had a job in the Metropolitan Museum, and I don't pretend to know much about pictures; but on the square, I can't say that I'm so struck by this resemblance that I need a bottle of ammonia under my beezer to bring me around."

"All right, then—what do you make of this?" Andreas waved Lottie's package again.

"What do you make of it? What does it prove?"

"It doesn't prove anything, but it certainly helps out my theory. For some reason the old man wanted to disguise himself and disappear. He cut off his beard and threw it away. Lottie got hold of it, and — the Lord only knows why — gave it to me."

Coley shook his head. "It don't sound honest, Androcles. And it doesn't sound like you. Kind of filmy, I say. Also you haven't brought the noble powers of your bean to bear on the little item of news I brought home with me. I've seen Herr Dickinson, myself."

Andreas remembered that there was no need of wearing a hat and raincoat in the house. He removed them, hung them methodically on their hook, and returned to his chair.

"Well," he said dryly, "go on."

"Well, you don't have to get huffy about it! I don't care how much you add two and two—I wouldn't butt in on your little auditing game at all; only Pandora Dickinson's a darned nice girl and it's a shame to go hiking off on a wild-goose chase that won't get anywhere, while she's so upset and worried. It's pretty important to her, you know."

Andreas raised his eyebrows as high as he could, and the hint of a smile flickered about his lips. "I'm not huffy. Go on."

"All right. I've seen specimens of that silent scorn of yours before, but—well, I saw him in an automobile."

"Yes?"

"Yes, it was just after I dropped Pandora at her house—" and with elaborate details Coley told of seeing the automobile pull up at Mrs. Jaqueth's, and of the incidents following. "He was trying to hide himself," he concluded. "Huddled 'way back in the corner of the seat. But the minute I saw his face I knew him."

"How did he look?"

"Like a swell. The top was on the machine, so I couldn't see him very well, but I got one good flash at him. He had on evening clothes and a silk lid, and his beard was trimmed up Henry Cabot Lodge style so it made him look like a genteel and prosperous banker—the small-town kind. But it was old Dickinson all right, I'll gamble on that."

Andreas had been filling and lighting his pipe. Now, leaning back and puffing genially, he surveyed Coley with a smile. "What did you do about it—or what are you going to do about it?" he asked.

"I'd have followed 'em if I could have got a taxi or anything, but there wasn't a sign of one on the whole street. I couldn't shag along behind them—I'm no Melvin Shepard. I got the number of the car, though." Coley drew out an old envelope covered with penciled notes for motion-picture plots and, turning it this way and that, found the latest inscription. "N. Y. 489725," he announced triumphantly.

Andreas's smile broadened. "Now you've got it, what are you going to do with it?" he asked.

"From which I take it that you don't believe in my edition of Dickinson? Well, old boy, I ain't afraid to match my number against your bunch of whiskers. At least I can trace my man, but wouldn't you look hot running through the streets with a beard in your hand, asking every old man, 'Is these yours, mister?' "

"How are you going to trace your man?"

"Oh, however they trace automobiles by number. There must be a way—I'll ask a cop or write to Dr. Parkhurst."

"And if it turns out that the gentleman—Mr. Dickinson—doesn't own the car, but perhaps hired it, or was being taken for a ride by a lady friend, who perhaps didn't own the car herself, but had borrowed it to give Mr. Dickinson the pleasure of a ride, or that they both had bribed the chauffeur to steal the car for the occasion——"

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"Nix on the long speeches, Angelo," interrupted Coley airily. "You get snarled up in your sentences, and, though your intentions are perfectly apparent to one who has known you for years and can follow the simple processes of your mind, your meaning——"

Andreas leaped at him, and the next minute the two were wrestling madly about the room, knocking over chairs and threatening the precious picture with every lunge, till Coley was downed and Andreas sat astride him, both panting and gasping with laughter.

"Hee—ee—ee!" Coley giggled hysterically. "Cut out the tickling. Chuck it, Andreas, or I'll get up and slough you!"

"Hoh! And what am I going to be doing while you're getting up? You're licked, you ham——"

"Well, well, boys!" Thomas Brackett, immaculate in dinner clothes, stood regarding them from the doorway. Tommy's manner was always elderly and superior when he found them rough-housing. He invariably fled from a rough-house—especially on a hot night—as he would from the breath of scandal.

Coley and Andreas got up, disheveled, perspiring, and good-natured once more. The atmosphere had got uncomfortably thunderous during their argument about their respective old men, and the strenuous action had cleared it.

"Howdy, Tammas," said Coley, straightening his tie preparatory to taking it off. "Andreas thinks he's a detectuf, and I think I'm one, so I've just been beating him up. Now we'd probably like to arbitrate, if you're feeling nice and judicial. Did you dine and wine well enough to put you in a proper receptive state of mind so that you can side with both of us without hurting anybody's feelings? How cool and pretty you look in your dinner clothes, Mister Brackett. Wouldn't it be a shame if I mussed you all up!" and Coley circled around Tommy with threatening gestures.

"Get out of here!" said Tommy hastily, and dodged behind the easel. "What's he talking about, Andy?"

"Old Dickinson—the model, who was the hero of Coley's tale this evening. We've both just seen a Dickinson and we can't decide which one was genuine. We can decide all right, but we can't agree. I don't know why, but Coley seems to think you can cast the electing vote."

"Just a minute!" Tommy shook out his umbrella—he always carried an umbrella when the weather was threatening; "then it is sure not to rain," he would say brightly—and trotted into the back room. Emerging a few minutes later, arrayed in a bathrobe, he announced himself ready to hear whatever was to be said.

"Well, it's this way—" and Coley began an animated account of his delightful walk home with Pandora, and the man he had seen in the automobile. Andreas had to keep interrupting to make him stick to the subject, and finally took the narrative away from him entirely.

"Doesn't it stand to reason," he finished, "that I wouldn't be likely to make a mistake? It's my job to see things as they are, and I've been looking into that man's face several hours a day for a week. Don't you suppose I know what he'd look like, even without a beard?"

"How about me?" Coley flared up. "You never saw me wearing a sign and holding out a tin cup, did you? My eyesight is all right, and it's just as necessary for me, in my line of work, to be observing as it is for you in yours."

Tommy, his shoulders thrown well back, was walking up and down the studio with short, even steps. "What's your idea about it, Andy?" he asked.

"That the old man's done something, either recently or some time ago—and all of a sudden he finds he's got to hide. This is his way of hiding, and he's trying to keep an eye on his daughter and get word to her without giving out any clues."

Coley, who had been trying to rap enough tobacco out of the bottom of a discarded tin to make a cigarette, grinned derisively. "Throw this guy down-stairs, will you, Tommy? He's breaking my heart. Did you ever hear such a bunch of nonsense in your life? Andrew Johnsing, you've ben readin' dime novils, and I'm gonta tell your father on you!"

"Well, little bright-eyes, what's your idea?" asked Tommy.

"For one thing, if the man I saw wasn't Dickinson, I'll eat him. How do we know but what a brother or somebody showed up with a gold-mine or an oil-well, and Dickinson had to go to Albany or somewhere and sign some papers? That sounds like 'The

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Missing Heir,' but such things do happen. If you guys had only seen him as I did, all trapped out in a best-man's suit, and a six-quart silk lid perched on his cupola, you'd agree that something wealthy had happened to him. When he used to come around here he didn't look as though he owned a foot-print; but now you'd swear he was on his way to lay a cornerstone. He's no crook and he's done nothing wrong—he couldn't have with a daughter like Pandora."

"Then why didn't he get out of his car and see his daughter and take her away with him?" Tommy inquired.

"How should I know? I didn't write this plot. But I'll just bet you that to-morrow morning Pandora'll be able to explain the whole thing to us, and you'll find that I am little Willy Right Again."

Tommy stopped before the picture and examined it carefully. "Is this the man?" he asked, pointing to Melchior. Andreas nodded. "And you recognized him by the eyes?" Andreas nodded again.

Tommy stepped back with his most judicial frown. "Did it occur to either of you to wonder," he asked slowly, "why Miss Dickinson didn't notify the police if she was really afraid something had happened to her father?"

Coley and Andreas both had answers ready—there were plenty of reasons: Pandora hadn't thought of it, of course, and they certainly hadn't wanted to scare her by suggesting it—but Tommy's question was purely rhetorical. He hastened on without giving them time to answer him more fully.

"Both of you suspect a mystery—one suspects a crime, or at least something that makes it necessary for the old man to hide. You probably are both right up to that point. Where you both show your lack of —er—experience is in swallowing the girl so —er—readily."

Andreas's face assumed the blank look he used as a mask when he was waiting, and Coley scowled fiercely.

"Now, looka here, Tommy—" he began.

"Don't get sore now," said Tommy quietly. "Just look at the thing calmly. Has the girl really told you anything about herself? Do you actually know anything except what she has told you? Doesn't everything look suspicious, and some of it pretty darned fishy? What reason have you got—except that the girl is attractive and you like her—to think that she isn't just a blind, that what she's up to isn't simply to throw you off the track?"

"But why should she? What have we got to do with it, one way or the other? She came to us—we weren't ferreting out her affairs."

"Ah! That's just what we don't know. But this thing isn't nearly so simple as you seem to think. I told you you'd better keep out of it. The fact is that neither of the men you've seen is Mr. Dickinson."

He delivered this in his best bombshell manner, and, with his hands resting on the table, leaned slightly toward them, looking quickly from one to the other.

"Aw nutsy fagan! Don't be an ass!" exclaimed Coley. "Why this district-attorney stuff? You're among friends, Tommy."

"The fact is," Tommy went on imperturbably, "that I've seen Mr. Dickinson myself to-night. He hasn't shaved, and he hasn't had his beard trimmed. This is a very good picture of him, Andy. And he is by no means a harmless old model. He has quite a reputation along other lines, I fancy."

"Tommy, you're probably the most solemn ass I ever saw," remarked Andreas. "Are you trying to kid us? Because, after all, Coley and I are in earnest about it."

"Not at all. I talked with the man myself, and he admitted quite readily that his name was Dickinson."

III

MRS. JAQUETH CRIES FOR HELP

A tense air hung over the room, a strained indecision whether to laugh or throw things. After delivering his thunderbolt, Tommy stood back with his chest well out, obviously most pleased with himself. Coley was very red in the face, and apparently approaching the bursting-point. Andreas was calmer.

"You don't seem to realize that we're actually serious about this thing," he said a little coldly. "It isn't like you to go in for burlesque this way."

Tommy flushed. "You think I'm kidding, do you? I never thought you'd think that, but luckily I don't go at these things in the haphazard, impressionistic way of you artistic people. I know what I'm at—I can produce my man to-morrow."

"But it's too ridiculous!" burst out Coley.

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"THEN I LOOKED BACK AT MISS DICKINSON AND SHE WAS GETTING INTO THE AUTOMOBILE WITH THAT WOMAN"

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"It's just like that old farce—'What Happened to Smith,' or Jones, or whatever it was, where the three men with black whiskers, dressed all alike, suddenly come marching on the stage and confront each other. You'll have us running in and out of doors presently and I'll be putting on a false mustache and making people think I'm old Dickinson myself."

"All right—that's the thanks I get for taking an interest in your fool mystery and bringing a little common sense to bear on it." Tommy gathered his bathrobe about him and started for the back room. "I've got a man, perfectly intact, whiskers and all, just as you last saw him, who admits right off that he's the party you're looking for. You're chasing after two different people who barely resemble him, and you haven't spoken to either of them. You make me sore, and if I wasn't sore I'd drop the whole darned thing. But just to satisfy myself I'm going to show you. Good night!" And Tommy went indignantly to bed.

Andreas and Coley stared at each other.

"Exit Thomas in a dudgeon," said Coley. "What about it, A?"

Andreas relighted his pipe.

"I dunno. Tommy isn't hampered by an imagination—when he knows a thing he knows it without any frills. There isn't a man in the world I'd go to sooner for an exact definition of a chattel mortgage, or a habeas corpus, or a post ipso facto. If he's seen the man and is sure of it, he's sure of it, that's all."

"I thought at first that it was one of his four-thousand-ton jests, but this doesn't seem to be one of his humorous evenings. He means it all right."

"Of course he does—and I haven't a reason in the world to doubt his word, or think that he's made a mistake. But good Lord, Coley! If I was ever sure of anything in my life I'm sure that I saw old man—" He interrupted himself with a laugh. "And you're sure, too, and Tommy's sure. And there you are! You pays your money and you takes your choice."

Coley stretched himself up as high as he could reach and ran his fingers through his hair. "No use jawing about it any more to-night, anyway," he said. "To-morrow I'll find out how to hunt up touring-cars by their numbers, then maybe I'll get a line on this affair. But how in the name of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle you're going to get a line on your dope fiend, I don't know. You'd better consult an aurist or a palmist or some other kind of an optimist, Androcles."

"The truth is mighty and will prevail, Coleridge," answered Andreas, stooping to untie his shoe.

The next morning, as usual, Tommy was up and away before Andreas was fairly awake. Before departing he set the alarm clock going just out of Andreas's reach. Andreas did his customary swearing at the clock and finally got up and shut it off. Coley, in his little front room with the door closed, would slumber until Andreas forcibly dragged him from his bed.

As he was approaching Coley's door with the pleasurable anticipation of one who is about to disturb another's sleep, Andreas was halted by a long, steady peal from the door-bell. He manipulated the push-button, and waited. The visitor turned out to be Lottie, arrayed for her visit in a stiffly starched and bunchy shirt-waist and very clingy vivid green skirt, and with her hair quite obviously neglected in the rush of her other preparations. She bore a letter for Andreas, which she presented with her most Lottieish giggle. "Mis' Jaqueth sent it," she said.

With his head lowered, his eyes still fogged with sleep, and his eyebrows on a queer slant, Andreas stared at her for a moment, then, taking the letter, invited her to come in and sit down.

She came in, looked around quickly, and made for a stirring cow-puncher picture that hung on the wall. Andreas saw that she seemed to be torn between the desire to look at the Western scene and the desire to watch him, and to solve her difficulty he retreated to the back room.

Mrs. Jaqueth must have composed her letter under great emotional stress, to judge from her handwriting. It was amazingly wobbly.

DEAR MR. JOHNSON: I was sizing you up to-day and I must say you seem like a decent, God-fearing man. I can't say as much for a lot of men I've known in my lifetime. I'm that worried—before Mr. Jaqueth passed away I had somebody to turn to, though I always had to tell the poor man what to do, but you seem such a decent, God-fearing man I am turning to you. I have a weak heart which I had since I was twelve years old, and I just can't stand worry so I am turning to you. Think

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of the mother that brought you into the world! It's about the Dickinsons.

They have been my boarders for eight months, it will be nine months next Wednesday, and I must say they have never been a mite of trouble, they pay their board regular and never making any trouble and Miss Dickinson is just a lamb, just a dear lamb. I can't afford to get soft about any of my boarders, but I couldn't think better of that child if she was my own offspring and it would be a good thing for her if she was. But I must say her father is very queer and I haven't trusted him since the first minute I laid eyes on him. He's close as a clam and a man isn't as close as he is without he's got something to hide.

But I always say that is not any of my business and it is not, but there is something up and I positively can't be worried with my weak heart. Here it is after midnight and I haven't been able to shut an eye with my heart jumping so sometimes it seems as though I'd be dead by morning. You are a friend of theirs and can't you do something about it? Mr. D. has not been home since yesterday which never happened before in all the time he's been here and if Miss D. is worried I'm a great deal more so. A woman came here to-night asking for him and she's been here before and telephoned till I am sick and tired of telling that drug-store boy he hasn't got back yet. There is something funny about it because she came to-night all dressed up in fine clothes and diamonds and no hat on and she didn't look honest to me.

She acts very funny and strange and not a word would she say about what she wanted only she wouldn't see Miss D. and seemed nervous when I mentioned her. It's a mystery hanging over this house and I can't stand it going on in the dark and anything liable to happen. I'd tell them to get right out without waiting for their month to be up but he is not here to tell and I can't help feeling sorry for that poor girl with such a father and not a soul to turn to so far as I can find out. So I am going to send you this the first thing in the morning by Lottie unless Mr. D. has showed up and everything is all right because I can't stand the suspense any longer and perhaps you can do something about it.

Yours resp.

AURELIA JAQUETH.

P. S. He didn't show up.

The letter took some time to decipher, because the stolid Mrs. Jaqueth, when she did give way to her fears, gave to the point where her handwriting became almost illegible. The total effect of her missive was vague but depressing. But it no longer occurred to Andreas to be annoyed at being called on in this way—he was in the thing now, with his interest and sympathy so far involved that he forgot even to think about his picture.

Folding the letter, he went back into the studio. His entry was greeted with a shrill squeal and a loud peal of giggles. Lottie's passion for the Wild West had found a wonderful outlet during the last ten minutes. She had somehow managed to array herself in a pair of chaps, spurred riding-boots, and a flapping sombrero, which she had found hanging in a corner—part of Andreas's model trappings they were—and now she stood, tall and raw-boned, that ridiculous starched shirt-waist sticking out in all directions, wildly waving a heavy and murderous six-shooter.

"What do you think of me now?" she cried. "Lottie, the Queen of the Cowboys! Hands up!"

"What are you up to?" asked Andreas unenthusiastically.

"Wow—ow! Queen of the Cowboys!" squealed Lottie again.

Coley's door opened a few inches and Coley's tousled head showed through the opening. "What goes on?" he demanded, staring. "What's this, part of the Bill show?"

"Look here, Lottie!" cried Andreas. "I don't mind your making a darned fool of yourself and calling in the whole Square to see you do it, but I don't like the time you have picked out. We'll have a special Wild West performance just for you some night if you like, and you can be queen and crown princess and the whole shooting match. But just for a few minutes I'd like to have you listen to me and tell me what I want to know."

Lottie's under jaw dropped, her under lip came forward, and a sulky light came into her eyes.

"Aw go on with yer!" she exclaimed, not knowing just what to do about her wounded vanity, and dropped the six-shooter with a clatter to the floor.

"Say, Andy, is that thing loaded?" cried Coley, ducking his head back. "If it is, I'm going to yell for a cop!"

"Of course it isn't. Now see here, young woman!" Andreas could put a deal of withering scorn into "young woman." "There's no sense in getting sore. Just be nice and tell me—where did you get that little package you gave me yesterday?"

Lottie flung off the sombrero and tossed her head defiantly. "I got it honest enough, if that's what you're worrying about," she said. "I ain't no thief."

"I didn't think you were! I don't mean that—I just want to know where you got it. Did Mr. Dickinson give it to you?"

"Huh-huh! Huh-huh!" Lottie's giggle was strangely transformed into a melodramatic laugh of scorn, which she alternated with whistling intakes of breath while

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she savagely dragged herself out of her Wild West raiment. Lottie, despoiled of her playthings, was not a tractable young lady.

"Please tell me now—that's a good girl!" Andreas's fit of impatience was over—he saw now that he ought to have humored her—and he put a wheedle into his tone. "When was Mr. Dickinson home, and what did he say to you?"

"You can lynch me to the nearest cotton-wood tree, but I'll never blow!" retorted Lottie explosively.

A hoot of laughter came from Coley. "We'll lynch young Lottie to a cotton-blossom tree!" he chanted, emerging from his room wrapped in the Navajo blanket he used to make his bed look like a mere couch in the day-time.

Lottie turned to him with the light of battle in her eye. "Sa-a-ay, are you trying to josh me?" she demanded, spasmodically jabbing her garments into shape. "I suppose you think just because I—well, take another think!" She jammed on her hat and started for the door.

"But Lottie!" cried Andreas, intercepting her. "You're a friend of Miss Dickinson's, aren't you? We want to help her out, and you can help, too."

"I thought *you'd* be some fun!" she snorted, pushing by him. "A feller who can paint things like them"—she waved her hand toward the Western pictures on the wall. "When it comes to being a friend of Miss Dickinson's, I guess I know where I stand!" and she laid a determined hand on the door-knob.

"But wait a minute——"

"I haven't got nothing more to say!" The door was already open.

"I want to send an answer to Mrs. Jaqueth!"

"Hurry up with it, then!" She waited stolidly in the hall while Andreas scribbled a note, and then, snatching it from his hand, she thumped angrily down the stairs.

IV

COLERIDGE HARKNESS, POET

"Well, I seem to have done it again!" remarked Coley as the front door slammed.

"Oh, it was my fault," said Andreas morosely. "I ought to have known that a high-strung, imaginative little thing like her had to be handled tenderly; but I had no idea that the way to do it was to play circus with her." And he departed for the bath-room.

Andreas was never very talkative before breakfast, but this morning he was so sunk in thought that it is doubtful if he even heard Coley's steady flow of words. Coley understood Andreas pretty well and did not permit himself to be discouraged by the lack of attention to his lingual efforts. All the way across the Square he asked questions and answered them himself, and it was not until they had entered the little restaurant where they ate in the morning that he got any response.

"Say, Coley, what was she like — that woman you saw in the automobile?"

Coley aimed his hat for a hook on the wall and sent it flying, turning his back immediately, so confident was he that his aim had been true. That the hat missed the hook and fell on the floor, whence a waiter promptly rescued it, was something he serenely ignored. He dropped into a chair and was busily scanning the menu-card when Andreas sat down opposite.

"Have you any crow in the kitchen?" he gravely asked the waiter. "My friend here wants to eat some."

"Oh! can it, Coley!" said Andreas, as the waiter strove to ponder the question intelligently.

"Sliced-bananas-oatmeal-coffee-and-rolls," ordered Coley and tossed the card to Andreas. "Well, now that you're beginning to show some trace of the sagacity for which you've been getting credit all these years, I'll go into detail. You understand, though, that I'm telling you only because I have a noble, forgiving nature. After the way you sneezed at my narrative last night, I would be justified in closing up like a clam."

Andreas gave his order to the waiter. "I've got a picture of you closing up like a clam!" he said, turning back to Coley. "A fine clam you'd make—you'd get pneumonia the first day."

Coley grinned good-naturedly.

"There, there, my little man—relax for a minute and give the bearings of your gigantic brain a chance to cool. Now this lady you ask about—ker-hurm! She was stout and reasonably tall. I didn't have time to examine the texture of her cloak closely, but something makes me think it cost lots of dollars money. She had some gray in her hair, I think. The flash from the Tiffany

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"LOTTIE!" SHE SCREAMED.

beans she wore around her neck hurt my eyes so I couldn't see for a minute. I can't tell you any more about her except that she looks like she probably owns a dog about as big as a rat and calls him Panky-boo. Why are you so interested at this late day?"

Andreas tossed over Mrs. Jaqueth's letter.

Coley read it hurriedly. "Ah-hah!" he exclaimed as he folded it and handed it back. "Now do you blame me for getting excited about that touring-car? What's your idea?"

"It's by me," said Andreas, distributing cream and sugar over his oatmeal.

"What are you going to do about it—answer this S. O. S? Mrs. J. seems to have great confidence in you. What does she think you can do?"

"I'm going up to see her later on, but—well, I don't know!"

"Well, I don't mind announcing that I'm going to sit in at this game myself. I've seen the woman, you know, and I've seen old Dickinson since he's been trimmed up, and it wouldn't surprise me any if I was able to do some W. J. Burns stuff that will count. I got the number of their boat, you will remember."

"That's all right—but how is it going to help us right now?"

"Give us a line on the woman, won't it? Use your bean, Androcles!" And Coley drew his morning paper from his pocket and unfolded it. A moment later he had broken into little yelps of glee.

"Yip-pee, Andreas! I've done it!"

"Done what?"

"Pried a hole in this dod-gasted air-tight Colyum and dropped into it what is probably one of the finest pomes ever writ. I conceived and executed it up in Boston and mailed it down from there. Listen to this, my friend—it's called 'The Broad High-brow A!' No, you'd better read it yourself—you have to see it to believe it." He thrust the paper into Andreas's hands, craning his neck forward to read with him.

She dwelt on Boston's Backmost Bay,
Where no one's speech is harsh;
And—putting it the Boston way—
She cut some little dash.

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As rare a thing she seemed to me
As strawberries in March.
By far too rare a rarity
For one like me to catch.

It makes my tragedy a farce,
The reason why I flee.
But when she sounded A, alas!
The difference to me!"

"Huh!" said Andreas. "How much are you going to get for it?"

Coley stared at him in stupefaction. "Get for it? I don't get paid anything for it—it's a distinction to have stuff accepted and run in this column! Why, half the guys in New York are sitting up nights trying to dope out a way to break in. Thanks, anyway, for your generous applause."

"Going to clip it out and have it framed?" asked Andreas. "I suppose you'll buy up the whole edition of the *Tribune* to-day and mail copies to everybody you ever met?"

"Back to the pressure ice, you Eskimo! Gee, but you're a frosty guy! Listen!" and in an undertone Coley began chanting the words of his pome. "You'll hear it on all the phonographs in a day or two," he interrupted himself to say.

"You and Caruso get pretty big royalties on all the records sold, don't you?"

"It runs into mill-yuns—*mill-yuns!*" Coley propped his paper against the water-bottle. "Watch me sneer at what the other contribs did this morning!"

Andreas's grin vanished as he became thoughtful again. "If your guy was Dickinson," he said suddenly, "why didn't he get out of the car with the woman? Who was he afraid of? Surely not his daughter or Mrs. Jaqueth."

"Maybe he was afraid of Lottie," Coley answered without looking up.

They said no more till breakfast was finished and the check paid, but going back to the studio they argued over again all the aspects and possibilities of the case, and got no farther with them than before.

"Well, I'm going to call up Pandora now and see what is new," Coley announced, throwing aside his coat and collar against the labors of the day.

"Be sure you keep your theories under your hat for a while," Andreas cautioned him.

Coley retired to the back room and closed the door, ostensibly to shut out the noise of the street-cars and Fifth Avenue 'buses while he was telephoning. When he opened it again, ten minutes later, Andreas had changed to his khakis and was inspecting the three Christmas canvases he had ranged along the wall.

"Say, by gosh, that girl is a peach!" Coley exclaimed.

Andreas straightened up and eyed Coley with a quizzical look. "So soon?" he inquired.

"Huh? So soon what?" cried Coley, with an elaborately blank expression.

"Oh! I was wondering how long it would be before you had her on a pedestal——"

Coley glared at him indignantly. "What kind of a remark do you call that? Who's putting her on a pedestal? I am just making the simple statement that she is a mighty fine kid, and she's got the sweetest voice over the telephone I ever heard."

"Did you write down that number?" asked Andreas in a matter-of-fact tone. "You must have talked at least fifteen minutes. That's three calls, you know."

"Don't I always pay my part of the phone bill? Of course I did—I always write my calls down!" he declared. "But say, Andreas, on the square, I don't know when I've met a girl who appealed to me as much as Pandora does. Why, just now on the phone—I think maybe she had been crying—but she was just as brave and nice and hopeful— Gosh!"

"What did she say?"

"Oh, nothing new about her father. The old boy didn't show up either last night or this morning. She's pretty anxious now—she didn't say so, but I could tell. I've fixed up a date with her for this afternoon and evening. We're going to prowl around, or go to a shooting gallery and see some movies, and then I'm going to take her some place for dinner. I think she was kind of glad when I asked her to eat with me, because she said the folks at Fatima Jaqueth's give her the immigrant stare every time she shows up at the table without her father."

"I—it's too bad. She *is* a nice girl," said Andreas reflectively.

"You bet she is!—and I'm the lad that's going to be blamed nice to her. Do you know, Andreas, if she had half a chance I think she'd be a natural, happy Peter Pan sort of kid. 'Course we've seen her only under sort of a cloud, but I can imagine what she's like normally. Notice how genuine and unaffected she was last night? She didn't try to act kittenish and shocked when

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she saw the women smoking—and I know it was a new one on her. No, she just took a healthy, lively interest in everything and didn't put on a lot of knowledge she didn't have. I tell you she's a relief after a lot of these wise-eyed, blasé New York girls. I like that Peter Pan idea! I'll probably call her Pan, or Peter, after a——"

"Now go easy, Coley!" said Andreas soberly. "Don't try your flashy romance technique on her—you know what it always comes to, and she wouldn't understand. I don't believe she knows what it means to flirt."

Coley eyed him for an instant in silence. "You've got me wrong, Andreas," he said quietly. "What gave you the idea that I was a heart-breaker? Every girl I ever went around with knew me for just what I am. I'll admit that I've known a big few of them, but it was all harmless enough. We played around together—enjoyed each other's company while the affair lasted and parted with no hard feelings. I feel quite differently toward Pandora. We've got a lot in common. She sees things the same way I do. Her sense of humor makes a hit with me, and she uses her brain and doesn't need a diagram with every remark. I'm blamed sorry for her and I'm going to do everything I can to cheer her up." And Coley passed on into his own room.

Andreas looked at nothing for a couple of minutes, then shook himself and fastened one of the canvases on his easel.

"I suppose you read your pome to her?" he called.

Coley appeared suddenly in the doorway, flushed brick red. Andreas's grin betrayed what the flush had told him.

"Well, what's it to you?" Coley demanded belligerently.

"Oh, nothing! Don't get hot, Coley. I hate to say it, but I thought your pome was all right."

"Huh!" Gruff, not to show how pleased he was, Coley turned back to his room.

V

TOMMY TAKES A HAND

At that same moment Tommy Brackett was sitting in the back parlor at Mrs. Jaqueth's, bent on an inquisitorial trial of his suspicions.

The night before he had nearly thrown up the whole business—he even stayed awake threatening to himself to do just that—but in the morning he could not resist the conclusion that he was the one logical man of the three to dig up all the facts. His vanity had been hurt by the rough reception his announcements had received. Here, plainly, was an opportunity to show his temperamental friends that in an affair of this kind the professional man excels.

He had gone to his office, quickly looked over his mail and given instructions to his stenographer, then, putting on a pair of huge, horn-rimmed glasses that hooked over his ears with what Coley called "wheelbarrow handles," hurried up to Mrs. Jaqueth's. His dignified appearance, his engraved business card, and the mention of Andrew Johnson's name made a great impression on the landlady. He was much too important a person to be waited on by Lottie, and in spite of her dread of the stairs she lumberingly descended to the basement and fetched Pandora to him herself.

Greatly mystified, Pandora sat down and Tommy drew a chair up in front of her and sat down, too, with what was undeniably a most polite manner.

"My dear young lady," he began, in his best lawyer-to-client tone, "you must not be alarmed at my presence here. I am an attorney, to be sure, but I am also a friend of Mr. Johnson's, with whom you are, I believe—er—acquainted. I wish you would regard me just as a friend who is desirous of—er—doing everything possible to help you at this time. Now it has been my experience that a frank, truthful statement of fact often obviates the necessity of expensive litigation and wearisome court proceedings. In telling me sincerely everything you know about the disappearance of your father, and the events leading up to it or having a bearing on it, you will be doing your full duty to all parties concerned. I assure you that I shall regard as confidential anything that you may say."

He paused and beamed at her through his big spectacles. She had listened to him with amazement and not a little alarm. The night, with its preying doubts and fears, had not been kind to her. Even in the semi-darkness of the back parlor Tommy could see that she had been crying. Already he felt a tugging necessity to revise some of his preconceptions about her, but as he watched her fold and unfold her hands he said to

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himself that he must be firm with her—gentle but firm, for, as experience had taught him, you never can tell.

"Has—has my father disappeared?" she asked with a catch in her voice.

"Why, hasn't he?"

"Oh! I don't know—I don't know! All I know is that he didn't come home last night or the night before. He has never stayed away——"

"Er—yes—to be sure," Tommy interrupted genially. "Now, your father was—er—a model, wasn't he?"

"He has been posing for some time, now—years. He didn't know that I knew about it—I never told him I knew, because he was ashamed of it. What makes you say he has disappeared—what do you know?"

"Ah, Miss Dickinson—that is what I am asking you! Before he took up—er—posing, what was his occupation?"

"I never did know exactly what he did. When I was little he always used to bring home bundles of papers with him at night. He worked over them after supper."

"What can you tell me of his friends—or his business associates?"

"Why, he never had any friends—at least no one ever came to see him. I don't know about the people he met in his work—he never spoke of them, and I never saw any of them. My father was a very quiet, reserved man, and he very seldom talked to anybody. He never really talked to me, to tell me things."

Tommy removed his spectacles and polished them with his handkerchief. "You have always lived in New York?" he asked.

"Yes. We lived in Irving Place for years, and then when Mrs. Neal died we moved here. Mrs. Neal kept the boarding-house. She was—she was a mother to me, and my dearest friend. My own mother died when I was very young. I can not remember her."

Tommy's task was not so easy as he had expected. He found his legal point of view slipping and a most disturbing sympathy taking its place. Something in Pandora's voice made him pause a moment before going on with his questioning.

"Have you visited frequently out of town?" he asked at length.

"We have been away for a few weeks each summer. We usually go to a little place in New Jersey and stop at the same hotel each time. It is quiet there, and retired. We didn't go this year. My father has been trying to plan a holiday for early in the fall."

Tommy took himself resolutely in hand. "Where is your father now?" he demanded suddenly, leaning forward and pointing his finger at her.

Pandora looked blank. "I haven't the faintest idea. Why do you talk to me like that? You—what do you mean?"

"There, there," said Tommy hastily, and took a turn about the room.

"But you know something—you wouldn't come here and talk to me like this if you didn't. Oh, please tell me what's happened!"

"Why—er—nothing, except that your father didn't come home as you expected—Mr. Johnson and Mr. Harkness told me about it—I live with them, you know—and I wanted to help." Tommy was not at all prepared to tell this mystifying girl, whose manner would not let him be rough and legal with her, what he had found out the night before. He was sure enough about her father, but she herself made a confusing jumble of his facts and theories. "You'll let me, won't you?"

Pandora flicked away two tears. "You're so kind to me, all of you, and you don't know me at all. My father used to tell me not to trust people—that people aren't your friends, really—but you—I'm sorry to be so silly, but that's what makes me want to cry."

"There—there!" Tommy was patting her hand and assuring her that everything would be all right. He would do everything he could—everybody would do everything they could—and it was sure to come out all right. Then hastily he said good-by to her and bolted. The quandary he was in as he went down the steps and hurried along the street to the subway was not at all the kind of thing he enjoyed.

At the corner he stopped and vigorously tried to shake from his mind the effect Pandora had had on a part of him he preferred to leave out of his legal transactions.

"She's either a nice, innocent little girl—or a wonderful actress," he decided, and that was the best he could make of it for the present.

Coley had arranged to call for Pandora at four o'clock that afternoon, but one thing and another had made him late for

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his appointment. He had been unable to do any work that day—a future engagement always coquetted with his imagination, lifting it far above the ability to concentrate on any task till the engagement had matured. The poem clipped from the Colyum had to be shown to several cronies in the neighborhood. Then the preparations for his call consumed some time. By sewing on a few buttons where they were needed most, he found that a blue suit which he had laid aside had lots of wear in it and was really the best-looking suit he had. He cleaned his straw hat—and had to wait for it to dry.

Finally, arrayed in his selected finery, he started up Fifth Avenue, and suddenly discovered that his funds were not enough to make much of an evening with. So, stopping in at a studio on Tenth Street to borrow money, he had to show his poem and tell them the story of the missing model.

It was the first time he had had a chance to tell the story and he enjoyed it hugely. A heated argument arose after he had told all he knew—and a little more. He sided first with one side and then with the other, and some exceedingly fantastic theories were advanced and squelched. After an hour he took himself away, a little regretful at having to leave a choice discussion, but eager to be with Pandora.

He hurried up Fifth Avenue, and as he neared Pandora's street an excellent idea struck him. Pandora would need to be diverted even after he had left her. A book! He went on to a book-shop and wavered in indecision over the works of O. Henry and T. A. Daly, and "Peter and Wendy." It must amuse her (why hadn't he got on the subject of books with her, and found out what she had read, and what she liked?); it mustn't excite her too much, and it must hold her enough to keep her from thinking about other things, and yet not keep her from going to sleep if she began to be sleepy. He finally selected "Peter and Wendy"—she probably had never seen "Peter Pan," and she must know about Peter so she would understand when he told her she was like the boy who wouldn't grow up. And she would love it, he knew, just as he did.

With the book under his arm he started for Mrs. Jaqueth's almost on a run, for it was nearly half-past four and he had no desire to establish a bad precedent.

He thought it strange when he found the front door open, and the moment he entered he knew something was wrong. Mrs. Jaqueth and Andreas were talking excitedly in the hall.

"Is Miss Dickinson in?" Coley asked, after Andreas's hurried introduction.

"You'd better start all over again," said Andreas to Mrs. Jaqueth.

"Who is this young man?" she asked sharply.

"He lives with me—he's as much interested in Miss Dickinson as I am."

"What is it?" demanded Coley impatiently.

"Well, I was trying to tell Mr. Johnson as fast as I could when you interrupted," complained Mrs. Jaqueth. "I was at my front window looking out, the way I do afternoons, and I saw Miss Dickinson go by. Oh, everything happened so quick I don't know what to make of it! She didn't have her hat on, so I knew she must be going to the drug-store, when all of a sudden an automobile stopped right in front of the house and that woman got out! Didn't I tell you, Mr. Johnson?"

"But what happened? Where's Miss Dickinson?" interrupted Coley.

"I was going to the door and talk to her myself—I'm sick and tired of her coming and going the way she does and never saying anything. But Lottie was sweeping down the front steps and she spoke to her, and she started on after Miss Dickinson. Then I looked down the street after Miss Dickinson, and I saw a crazy looking man coming across the street——"

"It was the man I thought was her father, Coley," Andreas supplemented.

"And he was waving his arms and pointing at her, and saying something, and she looked scared to death and started to run back this way, and I was watching the man, and all of a sudden he started going it as fast as he could toward Third Avenue. Then I looked back at Miss Dickinson and she was getting into the automobile with that woman."

"But what became of her? Did she go off with that woman?"

"Of course she did! Ain't that what I'm trying to tell you? And there I was, right looking on, and couldn't get to her to tell her she shouldn't go off with strangers like that."

"When was this?" demanded Coley, turning to Andreas.

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"Not ten minutes ago, just before I got here. The automobile must have passed me —and I didn't see it," said Andreas, biting his under lip.

Mrs. Jaqueth moved heavily into her room and to her front window. "Here I was, right here, with her in plain sight, and I couldn't stop her!" she rumbled, her deep voice shaking.

The iron door of the basement shut with a clang and they saw Lottie emerge, hatted and apronless, and start hurriedly down the street.

"Lottie! Where are you going?" called Mrs. Jaqueth through the open window. "Lottie!" she screamed.

Lottie did not look back nor answer. Instead she started to run.

The next instalment of **"Once Over"** *will appear in the November number.*

SONG *of* PIERROT

by

MARGARET WIDDEMER

I MET Pierrot once very long ago—
  Heigho! Young Pierrot!
All the trees were glad with leaves, and little birds a-row;
All the winds were blowing sweet with flowers they had swept,
Oh! Pierrot was singing gay to match the world that leapt.
  "Hey!" I said, and "Ho!" I said. "Take rest a bit from song!
  This is merry summer, lad! Take rest while days are long!"
"Nay," he said, "in merry times you would not have me sad?
I must pick my lute," he said, "to tell the world 'tis glad!"
And off he went adown the road a-singing out like mad—
  Heigho, Pierrot!

I met Pierrot afoot not long ago—
  Heigho, old Pierrot!
Bent he was and old he was and scarce his lute would go;
All the world was black with frost and leaves were dead with fall,
But old Pierrot sang down the road and would not mind at all!
  "Hey!" I said, and "Ho!" I said. "You are not singing still?
  This our world's a winter place, and dark the day and chill!"
"Surely I must sing," he said, "till summer days come back;
I must cheer the folk," he said, "for all the world is black!"
And off he went a-singing down the weary winter track—
  Heigho, Pierrot!

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The Home-Coming

by Zona Gale

AUTHOR OF "FRIENDSHIP VILLAGE," "WHEN I WAS A LITTLE GIRL," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ARTHUR BECHER

"'EIGHTEEN booths,' says Mis' Timothy Toplady, sighing satisfied. 'That's enough to go round the whole Market Square, leaving breathin'-space between.'

"We sat looking at the diagram Mis' Fire-Chief Merriman had made on the dining-room table, with beeswax and stuff out of her work-basket, and we all sighed satisfied—but tired too. Because, though it looked like the Friendship Village Home-Coming was going to be a success—and a peaceful success—yet we see in the same flash that it was going to be an awful back-aching, feet-burning business for us ladies. We was having our fourth committee meeting to Mis' Sykes's, and we wasn't more than begun on the thing; and the Home-Coming was only six weeks away.

"'Just thinking about all the trackin' round it means,' says Mis' Sykes, 'I can feel that sick feeling in the back of my throat *now* that I feel when I'm overtired, or have company pounce down on me.'

"Mis' Hubbelthwaite looked at her sympathetic. 'I know,' she says. 'So tired you can taste it. I donno,' she says, 'whether home-comings is worth it or not.'

"Mis' Sykes didn't answer. She was up on her feet, peering out behind the Nottinghams.

"'My land o' life,' she says, 'that's the stalkin' image of Lisbeth Note.'

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" 'Lisbeth *Note!*' we all said. 'Oh, it can't be!'

"It struck me, even then, how united folks is on a piece of gossip. For the Home-Coming some had thought have printed invitations and some had thought send out newspapers; some had wanted free supper and some had wanted pay, and so on, item by item of the afternoon. But the minute Lisbeth Note was mentioned, we all burst into one common, spontaneous, fraternal horror: '*Oh, no.* It couldn't be her.'

" 'It is!' cries Mis' Sykes. 'It is. She's turning in there. I thought I heard 'bus wheels in the night. It serves me right. I'd ought to got out and looked.'

"We was all crowded to the window by then, looking over toward old Mis' Note's, that lived opposite to Mis' Sykes's. So we all saw what we saw. And it was that Mis' Note's front door opened and a little boy, 'bout four years old, come shouting down the walk toward Lisbeth. And she stooped over and kissed him. And they went in the house together and shut the door.

"Then us ladies turned and stared at each other. And Mis' Sykes says, swallowing unbeknownst in the middle of what she says: 'The brazen hussy! She's brought it back here.'

"I donno whether you've ever heard a group of immortal beings, women or men, pounce on and mull over *that* particular bone? If you live somewheres in this world, I guess mebbe you hev—I guess mebbe you hev. I'm never where it happens that I don't turn sick and faint all through me. I don't know how men handles the subject—here in Friendship Village we don't mention things that has a tang to 'em, in mixed company. Mebbe men is delicate and gentle and chivalrous when they speak of such things. Mebbe that's one of the places they use the chivalry some feels so afraid is going to die out. But I might as well own up to you that in Friendship Village us women don't act neither delicate nor decent in such a case.

"There was fourteen women in the room that day, every one of 'em except Abigail Arnold and me living what you might call 'protected' lives. I mean by that that men had provided them their homes and was earning them their livings and clothing their children; and they was caring for the man's house and, in between, training up the children. Then we was all of us further protected by the church, that we all belonged to and helped earn money for. And also we was protected by the town, that we was all respectable, bill-paying, property-owning, pew-renting citizens of. That was us.

"And over against us fourteen was Lisbeth—that her father had died when she was a baby, and her mother had worked since she was born, with no place to leave Lisbeth meantime. And Lisbeth herself had been a nice, sweet-dispositioned, confiding little girl, doing odd jobs to our houses and clerking in our stores in the Christmas rush. Till five years ago—she'd went away. And we all knew why. Her mother had cried her eyes out in 'most every one of our kitchens, and we was all in full possession of the facts—unless you count in the name of the little child's father. We didn't know that. But then, we had so much to do tearing Lisbeth to pieces we didn't bother a great deal with that. And there that day was the whole fourteen of us, pitching into Lisbeth Note for what she'd done—just like she was fourteen of herself, our own sizes and our own 'protectedness,' and meeting us face to face.

" 'The *idear!*' says Mis' Sykes, shaking her head, with her lips disappearing within her face. 'Why, she might have been clerking in the post-office store now, a nice, steady, six-dollar-a-week position, just exactly like she was when it happened.'

" 'Would you think,' says Mis' Fire-Chief Merriman, 'that living here in Friendship Village with us, anybody *could* go wrong?'

" 'Sepulchers in sheep's clothing—that's what some folks are,' says little new Mis' Graves, righteous.

"And so on. And on. Hashing it all over again and eating it for cake. And me, I wasn't silent either. I joined in here and there with a little something I'd heard. Till by the time the meeting adjourned, and we'd all agreed to meet two days later and sew on the bunting for the booths, I went home feeling so sick and hurt and sore and skinned that after dark I up and walked straight down to Lisbeth's house. Yes. After dark. I was a poor, weak, wavering stick, and I knew it.

"Lisbeth come to the door. 'Hello, Lisbeth,' I says. 'It's Calliope Marsh. Can I come in?'

" 'Mother ain't here, Mis' Marsh,' she says, faint.

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" 'Ain't she, now?' I says. 'I bet she is. I'm going inside to hunt for her.'

"And I walked right into the sitting-room and turned and looked at Lisbeth. If she'd been defiant, or acted don't-care, or tossed her head, or stared at me—I donno's I'd of had the strength to understand that them might be her poor, pitiful weapons. But as it was, her eyes looked straight into mine for a minute, and then brimmed up full of tears. So I kissed her.

"We set there for an hour in the twilight—an hour I'll never forget. And then she took me up-stairs to show me the boy.

"Think of the prettiest child you know. Think of the prettiest child you ever did know. Now think of him laying asleep, all curls and his cheeks flushed and his lips budded open a little bit. That was Chris. That was Little Christopher—Lisbeth's little boy.

" 'Miss Marsh,' Lisbeth says, 'I'd rather die than not have him with me. And mother ain't strong, and she needs me. Do you think I done wrong to come home?'

" 'Done wrong?' I says. 'Done wrong to come home? Don't them words kind of fight each other in the sentence? Of course you didn't do wrong. Why,' says I, 'Lisbeth, this is Friendship Village's Home-coming year. It's Home-Coming week next month, you know.'

"She looked at me wistful there in the dark beside the child's bed. 'Oh, not for me,' she says. 'This house is my home—but this town ain't, any more. It don't want me.'

" 'It don't want me,' I says over to myself, going home. And I looked along at the nice, neat little houses, with the front doors standing open to the spring night, and dishes clattering musical here and there in kitchens, getting washed up, and lights up-stairs where children was being put to bed. And I thought, 'Never tell me that this little town don't want everybody that belongs to it to live in it. The town is true. It's folks that's false.' I says that over: 'The town is true. It's folks that's false. How you going to make them know it?'

" 'SHE'S BROUGHT IT BACK HERE.' "

"When it come my turn to have the Home-Coming committee meet to my house, things had begun to get exciting. Acceptances had commenced coming in. I'd emptied out my photograph basket, and we had 'em all in it. It was real fun and heart-warming to read 'em. Mis' Sykes was presiding—that woman'll be one of them that comes back from the grave to do table-rapping. She does so love to call anything to order.

" 'Judge Eustis Bangs is coming,' says Mis' Sykes, impressive, looking over the envelopes. 'They say his wife don't think anything in the world of having company in to a meal every week or so.'

" " " 'Used-to' Bangs coming!' cries Mis' Holcomb-that-was-Mame-Bliss. 'He set behind me in school. Land, I ain't seen him since graduating exercises when he dipped my braid in the ink-well.'

" " 'And Sarah Arthur,' Mis' Sykes went on. 'She's lady bookkeeper in a big department store in the city, and in with all them four hundred.'

" 'I always wonder,' says Mis' Holcomb, looking up and frowning meditative, 'four hundred *what?* Do they mean folks, or millionaires, or what do they mean by that?'

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" 'Oh, why, millionaires, of course,' says Mis' Sykes. 'It don't refer to *folks*. Look-a-here,' she says next. 'Admiral and Mrs. Homer is coming. Why, you know he was only bare born here—he went away before he was three months old. And she's never been here. But they're coming now. Ladies! A admiral!'

"Mis' Toplady had been sitting still over in one corner, darning, with her mind on it. But now she dropped her husband's sock, and looked up. 'Admiral,' she says over. 'That's something to do with water fighting, ain't it? Well, I want to know what they call it that for? I thought we didn't consider it admiral any more to kill folks, by land or by sea?'

" 'Oh, but he's an officer,' Mis' Sykes says, worshipful. 'He'll have badges, and like enough pantalettes on his shoulders; and think how nice he'll look heading the parade!'

"Mis' Toplady kind of bit at her darning-needle, dreamy. 'To my mind,' she says, 'the only human being that's fit to head a parade is one that's just old enough to walk.'

"Just then Mis' Sykes done her most emphatic squeal and pucker, such as, if she was foreign, she would reserve for royalty alone.

" 'My land,' she says, 'Abner Dawes! He's a-coming. He's a-*coming!*'

"There couldn't have been a nicer compliment to any one, my way of thinking, than the little round of smiles and murmurs that run about among us when we heard this.

"Abner Dawes had been, thirty years before, a nice, shy man 'round the village, and we all liked him, because he had such a nice, kind way with him and particularly because he had such a way with children. He used to sing 'em little songs he made up. And some of them little songs got in the paper and got copied in the city paper; and first thing we knew, a big firm sent for Abner, and he'd been gone ever since. We heard of him, now doing his children-songs on the stage, now in a big, beautiful book of children's songs, with pictures, that had been sent back to the village. And we was prouder of him than 'most anybody we'd got. And here he was coming to the Home-Coming.

" 'We must give him the Principal Place, whatever that is,' says Mis' Sykes, immediate. And we all agreed. Yes, Abner must have the Principal Place.

"We was sewing, that afternoon, on the bunting for Eppleby Holcomb's store's booth. Blazing red, it was—ain't it queer how men loves red? Color of blood and color of fire; but I always think it means they'll be ready to love not blood of war but blood-brotherhood, and not the torch to burn with but the torch to light with—when the time comes. Yes, I bet men's liking red means something, and I like to think it means that. And if it does, Eppleby'll be first among men, for he didn't want a stitch of his booth that wasn't flaming scarlet.

"We had the diagram all made out on the table again, so's to tell what colors would come next to which. And all of a sudden Mis' Sykes put her finger in the middle of it.

" 'Do you know what?' she says. 'If that tree wasn't in the middle there, we could have a great big evening bon-fire, with everybody around it.'

" 'So we could. Wouldn't that be nice?' says everybody—only me. Because the tree they meant was the Christmas tree, the big evergreen, the living Christmas tree that had stood there in the square, all lit, that last Christmas Eve, with all of us singing round it.

" 'I can't never think of that being in anybody's way,' I says, and everybody says, 'Perhaps not,' and we went on tearing off the lengths of blazing red calico. And me, I set there thinking about what they'd said.

"I remember I was still thinking about it, and Mis' Sykes and I was standing up together measuring off the breadths, when the front door opened. And there was standing Chris, Lisbeth's little boy. Him and I'd got to be awful good friends almost from the first. He come over to my house quite a lot, and kneeled on a chair side of the table when I was doing my baking, and he brought me in pans of chips. And no little fellow whatever was ever sweeter.

" 'Hello, dear,' I says now. 'Come in, won't you?'

"He stood quiet, eyeing us. And Mis' Sykes down she drops the cloth and made a dive for him.

" 'You darling!' says she—her emphasis coming out in bunches, the way some women's does when they talk to children. 'You darling! *Whose* little boy are you?'

"He looked at her, shy and sweet. 'I'm my mama's little boy,' he says, ready. 'But my papa, he didn't come—not yet.'

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"I looked over to Mis' Sykes, squatting with both arms around the baby. 'He's Lisbeth's little boy,' I says. 'Ain't he d-e-a-r?' —I spells it.

"'Mis' Sykes drew back, like the little fellow had hit at her. 'Mercy!' she says, only—and got up, and went on tearing cloth.

"He felt it, like little children do feel ever so much more'n we know they feel. I see his little lip begin to curl. I went and whispered that we'd go find an orange in the pantry, and I took him to get it; and then he went off.

"NO LITTLE FELLOW WHATEVER WAS EVER SWEETER."

"When I went back in the sitting-room they all kind of kept still, like they'd been saying things they didn't mean I should hear. Only that little new Mis' Graves, she set with her back to the door and she was speaking.

"' . . . for one Sunday. But when I found it out, I took Bernie right out of the class. Of course it don't matter so much now, but when they get older, you can't be too careful.'

"'Oh, yes, you can,' says I. (We try here in Friendship Village not to contradict our guests too flat; but when it's a committee meeting, of course a hostess feels more free.) 'You can be a whole lot too careful,' I went on. 'You can be so careful that you act like we wasn't all seeds in one great big patch of earth, same as we are.'

" 'Well, but, Calliope,' says Mis' Sykes, 'you can't take that child in. You ain't any children, or you'd know how a mother feels. An illegitimate child——'

"Then I boiled over and sissed on the top of the stove. 'Stop that!' I says. 'Chris ain't any more illegitimate than I am. True, he's got a illegitimate father bowing around somewheres in polite society. And Lisbeth—well, she's bore him and she's raised him and she's paid his keep for four years, and I ain't prepared to describe what kind of mother she is by any one word in the dictionary. But the minute you tack that one word on to Chris, well,' says I, 'you got me to answer to.'

" 'But, Calliope!' cries Mis' Sykes. 'You can't take him in without taking in the mother!'

" 'No,' says I, 'and I've took her in already. Is my morals nicked any to speak of? Mind you,' I says, 'I ain't arguin' with you to take in anybody up till they want to be took in and do right. I've got my own ideas on that too, but I ain't arguing it with you here. All I say now is, Why *not* take in Lisbeth?'

" 'Why not put a premium on evil-doing and have done with it?' says Mis' Fire-Chief Merriman, majestic and deep-toned.

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" 'Well,' I says, 'we've done that to the father's evil. Maybe you can tell me why we fixed up his premium so neat?'

" 'Oh, well,' says Mis' Sykes, 'surely we needn't argue it. Why, the whole of civilization is on our side and responsible for our way of thinking. You ain't got no argument, Calliope,' she says. 'Besides, it ain't what any of us thinks that proves it. It's what's what that counts.'

" 'Civilization,' says I. 'And time. They're responsible for a good deal, ain't they? Wars and martyrdoms and burnings and—crucifixion. All done in the immortal name of what's what. Well, me, I don't care a cake o' washin' soap what's what. What's what ain't nothing but a foot-bridge anyhow, on over to what's-going-to-be. And if you tell me that civilization and time can keep going much longer putting a premium on a man's wrong and putting a penalty on the woman—then I tell you to your face that I've got inside information that you ain't got. Because in the end—in the end, *life ain't that sort.*'

" 'Good for you, Calliope!' says a voice in the door. And when I'd wheeled round, there stood Eppleby Holcomb, come in to see how we was getting along with the cloth for his booth. 'Good for you,' he says, grave.

"We all felt stark dumb with embarrassment—I guess they hadn't one of us ever said that much in company with a man present in our lives. In company, with man or men present, we'd talked like life was made up of the pattern of things, and like speaking of warp and woof wasn't delicate. And we never so much as let on they *was* any knots—unless it was property knots or like that. But now I had to say something, being I had said something. And besides, I wanted to.

" 'Do you believe that too, Eppleby?' I ask' him, breathless. 'Do any men believe that?'

" 'Some men do, thank God,' Eppleby says. And his wife, Mame, smiled over to him; and Mis' Timothy Toplady, she booms out: 'Yes, *let's* thank God!' And I see that anyhow we four felt one. And 'Is this stuff for my blazing booth here?' Eppleby sings out, to relieve the strain. And we all talked at once.

"From that day on it seemed as if the whole town took sides about Lisbeth.

"Half of 'em talked like Mis' Sykes, often and abundant. And one-quarter didn't say much of anything till they was pressed to. And the remaining one-quarter didn't say anything for fear of offending the other three-fourths, here and there. But some went to see Lisbeth, and sent her in a little something. She didn't go much of anywheres—she was awful shy of accepting pity where it would embarrass the givers. But oh my, how she did need friends!

"Mame Holcomb was the only one that Lisbeth went to her house by invite. Mame let it be known that she had invited her, and full half of them she'd asked sent in their regrets in consequence. And of them that did go—well, honest, of all the delicate tasks the Lord has entrusted to His blundering children, I think the delicatest is talking to one of us that's somehow stepped off the track in public.

"I heard Mis' Morgan Graves trying to talk to Lisbeth about like this: 'My *dear* child. *How* do you get on?'

" 'Very nice, thank you, Mis' Graves,' says Lisbeth.

" 'Is there *any*thing I can do to help you?' the lady pursues, earnest.

" 'No, Mis' Graves, nothing—thank you,' says Lisbeth, looking down.

" 'You know I'd be so willing, so *very* willing, to do all I could at any time. You feel that about me, don't you?'

" 'Yes, ma'am,' says Lisbeth, beginning to turn fire red.

" 'Promise,' says Mis' Graves, 'to let me know if you ever need a friend——'

"And I couldn't stand it a minute longer. 'That's you, Mis' Graves,' I broke in, hearty. 'And it's what I've been wanting to say to you for ever so long. You're a good soul. Whenever you need a friend, just come to me. Will you?'

"She looked kind of dazed, and three-fourths indignant. 'Why . . .' she begun.

And I says: " 'And you'd let me come to you if I need a friend, wouldn't you? I thought so. Well, now, here's three of us good friends, and showing it only when it's needed. Let's us three go and set down together for refreshments, sha'n't we?'

"Lisbeth looked up to me like a dog that I'd patted. I donno but Mis' Graves thought I was impertinent. I donno but I was. But I like to be—like that. Oh, anything but the 'protected' women that go cooing and humming and pooring around a

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girl like Lisbeth, and doing it in the name of friendliness. Friendliness ain't that. And if you don't know what it is different from that, then go out into the crowd of the world, stripped and hungry and dumb and by yourself, and wait till it comes to you. It'll come! God sees to that. And it's worth everything. For if you die without finding it out, you die without knowing life.

"After that day, none of us invited Lisbeth in company. We see it was kinder not to.

"But the little boy—the little boy. They wa'n't no way of protecting him. And it never entered Lisbeth's head at first that she was going to be struck at through him. She sent him to Sunday-school, and everything was all right there, except Mis' Graves taking her little boy out of the class he was in, and Lisbeth didn't know that. Then she sent him to day school, in the baby room. And Mis' Sykes's little grandchild went there—Artie Barling; and I guess he must have heard his mother and Mis' Sykes talking—anyway at recess he shouts out when they was playing:

" 'Everybody that was born in the house be on my side!'

"They all went rushing over to his side, Christopher too.

" 'Naw!' Artie says to him. '*Not* you. You was borned *outside*. My gramma says so.'

"So Chris went home, crying, with that. And then Lisbeth begun to understand. I went in to see her one afternoon, and found her working out in the little patch of her mother's garden. When she see me she set down by the hollyhocks she was transplanting and looked up at me, just numb.

" 'Miss Marsh,' she says, 'it's God punishing me, I s'pose, but——'

" 'No, Lisbeth,' I says. 'No. The real punishment ain't this. This is just folks

"'THE MINUTE YOU TACK THAT ONE WORD ON TO CHRIS, YOU GOT ME TO ANSWER TO.'"

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punishing you. Don't never mistake the one for the other, will you?'

"Acceptances to the Home-Coming kept flowing in like mad—all the folks we'd most wanted to come was a-coming, them and their families. I begun to get warm all through me, and to go round singing, and to wake up feeling something grand was going to happen and, when I was busy, to know there was something nice, just over the edge of my job, sitting there rosy, waiting to be thought about. It worked on us all that way. It was a good deal like being in love. I donno but it was being in love. In love with folks.

"The afternoon before the Home-Coming was to begin, there was to be a rehearsal of the Children's Drill, that Mis' Sykes had charge of for the opening night. We was all on the Market Square, working like beavers and like trojums, or whatever them other busy animals are, getting the booths set up. All the new things that the town had got and done in the last fifty years was represented, each in a booth, all round the Square. . . . And in the middle of the Square stood the great big Cedar-of-Lebanon tree that we'd used last Christmas for the first annual Friendship Village outdoors Christmas tree. I wondered how anybody could ever have said that it was in the way! It stood there, all still, and looking like it knew us far, far better than we knew it—the way a tree does. With the wind blowing through it gentle, it made a wonderful nice centerpiece, I thought.

"We'd just got to tacking on to Eppleby Holcomb's red Department Emporium booth when we heard a shout, and there, racing along the street, come the forty-fifty children that was going to be in the children's Drill. They all come pounding and scampering over to where we was, each with a little paper stick in their hand for the wand part, and they swarmed up to Mis' Sykes that was showing 'em how, and they shouted:

" 'Mis Sykes! Mis' Sykes! Can't we rehearse now?'—for 'rehearse' seems to be a word that children just loves by natural instinct, same as 'cave' and 'den' and 'secret stairway.'

"I looked down in the faces all pink and eager and happy—I knew most of 'em by name. I'd be ashamed to live in a town where I didn't know anyway fifty-sixty children by name, keeping up as fast as necessary. And with 'em I see was Lisbeth's little boy, waving a stick of kindling for his stick, happy as a clam, but not a mum clam at all.

" 'Hello, Chris!' I says. 'I didn't know you could drill.'

"But he stopped jumping and laughing. 'I can't,' he says. 'I was just pe-tend. I can pe-tend, can't I?' he says, looking up alarmed.

" 'Hush, Calliope!' says Mis' Sykes, back of me. 'No need making it any harder for him than 'tis.'

" 'What do you mean by that?' I ask' her sharp.

" 'Why,' says she, 'I couldn't have him in the drill. How could I? The children's mothers is coming down here to trim 'em. Lots of 'em—Mis' Grace and Mis' Morgan Graves and some more—said flat out they wouldn't let their children be in it if they had to trim 'em along with her.'

" 'My land,' I says, 'my land!'

"I couldn't say nothing more. And Mis' Sykes called the children, and they all went shouting round her over to the middle of the green. All but Chris.

"I picked him up and set him on the counter of the booth, and I stood side of him. But he didn't pay much attention to me. He was looking off after the children, forming in two lines that broke into four, and wheeled and turned, and waved their wands. He watched 'em, and he never says a word.

" 'Come and help me tack tacks, Chris,' I says, when I couldn't stand it any longer.

"And then he says: 'When they do it, it's going to be a band playing, won't there?'

" 'Yes,' I says, 'but we'll all be hearing the music. Come an'——'

" 'When they do it,' he says, still looking off at the children, 'they'll all have white on 'em, won't they?'

" 'Yes,' I says, 'white on 'em.' And couldn't say no more.

"Then he turns and looks me right in the face: 'I got my new white suit home,' he says, whispering.

" 'Yes, lambin', yes,' I says, and had to pretend I didn't understand. And when I looked back at him, he was setting there, still and watchin'; but two big tears was going down his cheeks.

"All of a sudden something in me, some-

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OF A SUDDEN HE LIFTED CHRIS IN HIS ARMS, HIGH UP AMONG THE LIT BRANCHES.

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thing big and quiet, turned round to me and said something. I heard it—oh, I tell you, I heard it. And it wasn't the first time. And all over me went racing the knowledge that there was something to do for what was the matter. And while I stood there, feeling the glory of knowing that I'd got to find a way to do something—somehow—like you do sometimes—to make things better, I looked down the long green stretch of the Square — and I saw something. Something that was like an answer. And I put my arms round Chris and hugged him. For I'd got a plan that was like a present.

"But he didn't feel like that—not then. He kind of wriggled away. 'It ain't lovin' time,' he says. 'No.'

" 'No,' I says, looking down that sunny Market Square toward what I'd seen. 'No, it ain't loving time—not yet. But I tell you, I tell you it's going to be it! Come along with me,' I says, 'Lisbeth's little boy —and help!'

"Toward sundown of that first great day of the Friendship Village Home-Coming we was the happiest, wore-outest set of folks I about ever see. Not everybody we'd expected and hoped for had come—even Abner Dawes, he hadn't showed up. But then he was such a big man that I donno's any of us thought he'd come, any of the time. Only we did enjoy having it in the *Daily* every few nights that he'd be there. Some we hadn't thought of turned up last minute, and had to tell folks who they was, and then—my, what a welcome! Every few minutes, all day long, we'd hear a little shouting, and see a little crowd, and we'd all rush over, and there'd be somebody just got there, and everybody'd be calling 'em old names, and shaking hands with the children and kissing the grandchildren. It was a real day. It'd be a day I'd like to talk about even if nothing else had happened but the day being just the day.

"Mis' Sykes and I was in Eppleby's booth, and in back of it the children was all trimmed and ready to begin their march, when I heard an unusual disturbance just outside. I looked, and I saw Lisbeth, that Eppleby had asked to come and help tend his booth that night, and she was just getting there, with Chris trotting alongside of her. But they wa'n't making the disturbance. Most of that was Eppleby, shaking both the hands of a big, smooth-boned, brown-skinned man that was shouting at his lungs' top—

" 'Eppleby Bebbleby
Wooden-leg,
Lost his knife
Playin' mumblety-peg'

with all the gusto of a psalm. And Eppleby was shouting back at him something about

" 'Abner Dawes he come so late
The wood was split and things was great.'

And it was Abner, after all, actually come and getting himself welcomed by Eppleby just like one of us. And Abner begun remembering us all and calling us by name.

"But me, seeing him, and the folks all gathered round the Square, waiting for the after-supper part of the entertainment, and knowing what I'd planned should happen right afterward, I hadn't only one thought.

" 'Abner,' I says, just the same as if he hadn't been a great man, 'the children—they're going to march. They're in back of the booth, all ready. You must lead 'em! He must lead 'em, Mis' Sykes, mustn't he—and sing with 'em? Every child here knows your songs. Oh, *would* you come and march with 'em?'

"I love to remember how deep and bright his face got. 'Would I march?' he says. 'With *children?* When is it?—now?'

"I put out my hand to thank him, and he took hold of it. And all of a sudden, right down there close by our two hands I see somebody. And it was Lisbeth's little boy, that had come running to us and was tugging at my skirt.

" 'Look,' Chris says, clear. 'I got on this white one. Couldn't—couldn't I march too?'

"He was looking up, same as a rose, his big eyes shining hopeful. My, my, but he was dear! And Abner Dawes looked down at him.

" 'March!' Abner cries. 'Of course you can march! Come along with me.'

"And he swung little Christopher up on to his back. And he run out into the midst of the other children, where Miss Sykes was marshaling 'em before the booth.

" 'God bless him,' says Eppleby, behind me.

"But then Mis' Sykes looked up, and saw him. And she never hesitated a minute, not even a minute to wonder why. She just

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set her lips together in that thin line I knew, and she run up to Abner.

" 'Oh, Mr. Dawes,' she says, 'you mustn't. The mothers won't like it. He's Lisbeth Note's child. He's——'

"Abner Dawes looked down at her, round Chris's white legs. All the brightness was gone out of Abner's face now—but not the kindness. That stayed. 'Do you mean,' he said, grave, 'that this child is evil?'

" 'No—no,' says Mis' Sykes, stumbling some. 'But I thought you'd ought to know—folks feeling as they do here——'

"Abner turned and looked down the green, where the folks was gathered and the last sun was slanting. It was gold, and it was still, all except the folks chatting in groups. And up the street the half-past seven bell was ringing, like somebody saying something nice.

" 'Oh, God,' says Abner Dawes, kind of reverent and kind of like a sigh. 'Here too. Here too.'

" I'll never forget his face when he turned to Mis' Sykes. It wasn't hard or cross or accusing—I guess he knew she was just at her crooked way of trying to be decent! But he made her know firm that if he led the children's march, he'd lead it with Chris.

And it was so he done.

"Down the long green they come, side by side. And the other children fell in behind, and they circled out into a great orbit, with the Christmas tree in the middle of it. And folks begun to see who the man was at the head, and the word run round, and they all broke out and cheered and called out to him. Oh, it was a great minute! I like to think about it.

"And then the murmur begun running round that it was Chris that was with him. And Mame Holcomb and Eppleby and Mis' Toplady and me, watching from the booth, we knew how everybody was looking at everybody else to see what to think—like folks do. But they didn't know—not yet.

"Then something wonderful happened. Half-way round the Square, Abner noticed that Chris didn't have any wand, same as the other children had. And so, when he was passing the big Christmas tree, what did he do but break off a little branch and put that in Chris's hand. And Chris come on a-waving it, a bough off that tree. I sort of sung all over when I see that.

"The children ended up round a platform, and up there went the folks that had been picked out to lead the singing. And as they went they sung:

" 'Oh, how lovely is the evening, is the evening, is the evening!'

And in a minute, from first one place and then another the others took it up, them that had sung it in singing school, fifty years ago:

" 'When the bells are sweetly chiming, sweetly chiming, sweetly chiming,'

and they sung it like a round, which it is, with a great fine booming bass of

" 'Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong,'

all through it. Do you know that round? If you don't, get it; and get some folks together somehow, and sing it. It lets you taste the evening. But I can't tell you the way it seemed to us there in Friendship Village, met together after so many years, and singing together like we was all one Folk. One Folk.

"They sung other songs, while the dusk come on. Abner Dawes was sitting on the platform, and he kept Chris on his knee—I loved him for that. There wasn't a set program. First one would start a song from somewheres in the crowd, and then another. . . . And all the time I was waiting for it to get dark enough to do what I had planned to be done—and what I'd had men working at near all the night before to get ready. And when the dark come thick enough, and just at the end, I remember, of their singing 'Flow Gently, Sweet Afton,' I thought it was time.

"I give the word to them that was waiting. And suddenly, right there in the midst of the Square, the great green tree, that had been the Friendship Village Christmas tree, glowed softly alight from top to bottom, all in the green branches, just like it had on Christmas Eve. They'd done the work good, and as if they liked it—and the bulbs was in so deep in the green that not a soul had noticed all day. And there was the Christmas tree, come back.

" 'Oh . . .' they says, low, all over the Square. And nobody said anything else. It was as if, awake and alive in that living tree, there was the same spirit that had been there on Christmas Eve, the spirit that we've got to keep alive year long, year round, year through.

"I'd whispered something to Abner, and

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he come down from the platform and went over close to the tree. And of a sudden he lifted Chris in his arms, high up among the lit branches. And in everybody's hush he says clear:

" ' "And He took a little child and set him in their midst." '

"That was all he said. And Chris looked out and smiled happy, and waved his branch off the Christmas tree. Over the whole Market Square there lay a stillness that said things to itself and to us. It said that here was the Family, come home, round the tree, big folks and little, wise and foolish, and all feeling the Christmas spirit in our hearts just like it *was* our hearts. It said that the Family's judging Lisbeth Note one way or the other didn't settle anything, nor neither did our treating her little boy mean or good. . . .

"For all of a sudden we was all of us miles deeper into life than that. And we saw how, beyond judgment and even beyond what's what, is a spirit that has got to come and clutch hold of life before such wrongs, and more wrongs, and all the wrongs that ail us, can stop being. And that spirit will be the spirit that was in our hearts right then. We all knew it together—I think even Mis' Sykes knew—and we stood there soaked in the knowing. And it was one of them minutes when the thing we've made out of living falls clean away, like a husk and a shell, and the Shining Thing inside comes close and says:

" 'This is the way I am if you'll let me be it.'

"Away over on the edge of the Square somebody's voice, a man's voice—we never knew who it was—begun singing 'Home Again, From a Distant Shore.' And everybody all over took it up soft. And standing there round the Christmas tree in the middle of June, with that little child in our midst, it was as true for us as ever it was on Christmas night, that glory shone around. And we had come Home in more senses than we'd thought, to a place, a Great Place, that was waiting for us.

"Pretty soon I slipped away, inside Eppleby's booth. And there, in all that scarlet bunting, Lisbeth stood, looking and crying, all alone—but crying for being glad.

" 'Lisbeth, Lisbeth!' I said, 'right out there is the way life is—*when we can get it uncovered*.'

"She looked up at me; and I see the thing in her face that was in the faces of all them in the Square—like believing and like hoping, more than any of us knows how—yet.

" 'Honest?' she said. 'Honest and truly?'

" 'Honest and truly,' I told her.

"And I believe that. And you believe it. If only we can get it said. . . ."

THE CHILDREN HAVE GONE

By SARAH N. CLEGHORN

QUIET and order in the old brown house.
The heavy echoes, drugged with silence, drowse;
The loud clock ticks the sober hours away.
No voices call the aunts to come and play;
No headless dolls belitter the porch floor;
No briers molest the much-patched pinafore.
No meddling fingers mulct the damson jar;
No romping troop leave down the pasture bar.
We may sleep late of mornings now; no more
Need we on tiptoe pass the half-shut door,
In early evening, where the children sleep.
Rooms set in order once, in order keep
The whole day long—well said, my heart! The day
Is very long. The children are away.

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EMPEROR WILLIAM, THE MAN

BY HUGO MÜNSTERBERG

Editor's Note—**Here's the German Emperor—not the Great War Lord of Europe, but the man in his home. This is not an interpretation of policies, but a close view of a personality, offered with the easy informality of a dinner-table chat. Probably no one in this country is better qualified to tell Americans about the Kaiser than Professor Münsterberg—German by birth and education, but for twenty years professor of psychology at Harvard University. His service as exchange professor at the University of Berlin four years ago brought him into close relations with Emperor William. He writes as a personal friend.**

I REMEMBER distinctly one evening when the Emperor stood by the open fireplace, telling me laughingly what "the boy," that is the Crown Prince, had just written from his hunting-trip through India. I felt suddenly, like a thrill through my mind, the wish that instead of me the whole American nation could see this wonderful man in the buoyancy of his fatherly joy, in the sprightliness of his humor, in the incomparable charm of his mood as host.

I felt it because I know how most Americans fancy the man as stiff and forbidding and awe-inspiring, as the War Lord with the helmet, as the severe dictator whose command moves millions of soldiers. This harsh, unsympathetic picture of William II., with the formidable mustache of the cartoonist, has wrought havoc with our American public opinion in these excited weeks of the European War.

Every one knows the mild expression of the face of George V., and the gentle, melancholy features of Czar Nicholas, and the comfortable, philistine expression of President Poincare, and the pretty, youthful look of Albert of Belgium. American imagination can not fancy that behind such pleasant faces any sinister thought can slumber. But the martial traits of the War Lord can so easily be taken as the shield behind which pernicious plans find shelter. This absurd caricature has done much to create widespread feeling against the Fatherland.

If anything could bring the man still nearer to us than does his sense of humor, it is the beauty of his family life. His six splendid sons and his favorite child, the daughter, are always in his mind; and the chivalrous way in which he makes his wife the leading personage present is really fascinating. In the family circle, when she talks, his eye rests on her with that perfect delight which means a true home happiness.

It is indeed the simplest household life, in spite of all the brilliant splendor of the surroundings. I saw the Empress in a magnificent evening-gown, wearing her long chains of superb pearls, sit down at the Emperor's side after dinner and do crochet work for a Christmas bazaar, while the talk between the two and their two guests flitted hither and thither.

In such a small circle you also see best that the Emperor's efforts for temperance are not only words addressed to others, but maxims severely applied to himself. He hardly sips at a glass of wine, and even the festival banquets which in the rich Berlin private houses fill many hours of over-luxurious feasting, are served in the palace with lightning rapidity. In the same way his ideas about sport and physical exercise, with which he has rejuvenated the German people, are carried out in his own simple and active life. He takes his daily long walks, rides horseback, or goes hunting. Whenever statecraft allows it, he takes an outing.

Yet his chief interest lies in culture. It is simply marvelous what a multitude of topics are familiar to him. Every science and art, every branch of technique and of practical life, every movement in social reform or religion holds his attention, makes him think, and stirs his desire to know more about it.

A Harvard exchange professor who went

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over to Berlin to give lectures on divinity assured me that he found the Emperor able to speak on new religious movements with the true scholarly knowledge of a theologian. Yet the famous Professor Slaby of the technological institute in Charlottenburg told me in almost the same words that the Emperor speaks with him about new movements in engineering with the penetrating thoroughness of a trained engineer.

ROYAL VERSATILITY

In America I have seen only one person succeed in an effort to meet every one in his own field, and that was Theodore Roosevelt. After the Congress of Arts and Sciences during the St. Louis World's Fair, which was attended by more than a hundred leading European scholars of all scientific denominations, the international party went to Washington, and I had the honor to introduce each individual to the President, who received them in the East Room. He really talked with philologists about philology, with naturalists about natural science, with historians about history, with geographers about geography, and with lawyers about law. Yet six years later I had the feeling that the Kaiser outdid him.

It was at the hundredth anniversary of Berlin University. The scholarly masterspirits of the world had come as delegates. After a great banquet in the gala halls of the Berlin castle, the Emperor received the foreign scholars personally, and I happened to stand quite close behind him. It was an intellectual delight to watch the versatility with which he met every man with interest in his particular subject. But the feat became the more fascinating as he addressed every one in his own language, speaking especially French and English with exactly the same ease as German.

And yet this is the man about whom so many Americans fancy that he has no other thought and no other idea than the army and militarism.

It may be doubtful whether any of his peaceful interests is more lively than that in the United States of America. It was strongly increased by his brother Henry's visit to the New World. Five years after Prince Henry's visit, one morning in the Potsdam palace, the Emperor surprised me by asking what I should think of his sending his fourth son, August Wilhelm, to Harvard University for a year of study. I have never mentioned this to any one until now.

I sympathized with the plan most warmly. Yet I foresaw that it involved some difficulties and that the details of the scheme would have to be considered very carefully in order to avoid any possible unpleasant situations. All the forms of his life would have to be mapped out with carefulness, and the Emperor discussed with me the plans in full.

We had left out only one item in the preparatory study, namely, the heart of the prince. He had lost it some weeks before and became engaged a few weeks after. He married very soon, and that broke off the pleasant and interesting plan which would have greatly added to the cordiality between the United States and Germany.

Of course, there was hardly a need of giving new proof to the Americans of the sincere warmth of his feelings. Americans were his favorite guests in Kiel, in Berlin, and in Wilhelmshöhe near Cassel, where he spends the summers. He had inaugurated the professorial exchange, and he made a point of attending the opening lectures of the visiting scholars from American universities. He sent the wonderful collection of casts for the Germanic Museum of Harvard, many of which are from great works of sculpture and architecture never reproduced before.

A favorite topic of his private discussions is the glorious feat of building the Panama Canal. I have not heard him speak about its political aspect or about the economic changes which the canal may bring to the world. In short, all that which, in American opinion, would rush first of all to the mind of the ambitious ruler, was never mentioned; but he spoke enthusiastically about the technical triumph of the American engineers.

He has his own opinions and sticks to them firmly. This naturally means that there are many from whom he stubbornly differs, and who therefore may have the impression that he is one-sided, and in some fields more prejudiced than they like. That has been noticed most often in matters of literature and art and music. He has decidedly a personal aversion for radicalism in the field of beauty. Anything eccentric, decadent, intentionally harsh and repellent in the content, or bizarre and unnatural in the form, appears to him foreign to the mission

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of art. He wants art and literature really to strengthen man's joy in life and to bring happiness to every one. He wants inspiration from a drama, and not muck-raking; he wants to see God's glory in a landscape, and not freakish esthetic experiments.

Yet when a really great individual talent, who has something entirely new to tell the world, produces decisive works, the Emperor is the first to suppress his personal reluctance and to honor the genius. Richard Strauss, whose music must be contrary to the Emperor's instincts, is director at the Kaiser's court opera.

There can be no doubt that the Kaiser has a distinct feeling for mellowed beauty, and the nation has often profited from his natural tact in matters of art. I may point to a case which concerns America. When Germany was to exhibit at the St. Louis World's Fair, the architects had drawn the sketches for a great German house in the spirit of the newest German progressive art. The Kaiser disliked having Germany represented in a foreign land by a building which emphasized the radical innovations of newest architecture. As witnesses told me, in a few minutes he had replaced it by a new plan. He drew in a few lines a sketch of the well-known old castle in Charlottenburg and indicated how, omitting the wings, the central part could be slightly modified and used as a model, which would stand for the noblest traditions of German architecture.

Exactly this plan, which he quickly drew with a pencil, was carried out, and no one of the millions of Americans who flocked to the World's Fair can have been in doubt that Germany's house on the little hill was the gem of the whole exhibition.

This conservative attitude surely characterizes also his own ideas about his position in the state, and his task for his country. This is so easily misunderstood. The caricatures make him appear a pompous man, who talks in a medieval and mystical way about his divine rights which lift him above mankind. In reality, there is not the least haughtiness in the Kaiser. He is genial and cordial and thoroughly human.

To be sure, he would never stoop to any undignified behavior; he would never play the Emperor in shirt-sleeves; and even in the most informal talk he would always stick to a certain formality when he speaks about men on the throne. He spoke to me about his brother and his sons in the most familiar tone, but used regularly the phrase, "His Majesty, King George," or "His Majesty, the Czar."

But how does he feel, then, about his royal rôle? He certainly does not take himself as a human being above others. He is far too sincere, too deeply religious to exalt himself as a person. But it is different with the office which has come to him by inheritance.

THE OFFICE OF KING

This is most fittingly expressed if in religious language the royal office is treated as if it were God-given. The crown is of divine grace, just as the wedding-ring is of divine grace. Of course, if you are radical, the wedding-tie does not mean any more to you than a contract, binding until you decide to have a divorce. If your mind tends more toward a conservative view, the wedding-tie is something sacred. The Emperor would certainly take this latter view of marriage, and so he takes the conservative view of the office of king.

But do not forget: of the office, not of the man! The king is more than the citizen only as the bearer of the office; but if this is understood, then it expresses the view which not only the Emperor has of himself, but which practically every German has of the meaning of royalty. As soon as the monarch is functioning in his inherited rôle, the German wants to see in him the bearer of a sacred symbol from which springs a higher power than could come from any elective office, which necessarily remains dependent upon the will of the majority.

There is no contradiction in this doubleness of the Emperor's life, no interference between that powerful man whom the nation looks on as the symbol of the Empire's tradition, and who himself feels this sacred mission, and the genial human being, full of humor, full of practical interests, full of most modern life.

The incomparable magnetism of his personality lies in the charm with which he makes the one fuse and blend with the other. You feel at every moment in the glance of his great eyes the mighty strength of Germany's Emperor and the simple warmheartedness of Germany's most delightful man.

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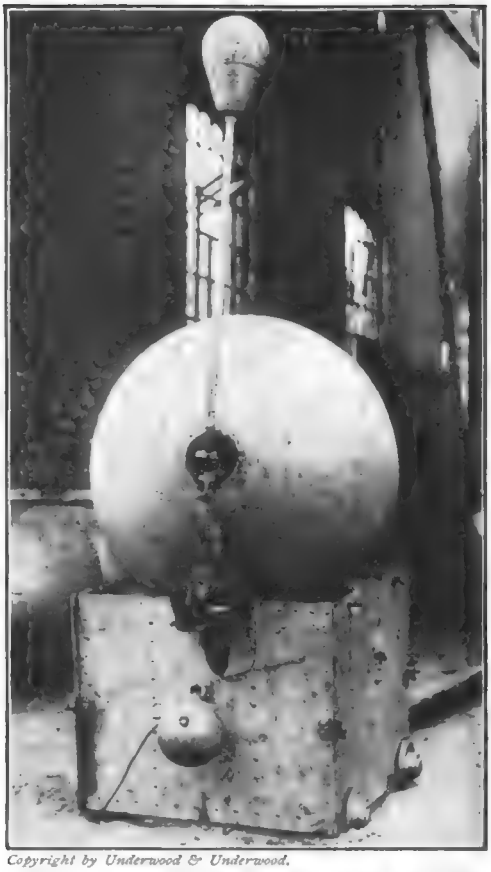
MEN-KILLERS

The biggest war the world has ever known is now being fought. Civilized men by the millions are in the battle lines. They are equipped with the most deadly weapons that science can devise. One modern rapid-fire gun could have annihilated a regiment at Gettysburg. Moreover, men are fighting in new elements. Under water as fiercely as on the surface. In the air as destructively as on the ground. At a time when we were placing the highest value on human life, suddenly, overnight, it is cheapened as never before. No more tremendous military slaughter was ever conceived by the wildest imagination, and it is happening—now.

Here are a few of the men-killers that science, under the pressure of militarism, has devised to make war so terrible—so terrible that after this war, perhaps, it may be internationally abhorrent.



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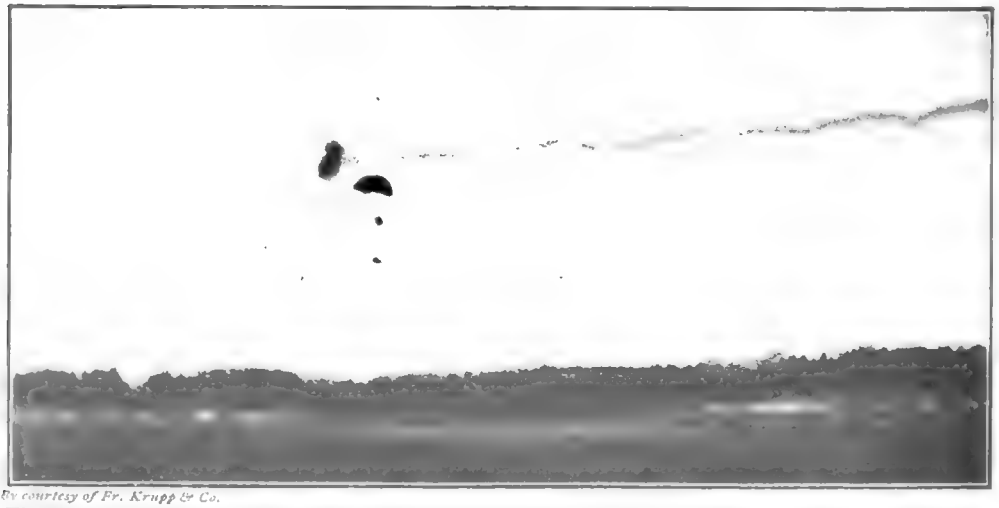
This is the type of mine that destroyed the British cruiser *Amphion*. Germany has sown the North Sea with them. They float just below the surface and explode on contact with a ship's hull. One such mine may sink a Dreadnought.



By courtesy of Fr. Krupp & Co.

The line of smoke shown in this picture marks the flight of a shell from a German rapid-fire gun directed against a balloon. It indicates how accurately, with a stream of high explosive shells, a gunner may search out his target in the air.

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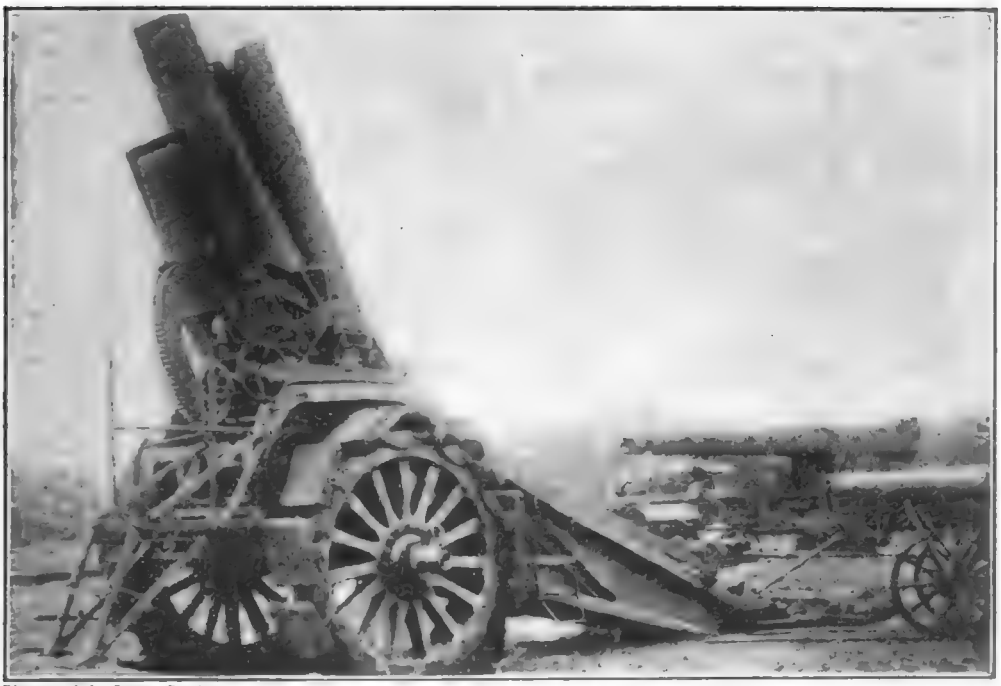

Photograph by Brown Brother .

This type of German howitzer, throwing eleven-inch shells, helped to batter down the forts at Liège. It has an effective range of five miles, and it is fired at angles from fifteen degrees to forty-five degrees. These guns have "caterpillar" wheels for travel over soft ground, and they are dragged by huge motors.

Photograph by Brown Brothers.

What happens when a howitzer shell strikes the ground. It breaks into a thousand pieces, scatters hundreds of shot, and if properly landed may kill an entire company.

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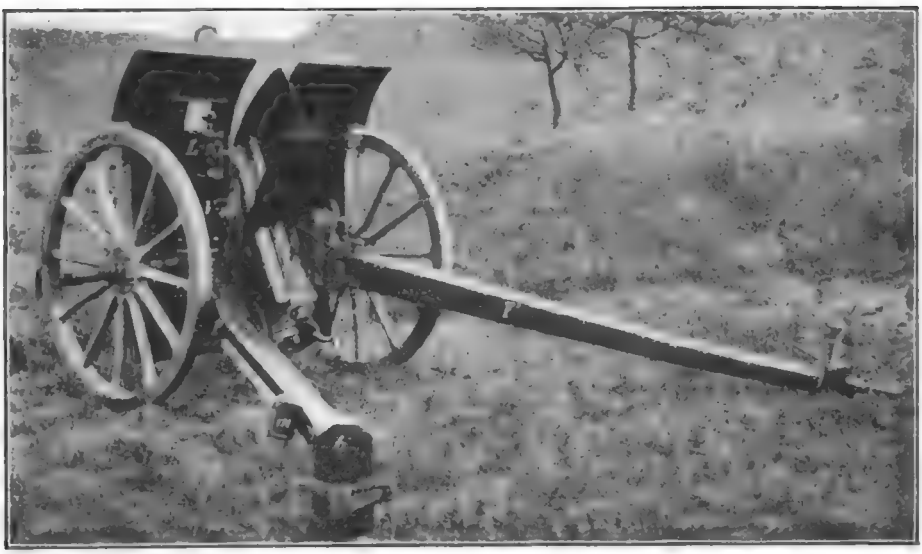

By courtesy of Fr. Krupp & Co.

This rapid-fire French field-gun is fitted with a divided limber-brace which spreads apart and steadies it against side-recoil.

The Japs are using these twelve-inch shells with solid steel points to bombard Tsing-tao, Germany's stronghold in China. Each shell weighs a ton, and at a range of two miles can pierce twenty inches of steel.

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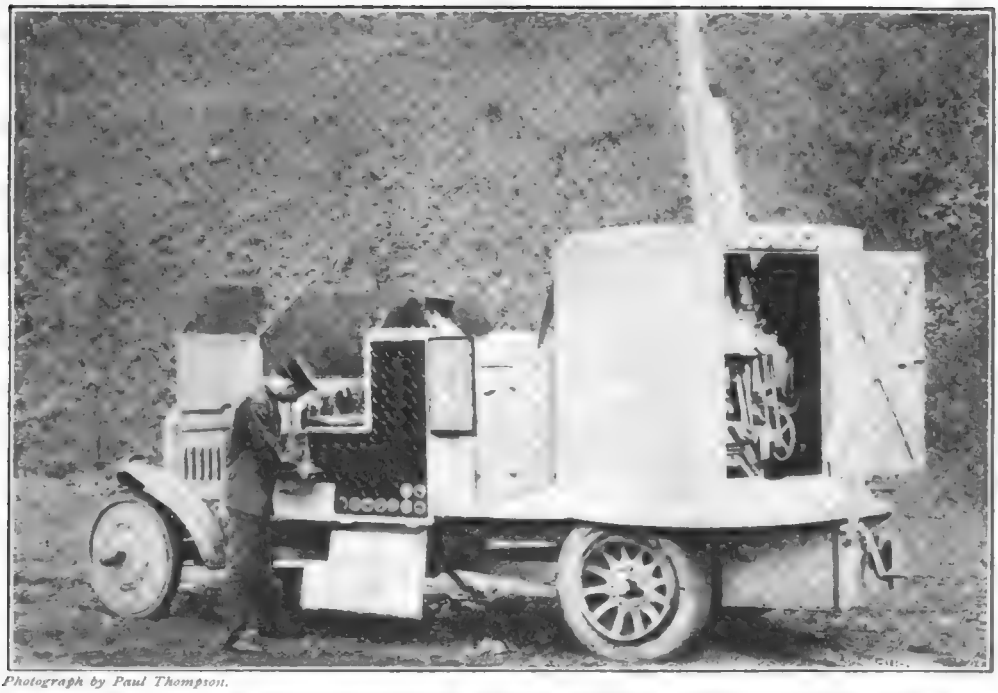

Photograph by Paul Thompson.

France and Germany are each hunting for the other's air-craft with guns of this type mounted on carriages that can travel twenty-five miles an hour. These guns can fire twenty rounds of shrapnel every minute. A shrapnel shell will cripple any air-machine within a radius of two hundred feet of its explosion.

By courtesy of Fr. Krupp & Co.

A simpler type for field-artillery, with spreading wheels and a pivoted tail.

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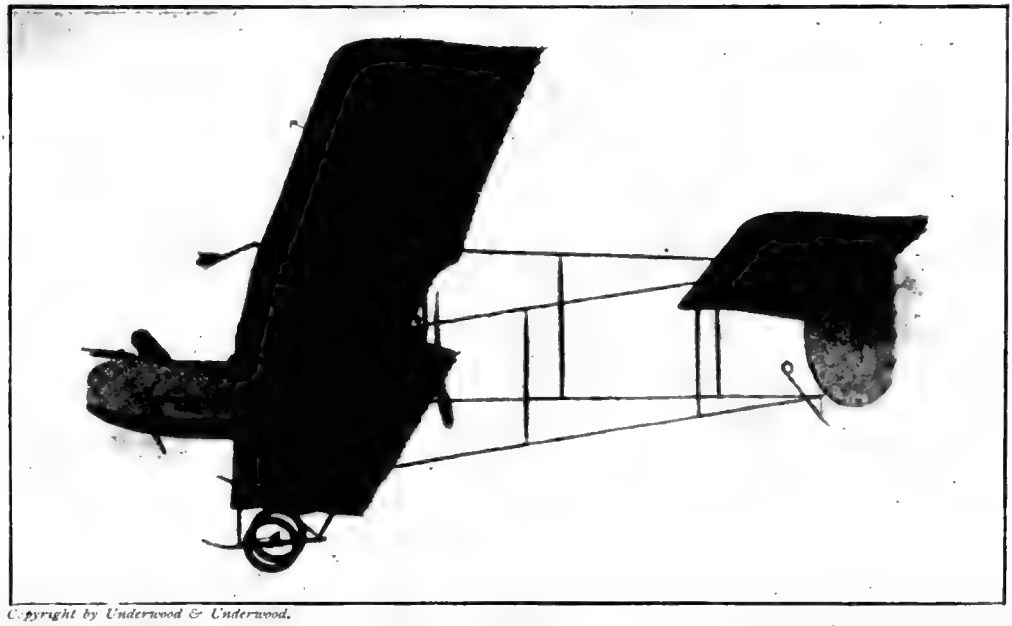

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From aeroplanes like this France's scouts are watching the German advance. The light gun mounted in front is designed to sink an opposing airship.

This steel-clad automobile fort can travel six or eight miles an hour, and from its disappearing turret its heavy rapid-fire machine-gun pours a stream of lead. On the German cars of this sort are scythe-like devices for clearing a path through brush, hedges, or wire entanglements.

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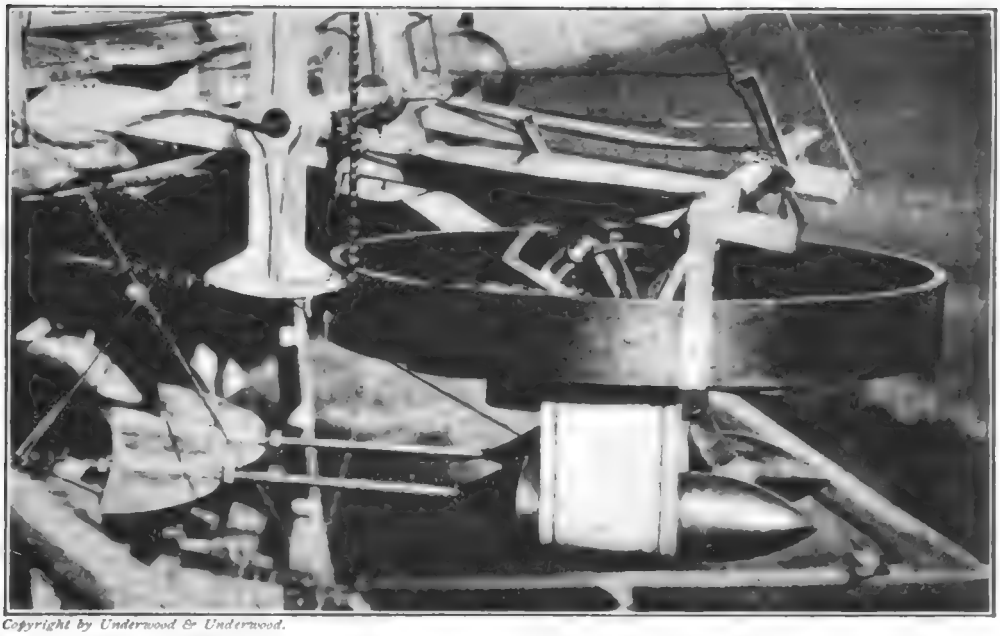

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By an automatic release device an aviator may drop one or both of these bombs at a target below. The bomb tips head first, and the arrow-like tail insures an accurate vertical descent. These bombs are novel in warfare, and their effectiveness will be closely studied.

Photograph by Paul Thompson

This is a light machine-gun that has been used by the British against the Germans. It pours a wavering stream of steel-jacketed bullets, at the rate of five hundred to seven hundred rounds a minute, that cuts down a close-formed enemy like a giant scythe. One of its bullets after traveling half a mile is still going with enough force to pierce four men.

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THE WAR ON THE BARBARIAN

BY G. K. CHESTERTON

A NATION is a society that has a soul. When a society has two souls, there is—and ought to be—civil war. The second soul must either be conquered like the Southern States, or liberated like the Irish. For anything which has dual personality is certainly mad; and probably possessed by devils.

The awful struggle between the separate societies of Europe to-day is a spiritual struggle; and is utterly unintelligible if taken as anything but a spiritual struggle. The first necessity is to tear off all the labels, in order to get at the goods. You may amuse yourself by having a system of labels, black and white, azure and crimson, for explaining the characters and motives of the nations; but you will find you can not explain the conduct of the nations by them. Use any of these stale Victorian tests, and the whole tale will make no sense.

For instance, suppose you say that royalties are ranged against republics: you will have to deduce that Russia and Prussia are in alliance against France; and that Belgium is on the one side and Switzerland on the other. You will find that you have made a miscalculation.

Or, if you argue on the lines of Captain Mahan, and make it a study of sea-power against land-power, you will bring out the surprising deduction that England and Germany are in alliance against France and Austria.

Or, if you call it Individualism, as distinguished from Socialism or Communism, then you will go mad again. For you must admit that in a sense Prussia is much more Socialistic than we are; and Russia is much more Communistic than we are.

It will be the same if you seek to settle it by race, and call it a war between Slav and Teuton. You will be faced with the painful scientific fact that the French certainly are not Slavs; but the Prussians most probably are.

If you make it a war of the advanced and more modern nations against the more barbaric, you must manage to believe that Paris thinks Sofia more modern than Vienna.

By applying all the old electioneering tests, we could arrange the powers of Europe in every conceivable combination: except the real one. If it were Universal Manhood Suffrage, it would be Prussia and France against the world. If it were Free Trade, it would be England against the world. If it were Public Examination and *la carrière ouverte aux talents*, it would be Russia and China against the world. If it were the thing they call Temperance Reform, it would be Normandy, Brittany, Picardy, Gascony, Burgundy, Bavaria, California, Saxony, Italy, Spain, Portugal, Austria-Hungary, Bohemia, Russia, the Balkans, the Grecian Archipelago, South Germany, and South England, etc., etc., against all that is left of the world. If it had been Female Suffrage, it would have been the British Colonies against Britain.

But if the great war is not concerned with these rather shallow old political problems, still less is it concerned with something much shallower: the mere self-interest of the empires in "the balance of power." None of the nations has fought with a more crusading fervor than Belgium, which need never have been involved at all, and which is certain to lose rather than gain, in all except the spiritual sense. The peace in Italy is almost as chivalric as the war in Belgium. If Italy had attacked France she would have followed all diplomatic rules, and probably reaped many diplomatic favors: there can not be the smallest doubt that she refrained because the subjects of Victor Emmanuel sympathized with the French. In short, Italy is in the Triple Alliance, but the Italians are not. I gravely doubt whether there was a single Italian, from the blackest blasphemer and assassin in the Camorra, to the great priest and peasant who has just died on the highest spiritual throne of this planet, who would

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not have preferred to see France killing Prussia, rather than Prussia killing France.

It is in such dark, democratic unanimities that the truth of this time is to be sought. This war is a great many other things as well. It is, as I have said, a spiritual war; it is in essence, though not in accidents, a religious war; but it is, above all things, a popular war. It is at once the most unwilling and the most willing war the world has known.

THE BACKWASH OF 1870

Eliminating all the cross-currents of accidents, the internal violence of Servia, the vulturous expectancy of Turkey, the pardonable sulks of Bulgaria, the presence of division in Germany, and something like reluctance in Austria, we may say that in bulk this business is rather a revolution than a war. It is the revolt, or the recoil, or whatever you call it, against the enormous and abnormal effort by which the petty princes of Brandenburg managed in a few generations to get themselves crowned like Charlemagne in the Gallery of Battles of Versailles. It is the backwash of 1870; all the waters flowing back into their natural channels.

For when that Prussian effort was crowned with success at Sedan, all Europe knew in its heart, though its head was too stunned to move, that the success had about it something tragic and unnatural, like the prosperity of Œdipus; and that the peace that followed would be a silent pain.

I have deliberately called the question spiritual even rather than moral: I might call it psychological or even psychic. There was something about that evil romance that began with the rape of Silesia and ended with the rape of Alsace, that looked even more unthinkable than unjustifiable. It had a kind of abstract impiety. And above all, it was like some awful and imperial pyramid standing on its apex: for it involved the supremacy of inferior over superior things. The best working definition of the state of affairs was given by a particularly patient and lucid French politician, Monsieur Hanotaux, when he said: "There goes up a cry from all the peoples, 'Down with barbarians!'"

But though the word "barbarian" is the key of the situation, it is very liable to be misunderstood. The Prussians themselves can not form a notion of what we mean when we call them barbarians; and that, as I shall show in a moment, is precisely because they are barbarians. They are perfectly and even pathetically sincere when they say they are the People of Culture; and even when they practically deny that there is any culture at all in the land of Turgenev and the land of Chopin. And the Prussians really are cultured in the sense that they read a great many books. But the spirit of civilization is not to be found in books.

Nor is barbarism a mere term of abuse for what people call "militarism." Many of the most genuinely civilized states the world has known have been and are very military. Napoleon was no more a barbarian than Raphael or Alfieri: he was a great and subtle Italian artist. The spirit of civilization does not lie in the absence of war: otherwise the vanguard of civilization would consist almost entirely of Eskimos.

Nor does barbarism mean anything so external even as real brutality and cruelty. Some of the most polished and enlightened societies in history, Athens or Paris, have exacted appalling vengeance beyond the dreams of a Red Indian. No: the essence of barbarism is spiritual. It could easily coexist with universal knowledge or everlasting peace; but it can not be long regnant; because every man who has the soul of civilization feels it to be inferior even while it is supreme.

WHAT IS A "BARBARIAN"?

The psychology of the barbarian is this: that, like the lower animals, he does not understand reciprocity. He has not that little mirror in the mind in which we see the mind of the other man. If I scatter crumbs for the birds in winter, that will not prevent the birds from eating my fruit in summer; because birds, like Prussians, are barbarians. If I leave the bee his honey, he may still leave me his sting. And he has not broken any contract, because bees, like Prussians, are barbarians.

Now this fundamental unreason and inequality, as of men ruled by beasts, can be tested by taking any civilized institution in Prussia (and Prussia has nearly all civilized institutions) and noting that in each case Prussia has added this strange one-eyed and one-sided character. For instance, the

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duel is often called a relic of barbarism; but the duel, though it may be bad, is certainly not barbaric. It exists in Prussia; but it also exists in France, Italy, Belgium, Austria—in short, the duel exists almost everywhere where high civilization exists. But then the duel, right or wrong, is reciprocal.

What does specially exist in Prussia, and does not exist anywhere in the world except in Prussia, is the idea of an officer really thinking himself a fine fellow, not only because he wears a sword when other people don't, but even when he draws the sword on people who haven't got any. Prussian officers really talk with a monstrous solemnity about honor and vindication in connection with an armed man attempting to murder a shopkeeper. I may thrust with my rapier; you must not thrust with your rapier: that is the soul of the barbarian. He is in the true sense half-witted: he can see only half of every question that is presented to him. He can not turn his imaginative telescope round and look through the other end of it, even for a joke: the barbarian is incapable of jokes.

Now if we examine each of Prussia's claims, even her legitimate claims, we shall find that they all exhibit this one-eyed philosophy. Thus, it is quite true that North Germany has a *kultur*, a scheme of arts and sciences. France and Italy have constantly praised it; England and America have rather overpraised it. But it does not praise anything but itself. It claims to be at once German culture and also universal culture: it would substitute German not only for Polish but for Latin and for Esperanto.

> Little Turk or Japanee,
> Don't you wish that you were me?

is as far as its imagination can get in "world-politics."

Or, again, the Germans will sing beautiful ballads and noble battle-hymns about that most sacred and poetical of all ideas, the idea of boundaries. They can understand the idea of a man kissing the soil when he comes to his native land—that is, if it is German land. They understand that Germany begins where France leaves off: but they do not seem to be able to turn the map round and master the remarkable coincidence that France begins where Germany leaves off.

And while they were actually singing, with tears in their eyes, how fast and true stood the watch on Rhine, they were moving the watch miles and miles away from the Rhine to a country where nobody cared a curse about them, and a boundary which had no sacredness or meaning at all.

This is the real difference at the depths of this business: Russia makes war for a dogma or France for a theory; but the enormous and unlimited ambition of Prussia is merely a limitation of the mind.

HENRY REUTERDAHL—by the way, notice his illustrations for "The Water Bugs," Page 461—has sailed for Europe with a commission to do magazine work exclusively for EVERYBODY'S. He will make pictures and write stories of the Sea Fights of the War. He is a marine artist of the first rank and an authority on implements of warfare, especially the submarine and the aeroplane.

Reuterdahl on the sea—
Palmer on the land—
EVERYBODY'S has them both—the best of their kind.

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THE GERMAN POINT OF VIEW

BY EDWIN D. MEAD

Chief Director of the World's Peace Foundation

(By Cable from London, September 7)

WINSTON CHURCHILL, First Lord of the Admiralty, said the other day to a group of American journalists in London, that the motive of Germany in this war is lust of conquest and world dominance. It is, he said, the conflict of democracy with aristocracy—Russia here figuring, curiously, as the champion of democracy.

I wanted to know at first hand what *Germany* believes to be her motive in this war. And because I thought it impossible really to understand in London the best German public opinion—just as it would be impossible in Berlin to understand the best English public opinion—I went to Germany in the end of August, to talk frankly with men whom I trust and honor, to get the opinions of all sorts of men, in trains and hotels, and to read newspapers of every stripe.

Among the men with whom I conferred in Berlin and Leipsic were:

Professor Wilhelm Foerster, eminent astronomer and head of the German group of the International Gonciliation Association, whom I have known intimately for many years—a most judicial and cosmopolitan man, with almost as many friends in London and Paris as in Berlin; Professor Wilhelm Wundt, one of my own professors in my Leipsic days, perhaps the most distinguished living German philosopher; Professor Karl Lamprecht, a historian peculiarly loved by English and American students, and a close personal friend during his whole lifetime of Bethmann Hollweg, the present German Chancellor; Dr. Caspar Réné Gregory, the eminent American New Testament scholar, who has been a professor at Leipsic for thirty years, and is now a naturalized German citizen; Doctor Drechsler, secretary of the Amerika Institut at Berlin, an Oxford scholar, with larger knowledge of American thought than almost any other person in Berlin; Edward Bernstein, Socialist leader, whose books are well known to all students of social movements and political economy—perhaps the most scholarly man in the Socialist Democratic party, and certainly one of the wisest and most impartial.

At the Hague I met Professor Ludwig Quidde, well known to all international workers as one of their foremost German colleagues, a man with a singularly objective mind, and an untiring worker for a good understanding between France and Germany.

In Berlin I met three of the religious leaders who intended to be present at the International Church Peace Conference at Constance, which was so startlingly interrupted by the outbreak of war. These men, Director Spiecker, Director Schreiber, and Professor Julius Richter, were among the thirty signers—all important men—of an address to evangelical Christians abroad, issued by the German churches at the end of August, stating the German case from the religious point of view.

Professors Eucken and Harnack were among the other signers; and Eucken, Harnack, Haeckel, Gerhart Hauptmann, and other intellectual leaders published defenses of Germany's position while I was in Berlin.

I go thus into particulars of these personalities because I wish your readers clearly to understand the grounds upon which I am offering the opinions of these men as expressions of the *best* German opinion.

Every one of them believed Germany's cause absolutely just and right, and the war an imperative one forced upon them by surrounding jealous enemies for the defense and the very life of their country.

I do not agree with them. But there can be no doubt of their sincerity and their conviction.

Toward England their feeling was most bitter. For France there were expressions of real pity. All regard the campaign in France as only a necessary part of the war with Russia. For the Russians, among

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some there was a certain contempt as barbarous people who menaced their civilization. Officers returning to Berlin from the eastern border spoke of the Russian forces as "masses," not as armies, although at that very hour these Russian "masses" were punishing Austria severely in Galicia.

The idea that Germany had prompted Austria in her movement against Servia as a means of bringing a general European war was a thought repugnant to every German with whom I spoke, and repudiated by all. The most emphatic in this repudiation was Professor Quidde, on the whole the most impartial of those with whom I talked. Such a theory he declared *"Ganz ausgeschlossen,"* and he had cogent arguments for his conviction. Professor Gregory was even more intense in his feelings than most native Germans. Though advanced in years, he had enlisted and was going into the ranks.

Professor Wundt earnestly hoped that the war might develop Germany as a liberator—that Russian Poland might be taken by Germany, and that Austria and United Poland might be given real autonomy. He trusted that Germany would insist, in any peace with Russia, upon the restoration and enlargement of Finland's liberties.

There was no one whose words were more illuminating than Bernstein's. Social Democrats regard this as a life-and-death struggle for the Fatherland; but in pledging the loyalty of their party to the government they registered a solemn protest against the imperialism and militarism which are now deluging Europe with blood. And I believe when the war is over they will enter, reinforced by other liberal bodies, upon a tremendous campaign against the European military system.

Alfred Fried, the distinguished Austrian pacifist who recently received the Nobel prize, came from Vienna for a day with me at Leipsic, and he held that the military classes of Austria, Russia, and Germany were alike guilty.

In my own opinion, every nation save heroic and suffering Belgium is culpable, the German military class frightfully culpable. It is to be hoped that the whole existing military system of the European powers will, as the result of this awful collision, be superseded by just, rational, and popular institutions.

Meantime, let us strive for fair-mindedness, minimizing prejudice and antagonisms.

Owing to the close connection of "Everybody's Magazine" with The Butterick Publishing Company, and because "Everybody's Magazine" is published under the same roof, "Everybody's" has been put in possession of some extremely quaint items of news. These items are printed as illustrating the world-wide touch a big American business house has, and as showing *why* the war affects us here in America.

On August 10th, Queen Mary, through the London newspapers, called on all the women of England to help in making garments for the wounded and for those who would suffer on account of war, and closed her appeal by saying:

"Suitable paper patterns can be obtained from Butterick, 175 Regent Street." (*Signed*) MARY, R.

On August 19th, the French authorities thanked "the merchants who keep open and retain their staffs." A letter from the Paris office of The Butterick Company tells us that the Paris edition of the *New York Herald*, in a news item, states that—

"Of all the stores on the Avenue de l'Opéra Butterick and one other are the only ones open."

On August 3d, the manager of the Butterick store in Berlin was called to the front, and it was the opinion of the New York managers of The Butterick Company that all business was practically stopped; but on August 31st a request reached New York by way of Denmark for October goods.

On August 8th, the New York newspapers reported a rumor that the *Kronprinzessin Cecilie*, which had sailed from New York for Bremen, had put in at Bar Harbor for safety. The Butterick Company knew this because the steamship company had notified them, asking what they wished done with the large shipment of patterns intended for Berlin which the steamship carried.

On August 18th, the Marconi Company ironically suggested that the only way to communicate with the Berlin office of The Butterick Company would be by airship.

On August 19th, an order was sent from Paris for the November issue of the French edition of THE DELINEATOR. The letter stated that their Paris printer had no men, no coal, and no vans. The Butterick Company had expected that, in all probability, the war condition would close the Paris store and stop the French edition; although in times of peace more copies of the French edition of THE DELINEATOR are sold than of any other fashion publication in Paris at the same price.

On August 24th, the London office of The Butterick Company reported business as almost normal.

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"AIN'T CORK LEGS AS GOOD AS A WOODEN LEG?"

DENNY NOLAN.

A Sweet Singer in Israel

by

E·R·LIPSETT

AUTHOR OF "THE HOUSE OF A THOUSAND WELCOMES."

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
W. GLACKENS

Editor's Note: This is the third story to appear in EVERYBODY'S about Denny Nolan, the little Irish boy who wants to be a Jew. Mr. Lipsett has struck a new vein in his portrayal of the Ghetto through Denny's eyes. He knows the varied details of that life thoroughly, and his interpretation is sympathetic and appreciative. It is a life not only of interesting characters and customs but of warm neighborliness and kindness that he presents. No one has pictured the great East Side with finer understanding.

DENNY NOLAN scarcely realized what a great little man he was. He had got the upper hand of the United States immigration authorities who would not let his father land after his return from a visit to oul' Ireland, because he had met with an accident there and come back with a cork leg. They had sent the man back and thought they had done with him. But they had reckoned without Denny. He would not be cheated out of his daddy for any law or set of laws. He sent his father secret messages to Ballintemple to become a Sheenie and try again, and then they would let him land for sure, 'cause thim Sheenies could do anything an' get anything.

And so it was, too, in the end. His employer from the city of Cork, coming over

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on the same boat, demanded and gained admission for Patrick Joseph Nolan as his personal valet; and that was just a way they had in Ballintemple for calling a Sheenie—they called him "Valley."

And it was all Denny's work, an' alone he done it, an' kep' it all to hisself, without tellin' nothin' to nobody. And even now, in the height of his triumph, he never bothered to ask anybody to come and see how clever he was. His little head was screwed on to him at a serious angle, and it was weighted with real, live matters.

Denny rather felt that his responsibilities were just beginning, now that he had succeeded in bringing the little family together. It was very fine to have a daddy in the house, but Denny could not afford to keep one. His great worry now was to find a job for his father. An' sure, it was a quare world that mamas should have to go out to work, an' daddas couldn't get no work nowhere. And that brought Denny's mind back to the main question. He began to have his doubts as to his father's being a real Sheenie, or his cork leg would never come against him in the way of getting a job.

"Sure, daddy," Denny observed one day, "if you was a real Sheenie, couldn't ye get a job like Sam Knoploch's uncle?"

"An' what do Sam Knocklock's uncle be doin'?"

"Sure, he has a wooden leg. But that needn't make no difference—do it? Ain't cork legs as good as a wooden leg?"

"But what kind o' job is it him do be at?" the father asked with serious interest, beginning to feel untold possibilities in the air.

"He makes buttonholes for pan's, an' he gets eight dollars a week."

"Arrah, but I ain't no tailor."

"But sure isn't that what I'm saying? If ye was a real Sheenie ye wouldn't have to be nothin', ye could go and do anything then."

"Faix, but ye're right, sonny: thim is the people to make their way in the world."

"Then why couldn't ye go and be one for yerself?"

"I s'pose because God didn't make me wan. That's why, sonny."

"But can't ye go and be wan, all the same, an' ye needn't tell God anything about it?"

There was no answer to that. It was a clincher.

And so there you are. Denny's father had to give in that Sheenies could do anything and get anything; and he had not a word to say for himself why he could not go and be one. It was plain enough that fathers needed some guidance, and it was left to Denny to train his daddy the way he should go.

"Daddy, did ye know Abe Moskovitz, the painkner, that used to live in Manrole Street?" Denny began, another day.

"Ye bet I did; him's the fellow that painted me store for me, with the beautiful signboard—God be with thim happy oul' times!"

"He ain't a painkner no more. He's got blood-poising in his hand, an' he have to hold it up always—like this; an' it is shakin' all the time—that way."

"Wisha, the poor man!"

"But he ain't poor. He have a big leather bag full o' money hangin' down his belt, an' he's sellin' remlitzes off a great, big pushcart. I seen him myself in Henry Street."

"Lave it to thim to make it out," Denny's father observed under his breath. "Sure, if ye cut their head off their shoulders they'd have a fresh wan growin' out o' their big toe. An' who's helpin' him?" he added aloud to Denny.

"Sure, nobody is helpin' him—ain't that what I wanted to tell ye!"

That was just the idea. Denny had for half a day been watching Abe Moskovitz measuring out against his helpless, palsied hand yards and half yards of velvet and cretonne and lawn and satin, and shoveling money down his big leather bag. That was how the inspiration came to Denny. What was good for a man with one hand ought to be better still for a man with one leg.

But there you are again: Denny's father was too dense for the hint, and so Denny finally had to put it to him in plain words:

"Can't ye go and get a pushcart with remlitzes for yerself, an' I would be pushin' it for ye whin ye have to go to another street?"

"But I ain't got the money, me son; I ain't got that."

"An' sure," Denny returned with impatience, hitting the table with his clenched fist, "ain't that what I'm sayin' to ye! If ye was a Sheenie ye'd have the money—ye'd have plenty o' money."

"True for ye, sonny, true for ye," Denny's father agreed, hanging his head. "Thim 'ud never see wan another short. Thim's the people."

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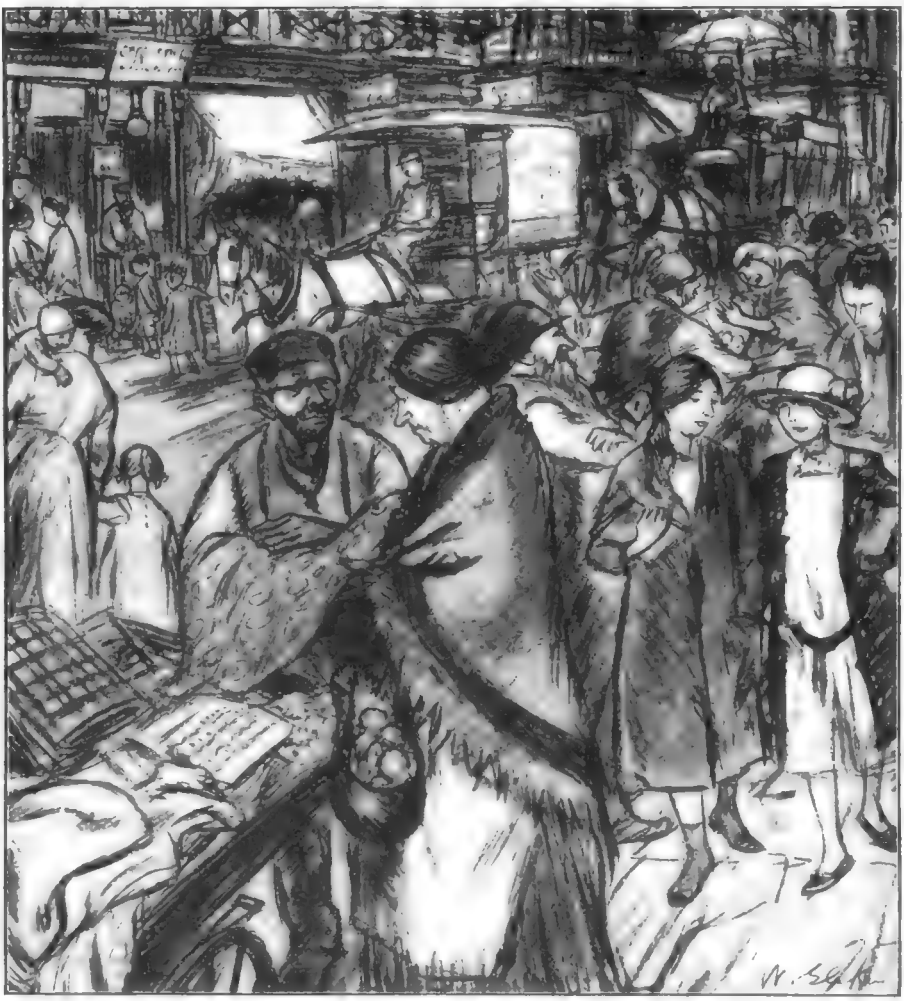

"HE HAVE A BIG LEATHER BAG FULL OF MONEY HANGIN' DOWN HIS BELT, AN' HE'S SELLIN' REMLITZES OFF A GREAT, BIG PUSHCART."

And that was all. Nothing came of it. And it was very hard on a poor, plodding little man, having on his hands a father with a cork leg who would not change his race.

For a time, then, Denny let his father alone, and turned his attention to his two-year-old sister Minnie.

On that score, at any rate, Denny's mind was firmly fixed. Minnie was to be a teacher. 'Cause all the swell Sheenie girls was teachers, an' very swell they was. But then again, ye got to be a Sheenie for to be made a teacher; 'cause nobody never seen a teacher that wasn't a Sheenie. And so once more Denny's eye was hungrily set upon that red brick house in Montgomery Street, where a handful of thoughtful people kept up a crèche and called it in Hebrew Gan Yelodim. If Denny could once get Minnie landed there, her career was made.

Denny had tried that before, as you might remember, when he found that he could not go selling Hebrew papers, for having to mind Minnie all day while the mother was at work. And for that matter,

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by the way, Denny's position had not at all improved. Minnie was now perhaps a greater drag on him than ever; for the mother still had to go out to work, only she had to do it an hour earlier and come back an hour later, now that there was an additional mouth to feed.

And a right hungry mouth it was when Denny's father came back with it in the evening, after hanging all day round the stables of the old horsecars, the source of his former activities when he had both his legs and drove a car to West Broadway. They had not any car to give him now, for the brakes would not be worked by a cork leg; and none of the stable-boys would take a day off, nor fall ill, and so Denny's father waited and watched in vain all day long, while the mother scrubbed floors and washed clothes, and Denny wandered round Jackson Street Park with Minnie by the hand, and could not go selling Sheenie papers.

"Please, Miss," Denny began in his best Yiddish to the young woman opening the door at the Gan Yelodim, "mein mother she must work the ganz tog, an' mein father he have a cork fuss an' keiner will give him arbeit. Please, nehm mein Minnie here, an' I will for her alle morning an' nacht kumen."

The young woman thought she knew the two small faces, but she was not sure until she saw Glup, the lame and bald cat that followed Denny and Minnie everywhere. Then she remembered how the three had shown up there on the steps once before, and Denny and Minnie were sent away in silence with a piece of bread and butter each, because Minnie had answered with the sign of the cross, by way of letting the world see what she could do, when asked whether she spoke Hebrew.

There was no fear, however, of Minnie's repeating the offense this time; for Denny had it duly impressed upon her that they was Sheenies now an' hated to make Tselems.

They were now taken inside, and the rest of the young women gathered round them and spoke to Denny and Minnie, and stroked the few furry spots on Glup, and did a deal of giggling by the way. It was a novel and an amusing situation, to have an Irish Catholic child brought to them. And when they had done admiring the neat and clean little person of Minnie, and the earnestness of Denny, and the wise looks of Glup, and had their minds made up that they liked the three, they told Denny to make the mother come to them in the morning.

Denny's mother had not lived all these years in Manrole Street without knowing what kind neighbors the Ghetto people could be. Still she was moved to tears when she found in the morning that the people at the Gan Yelodim were willing to take care of Minnie for her while she had to go to work.

"But, you know, Mrs. Nolan," they cautioned her for the hundredth time, "we are Jews, and we want you to make quite sure that you don't object. We're doing it just to give you a chance to do your work."

"An' sure, Miss—M'am—I beg yer parding, Miss," Mrs. Nolan replied, with a flick of the apron to her eye, "I wisht the rest o' the world was half as good to the poor as yez people are—may the Lord an' His blessed Mother look down upon us!"

And so at last Denny was very pleased with himself, as people must needs be when they succeed in killing two fine, fat birds with the one stone, though, in Denny's case, it was not the first throw. He had now well started Minnie on her career as a teacher, and he was left unencumbered to go selling Sheenie papers for hisself.

Ho—Steigen—Fleigen—ho!
Ho—Heltzer—Peltzer—ho!
Ho—Gottsganof—ho!

And in the evening Denny had some pennies to lay in his mother's lap, his profits from selling Hebrew papers. One evening he wanted but three pennies to make up the full quarter. And Minnie, too, was getting on beautifully. She could sing almost the whole of the *Hatikvah*, and she spoke Hebrew to Glup, and had a fresh word or two to teach Denny each evening when he was bringing her home.

But just as Denny began to prosper, something came the way to snap his thread of luck.

It was the school. The long summer vacation was drawing to a close. Denny would no longer be able to run through the streets with his papers the moment they came out at twelve o'clock noon. He would have to wait till he came back from school and then the rush of pennies was over.

It was late in the afternoon in the middle of September. School had already been open for more than a week. You would not

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have known Denny now, and you could not pick him out from any ordinary Jewish boy. He was no longer the barefooted, bare-headed Denny Nolan, in his long, sleeveless coat, such as no Jewish boy ever was seen in. The people of the Gan Yelodim had found for him a complete rig-out just the evening before school opened. And now Denny was walking the streets in a nice blouse, with breeches, and with a sound pair of shoes. That is what it is to have some standing with the Sheenies; let alone being one yerself. Why, they had even sent Denny to the barber's, to make his hair look nice under the new cap.

Denny was slowly coming along Henry Street with his bundle of papers under the arm, tamely singing out their titles, without the big "*Ho!*" at the beginning, and the little "*ho*" at the end; for you do that only when you get the first run with them, hot from the press.

"*Steigen—Fleigen!*

"*Heltzer—Peltzer!*

"*Gottsganof*—paper, sir?"

A man in his shirt-sleeves, with a great black shovel-beard, and a conical velvet skull-cap on his massive head, was looking out from a third-story window, his elbows resting on a yellow cushion. He listened intently to the shrill voice of Denny, as it came from the distance above the din from ten thousand children and babies.

"Humph, not bad from a voice," the man observed to himself approvingly.

He strained his ear and listened again.

Denny's voice came nearer and clearer: "*Steigen—Fleigen!*

AND DENNY BEGAN AFRESH: "THE HARP THAT WANST THROUGH TARA'S HALLS THE SOUL OF MUSIC SHED . . . ."

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"Heltzer—Peltzer!
"Gottsganof!"

"Sh—sh—sh—p'sh—p'sh—'sara Kelchelë!" the man now said to himself in ecstasy. "An antique! An antique!"

The little figure of Denny with his bundle of papers was plainly seen now, and the man beckoned to him energetically with both hands. "Come up—come up, sunninkë!" he shouted.

It was Reb Loeb the Shochet, who killed chickens in Avenue B from four o'clock in the morning till eight in the evening, and sometimes till twelve midnight, excepting Mondays, when he came home at three or four in the afternoon; and this was Monday.

But Reb Loeb did more than qualify chickens for the Yiddish table. He launched little boys into the covenant of Abraham, and some he launched elsewhere, as his enemies used to say; and he tied the knots for happy couples; and he had the music in his soul to act as mouthpiece for some congregation or other on Sabbaths and holy days. You could see it on the sign hanging out from his window:

REB LOEB, CHAZAN, SHOCHET, MOHEL, U-MESADER KIDUSHIN.

Just the Saturday night before, Reb Loeb had concluded a contract with the Congregation B'nei Chisova, in Lulov Street—or Ludlow Street, as other people would call it—to act as their Chazan for the coming High Holy Days, Rosh Hashonah and Yom Kippur. But he was to have a choir of six—six singers, so it was written in the contract—two men, one bass, the other tenor, and four boys for soprani.

Reb Loeb had already five; the two men came to him year after year, no matter where he happened to be Chazan, and the three boys he had secured over Sunday; and he was short of just one boy—and there was Denny—a godsend—if Reb Loeb only could get hold of him.

Denny was none too slow to respond to the man's call. It was worth going up three flights of stairs to sell a paper, and the man seemed to be wanting one badly.

"Come near, come near, sunninkë, don't shame yourself, come near," Reb Loeb said, as Denny remained timidly at the door, cap in hand, waiting to hear the name of the paper that was wanted.

"What is your name, sunninkë?" Reb Loeb said again.

"Denny Nolan, sir."

"Humph, Ameritzka ganof! Always they lay over names. Denny—Denny—that's Daniel laid over to Denny—that's it. Nolan—Nolan—bah, I should worry! Nu, tell me, Denny, have you ever sung by a Chazan?"

Denny looked stupid. He did not know even which way to shake his head.

"Don't you hear me?" Reb Loeb persisted. "Haven't you ever sung by a Chazan? Don't you know what I'm asking you? Have you grown up in the wood?"

"Please, I live in Manrole Street."

"Nu, don't you know what a Chazan is? Nu, let's put that away—you can sing good, can't you?"

"I sing at school sometimes, an' at home, too."

"That's the way to speak up. Nu, let me hear how you sing."

Denny became confused. There was a man ordering him to sing; and what was it all about?

"Sing some—sing some," Reb Loeb went on, "and if you have the right sort of voice maybe I hire you to sing by me over Rosh Hashonah and Yom Kippur—let me hear you."

Ah, that was something to Denny! He was going to be hired; that meant money; Denny was the man for that; and it did not matter what Rushershoner and Ankipper was.

"Come on, come on, Danielkë, put away these papers and sing some for me—don't shame yourself—'t'll be all right."

"Will anything do, sir?"

"Yes, yes, anything. That's right—don't shame yourself. I take you on for a little singer by me and I give you seven and a half toller over Rosh Hashonah an' Yom Kippur."

Denny began, his eyes steadily fixed on Reb Loeb:

"Hurrah! Hurrah! we soun' the Jumbilee,
Hurrah! Hurrah! for the flag that makes us free!
So we sang the chorus from 'Tlanter to the sea
When we were marching through Georgia."

"A-h'mn—a-h'mn—not bad, not bad," Reb Loeb muttered to himself, gravely moving his head up and down. "But that isn't it yet," he added aloud to Denny. "Sing me something with a high pitch in it—high, high—the highest you can take. I want to hear how high you can take. Nu, arauf mit the goods, sunninkë—

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"SURE HE IS AN IRISH BETZIMER—HE AIN'T A YID—HO! HO! DENNY BETZIMER—"

derlang, derlang." And Reb Loeb smiled encouragingly.

"Can I sing something me father teached me?"

"Sure, sure, you can—if it has plenty of high pitch—now, then, as high as you can."

And Denny began afresh:

"The harp that wanst through Tara's halls
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls
As if that soul wor fled.
So sleeps the pride of former days,
So glory's thrill is o'er,
An' hearts that wanst bate high for praise
Now feel that pulst no more."

"Gut—gut—very gut," Reb Loeb said, pinching Denny's cheek and patting his shoulder in turn. "Gut boy, Danielkë, very gut boy. I never heard that song before—what's it, Rumanian? Nu, I should worry; but you do it gut—very gut. Now, Denny, let's give ourselves a take to a bit of real singachtz—you keep up with me—take this now and follow me."

He handed Denny an open Hebrew prayer-book, pointing out with his finger where Denny was to start. Denny took it bravely and looked at the large, fat letterings. It was a very telling passage in the Rosh

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Hashonah liturgy, upon which the Chazanim of all generations set much stress; and many a great reputation it made.

Denny could follow it—of course he could. A man could do anything for seven and a half dollars. Do you know how many quarters that makes, and how many nickels, and how many pennies?

Reb Loeb coughed his throat clear with the hand on his chest, banged his large tuning-fork on the table, and put it to his ear, then caught it up between his teeth, and brought it back to his ear once more.

"*Lom—pom—pom—pom*," Reb Loeb began, using his forefinger as baton, for the guidance of Denny, "*lom-di—rom—dom—Haben Yakir Li Ephrayim—li—li—li—Eph—E— e— eph—rayi—i—im*—say it again, Danielkë,—*i—i—i—im*—higher, higher, Denny, my son—higher—*i—i—i—i—im*—gut, very gut. This will do for the present. Nu, Denny, will you come and sing by me every evening, from eight o'clock till ten? I will give you seven an' a half toller for Rosh Hashonah an' Yom Kippur. You begin to-night, along with the others—yes?"

"Yes, sir," Denny answered, with half an uneasy look on his face. He wondered how long he should have to wait for his seven and a half dollars. And so he added timidly, "Please, sir, when is Rushershoner?"

"When is Rosh Hashonah?" Reb Loeb echoed. "Hm, let's see—I don't know the Goyish dates, but it is three weeks yet to Rosh Hashonah."

Well, three weeks was not very long. Seven and a half dollars was worth three weeks' waiting, if that were all.

"An' will that be Ankipper, too?" Denny asked again.

"Nu, go make with the children of this generation—don't know the difference between Rosh Hashonah and Yom Kippur—oi, yoi, Ameritzka ganof!" Reb Loeb shook his head in earnest deprecation. "Go home now," he added to Denny, "and ask your father to tell you when Yom Kippur is. But don't forget to be here at eight o'clock."

Denny gathered up his bundle of papers and made for the door. Presently he turned round, as if reminded of something.

"Don't ye want to buy a paper, sir?" he said, looking up expectantly.

And wasn't that living up to the best traditions of the race with which Denny would claim identification?

Denny never said a word to his father and mother about his great good luck, when he came home in the evening. He was going to give them a surprise when everything was ready. That had always been Denny's method. Wouldn't it be a great hour when he came home and laid the seven and a half dollars in his mother's lap, and waited for her to do all the guessing in the world!

Just casually, as if it did not in the least matter whether or no he got his answer, Denny threw out the query to his father: "Daddy, when is Ankipper?"

"What's Ankipper?" the father returned, taking the pipe out of his mouth.

"Don't ye know Ankipper—when all the Sheenies goes to their Sheenigo an' the Chazan sings for them with boys?"

"What's Chazan?"

"Was ye brought up in the wood? But when is Ankipper, anyhow?"

"How should I know?"

"I was toul' ye'd know it."

"Who toul' ye?"

"Oh, nothin'—nobody—I was just axin'." Denny cut it short, fearing he might let out his great secret if he went farther.

Minnie was sitting on the floor, teaching Glup to sing the *Hatikvah*. She had the mother's rolling-pin in her two hands and was using it for the benefit of Glup, as Reb Loeb had been using his forefinger for Denny. Glup was very attentive, and Minnie was very patient:

"*Od lo abdah tikvathenu*—Sing, Glup, sing—*Ha—hatikvah, hanoshanah*—Sing, Glup, sing—*Ja—la—la—la, Ja—la—la—la la*—"

Denny strained his ear and listened to the flow of Minnie's voice, with almost as much eager interest as Reb Loeb had followed Denny's voice calling out the papers from the street. An idea had come into Denny's head.

"Wait an' I'll be teachin' ye somethin' new to sing with meself," he said, sitting down beside Minnie. "Put that oul' piece of wood away, an' just watch me finger—but ye do it high—high—as high as ye can—as high as meself. Now:

"*Lom—pom—pom—pom*—no, not pon—'tis *pom—pom*— say it like me—high—high—now—*lom—pom—pom—pom—Hayakir bali — li—li—li—yim—yi—i—im*—higher—higher—*yaphri—i—i—im*—gut, gut, very gut."

He was as pleased with Minnie's vocal

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efforts as Reb Loeb had been with his; and just as Reb Loeb had pinched his cheek and patted his shoulders, he now did the same to Minnie.

"Ma," he presently said, turning to his mother, "how much is twice seven an' a half?"

He had given up axin' custchuns of his daddy, who knowed nothin'.

Fifteen—that's what twice seven an' a half made; and so if he could induce Reb Loeb to take on Minnie as well, there would be fifteen whole dollars to lay in his mother's lap some fine evening not far off. But before all things Minnie was to be bound to secrecy.

"Promise me that ye won't tell anybody till after," he began to Minnie.

"I p'omise," Minnie answered readily. It was not necessary for her to understand things. Denny knew what he was talking about, and it was due to him to let him have his way without questioning.

"An' ye have to swear to me—in the name of the Father an' of the Son an' of the Holy Ghost—so now—ye'll never tell a word till I tell ye."

It was rather difficult for Minnie to understand that Denny himself should make the sign of the cross over her, after he had so strongly impressed it upon her that she was not to make Tselems any more. But of course Denny knew what he was doing, and there could be no questioning him.

"Ye wait now till I comes back," Denny said to Minnie, gathering himself up to go to Reb Loeb's for rehearsal. "An' if ye're asleep I'll tell ye in the mornin'."

Two out of the three jets in Reb Loeb's gasolier were lit up. You would have said, then, that something unusual was in the air. In the present case, however, it was but a simple necessity. The five "helpers" of Reb Loeb were gathered at the table, with open books before them, and it was necessary, of course, to have good light.

They were waiting for the sixth one to come, the unknown sixth one annexed by Reb Loeb since the afternoon. And while they were waiting Reb Loeb observed for the tenth time to Max Ziegebock, his tenor and leader of the choir:

"Oi, have I got a wonder for you, Max! you should try him out in 'Haben Yakir Li' —an antique, I tell you, an antique! We'll have to keep a sharp eye on him, though, not to let anybody else snatch him away from us."

There was a timid knock on the door, as of some small knuckles, and presently Denny entered, cap in hand.

"Oh!" said Reb Loeb, jerking out a forefinger at Denny with the whole strength of his arm, as a Cossack would pick up a chicken with the point of his lance. "Ot is

"GO 'WAY," DENNY RETURNED, WITH A VICIOUS JERK OF THE SHOULDER. "'TIS ALL YOUR FAU'T."

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he," he said again, casting a significant look at Max Ziegebock.

Denny looked round, and his knees shook. He felt the ground giving way under him.

His eye had caught sight of his two old acquaintances, Ike Seltzer and Sam Knoploch.

For a moment these two stared in mystification at Denny and at Reb Loeb in turn.

Presently Ike hollered out: "Put up yer cap, Denny Nolan. This ain't a Tiphlah for Irish Betzimers."

"Vo—vos heisst!" Reb Loeb stammered, his eyes turning in quick succession from Ike and Sam to Denny and back again. "Come near, come near, Danielkë, don't shame yourself—if you don't keep quiet, Ike and Sam, I'll send you home and get two others in your place—hush!—silence!—take him, Max—just take with him 'Haben Yakir Li,' and you'll hear something, I tell you."

"Ho! ho!" Ike and Sam burst out aloud. "Look at that Irish Betzimer wanting to sing by a Chazan! Ho! ho!" And they almost rolled off their chairs with laughter.

"Vo—vo—vos heisst!" Reb Loeb said again, his face now flushed. "What mean you two little loufers?"

"Sure he is an Irish Betzimer—he ain't a Yid—ho! ho! Denny Betzimer—Denny Nolan, the Irish Betzimer, come to sing by a Chazan! Ho! ho!"

"Sheenie-Motzo! Sheenie-Motzo!" Denny snapped back at the two, forgetting himself.

"Sh—sh!" Reb Loeb hissed at him, angered. "Come here, now," he added, with a strained calm. "Why didn't you tell me you were Irish?"

"Sure," Denny stammered, "I—I only used to be—wanst—but I ain't no more, an' me sister Minnie ain't; for, sure, she goes to the Gan Yelodim an' can sing *Hatikvah*——"

"Yes, ye stealed her in there with a lot of lies," Ike and Sam broke in, "same as ye was going to do here, an' yer sister Minnie only throwing Tselems over herself all the time— ho! ho! Denny Nolan, Betzimer!"

"What does one say to that!" Reb Loeb muttered to himself, walking up and down the floor in agitation. "Nu," he added resignedly, "go and ask questions of the Lord of the World!"

It seemed to Reb Loeb such a pitiful waste that God should have given so fine a voice to a non-Jewish boy that could be of no use to a Chazan.

"What is it—what is it, Denny achree?" the mother said soothingly to Denny, trying to remove an arm from his face, as he sat sobbing in a corner. "Did anybody do anything to you, dearie?"

"Go 'way," Denny returned, with a vicious jerk of the shoulder. "'Tis all yer fau't. Ye wouldn't born me a Sheenie, an' now I losted seven dollars an' a half through ye!"

THERE WAS A MOON, THERE WAS A STAR

BY ELLEN ANGUS FRENCH

THERE was a moon, there was a star,
  There was a path, a wood;
A silent voice, a speechless word
  Well heard and understood. . . . .

The years crowd on, the sundering years,
  The full years fleet too soon,
Yet leave that soundless word unhushed,
  And that unwaning moon.

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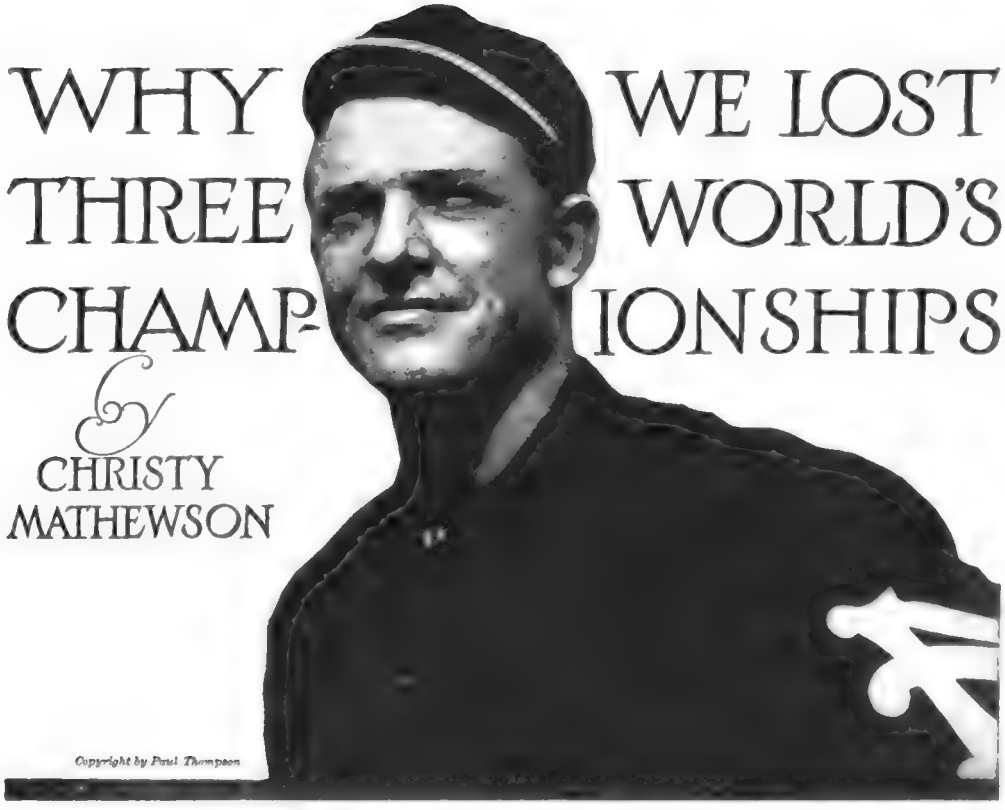
WHY WE LOST THREE WORLD'S CHAMPIONSHIPS

by CHRISTY MATHEWSON



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I HAVE faced American League teams in four World's Championships. Last fall for the third successive time my team, the New York Giants, was beaten; for the fourth time the National League pennant-winner was beaten. It is significant that New York's lone triumph over an American League pennant-winner was back in 1905.

There has been much discussion in recent years, among players, fans, and National League managers, of this point—why all the World's Championships have been won by the American League. And all this has been caused by the annual failure of the Giants.

When in 1910 the Chicago Cubs lost the world's title, it did not cause more than usual comment. The Cub machine had aged and fallen to pieces. Dismiss that series in a word—"has beens." But when in 1911 and again in 1912 and 1913 a young and vigorous team like the Giants, a team that had driven roughshod over every club in the National League—when an aggressive combination like ours had seemed almost like a high-school nine beside the American League champions, questions began to be asked. What was the matter? Why did a team that had fought its way to three National League championships invariably blow up in the most important series of the year?

After studying these three World's Championship series—and from the pitcher's box or the bench I watched closely every inning; after considering all the obvious facts; weighing the "inside" stories that naturally I knew, I have come to a definite conclusion.

The Philadelphia Athletics of 1911 and the Boston Red Sox of 1912 were not better ball clubs "on paper" than the Giants. Yet we lost. Between the teams that took the field last fall representing New York and Philadelphia, there was, I admit, a difference in playing strength. Before a game was played the Athletics had the "edge."

I am not making excuses, simply stating facts. The shifts that injuries necessitated in our line-up weakened the Giants. We had all looked upon Snodgrass and Merkle as stars of the series. They had things to retrieve, both of them. I know their temperaments, and they are the kind of men who show at their best under such circumstances. I know that Merkle and Snodgrass could scarcely wait for World Series time to come

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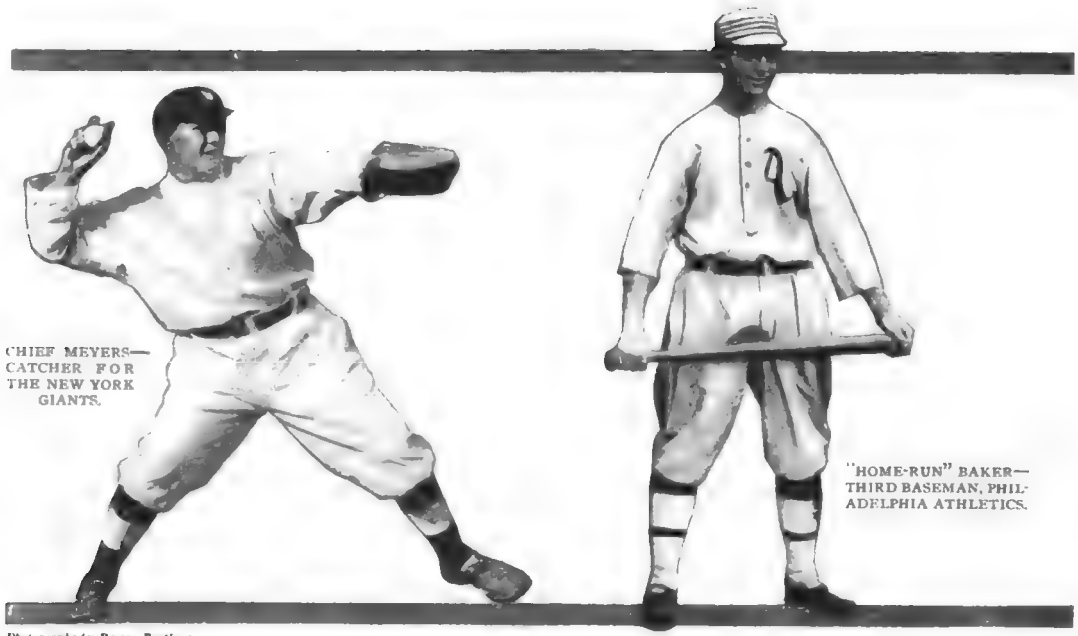

CHIEF MEYERS—CATCHER FOR THE NEW YORK GIANTS.

"HOME-RUN" BAKER—THIRD BASEMAN, PHILADELPHIA ATHLETICS.

Photographs by Brown Brothers.

around. They were fairly itching to right themselves with the fans for certain things that had happened during the Boston Red Sox series the year before. And, as I said, Merkle and Snodgrass are the kind who always "come through."

Consider Merkle's awful predicament after the historic tie game with the Chicago Cubs in 1908 and how he had the stamina and courage to "come through" in spite of it. Consider Snodgrass's $30,000 muff at Fenway Park and how only seconds later he made one of the most sensational catches of the series. Both those men have iron nerve.

Their loss to us at the start of the World's Series was a severe blow. Not only did it deprive us of what I truly believe would have been wonderful exhibitions of baseball in center field and at first base, but through eleventh-hour changes it jarred the machinery of our club.

As a result we did not show the baseball we were capable of. Instead of a walk-over the Athletics should have had a bitter fight; it should have been a toss-up. But the Athletics of 1911 and the Boston Red Sox of 1912 defeated us; and the key to these three World's Championship defeats is the human equation.

In every World Series except 1905—and that was different, as I shall show—the Giants blew up. It is a chapter in the "psychology of baseball." Almost without exception every man on our team fell below his standard. Self-consciousness, overanxiety, and nervousness weighed on our shoulders like the Old Man of the Sea.

On the night before the first game last October, a New York newspaper man, one of my best friends, went up to the hotel where the Athletics were staying. Having gone to college with Eddie Collins, he came to pay a personal call; and, not being on business for his paper, he was permitted by Connie Mack to go up to the suite occupied by Collins, Baker, Barry, and Schang. My friend told me that the attitude of the Athletics amazed him. On the eve of a series the winning or losing of which would mean a difference of about $1250 to each of them, their manner was one of indifference. And there was no affectation about that indifference. They did not seem to be aware of the fact, or to care, that the morrow would see them engaged in a series which would mean a difference of nearly $30,000 to their club if they lost.

It was ten o'clock, and "Home Run" Baker, stretching to his feet, yawned abysmally and announced: "I want my sleep."

Baker's only thought was of going to bed and getting breakfast in the morning. He possessed what is known as "cold nerve." Apparently the next day's game meant nothing to him. So it was with Collins—even Schang, the youngster.

About half an hour later my friend went down to a hotel that was the headquarters

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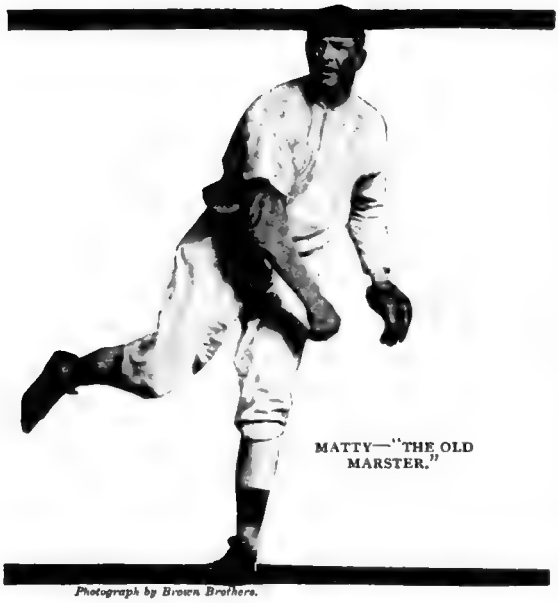

MATTY—"THE OLD MARSTER."

Photograph by Brown Brothers.

MERKLE —FIRST BASEMAN, GIANTS.

Photograph by Brown Brothers.

for the World Series out-of-town fans. He stood around the lobby gossiping baseball, and it was almost midnight when he saw a man whom he thought in bed hours before. It was Herzog, the Giants' third baseman. When my friend came up to him, "Herzie" nervously began to shift his weight from one foot to the other, to fool with his fingernails, and to betray every other sign of acute nervousness.

"Hello, Herzie," said my friend. "I thought you'd be in bed."

Herzog replied quickly: "I'm not a bit sleepy. I could stay up all night."

That little incident shows the difference. The Athletics are a calm, stoical crew, while the Giants happen to be composed of a number of very highly strung, nervous, almost temperamental players. And through the games that followed those who knew these things forecast the outcome. As day by day the tension tightened, the Giants cracked wider and wider, until in the last contest, as a result of sheer nervousness, they showed to total disadvantage.

Now contrast with this the night before the 1905 championship series, when our club beat the Athletics. I am the only one of that 1905 team still with the Giants. As I look back, I recall how those veterans—McGann, Gilbert, Dahlen, and Devlin—the "stonewall infield"—sat in an up-town hotel chatting easily and exuding a spirit of confidence that spread to every member on the team. They were seasoned players long in the game, and their nerve was iron. They were men who had always stood on their own feet, who had learned their baseball in a hard school. While quick to cooperate with Manager McGraw, they did not have to be told everything by him. They had baseball brains.

Now the Giants that have won the last three National League championships do not stand on their own feet. The club is McGraw. His dominant personality is everything. Throughout the National League campaign practically every play was ordered by McGraw. If for any reason he was unable to be with the club, he left his orders with his lieutenants and they were carried out.

It is impossible to exaggerate McGraw's part. From the bench he absolutely directs the game. No play on the offensive is made without him. He even participates in the defensive action, frequently calling Meyers aside and ordering him to shift the position of some player on the field. The men absolutely rely on him. With the exception of a very few veterans, they can not stand on their own feet. They have never had to.

This may suggest that I am indirectly criticizing McGraw. I am not.

"Why, then," the fan may ask, "why didn't McGraw build a team that could stand on its own feet, that didn't need to place such reliance in him?"

The answer is that McGraw was forced to build the Giants the way he did for the very good reason that he would never have won a championship otherwise. With a few exceptions the men are not of championship caliber. We have won the last three National League pennants solely because the club is McGraw, because his baseball brains have directed every game, because he has perfected a system that has kept his hand on the pulse of the game from first inning to last.

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TESREAU—PITCHER. GIANTS. THIS IS HIS BIG YEAR.

Photograph by Brown Brothers.

Now put this same McGrawized team in a World Series. Weeks before the series opens we begin to go up in the air. The Giants are the greatest "newspaper ball club" I know. Most of the men read everything that is printed about them. In 1912 Devore and Herzog in particular simply ate up the newspaper reports. Nearly everybody on the team devoured the preliminary stories. They began to dream and eat World Series. They couldn't get it off their minds. Every year by the time of the first game almost the entire team has developed a bad case of self-consciousness and nerves.

Let us see what this reaped: As usual, McGraw planned our campaign for the series. As in the National League race, he was there ready to direct every move. If his men had been in the same state of mind as during the pennant races, all would have been different. When working right, the McGraw system of baseball is just as good as any system in the American League. But, stricken with a case of nerves, the system went to pieces. The Giants did not obey orders. They either forgot or else convinced themselves that they knew more than the wonderful little manager who had guided them so long. Not only did they fail to execute McGraw's commands properly, but they became so upset—and I shall present actual cases of this—that they made bull-headed plays that you would never have seen during the regular league campaign.

Just let me briefly relate a few incidents:

Before the first 1913 World Series game in New York, Marquard, as the baseball saying goes, "had everything." I watched him while he warmed up in front of the grand stand. His curves never broke sharper and his speed was terrific. As I watched him, I did not see how the Athletics—heavy hitters though they were—could beat him. When the game started, however, it was a different Marquard in the pitcher's box. All his curves seemed to have vanished magically. In ten minutes he actually lost the knack of giving the ball the deceptive shoots and spins for which he is noted. After the game Collins said:

"When I faced Marquard, I was surprised to see that he didn't have anything at all on the ball. There wasn't a thing that looked like a curve, and all his straight ones were right over the center of the plate. The other fellows said the same thing."

The case of Marquard is typical of the Giants in a World Series. They go to pieces. They have it in them to rout their rivals, but instead they beat themselves.

I have often heard McGraw say at the start of these World Series games:

"Now remember, don't try to kill the ball."

This may need a word of explanation. There are very few players who can "kill" a ball. It means holding the bat at the extreme end and taking a long, terrific swing. The only "killers" I can mention, offhand, are the late Ed Delehanty, Sherwood Magee, Sam Crawford, and Hans Wagner. Practically every other hitter in the big leagues holds his bat farther up the handle and takes a shorter swing at the ball; few men have "batting eyes" sharp enough to permit their taking such a long swipe at the pitcher's offerings. Nearly all the Giants hammered the National League pitchers because they chopped at the ball. It was our most successful way of attack.

The team goes into a World Series. We face pitching not as good as the pitching we had faced during the pennant race. I have seen the Giants bat effectively against such star pitchers as Hendrix, formerly of Pittsburgh, Seaton, now with the Brooklyn "Feds," and Alexander of Philadelphia, and Rucker of Brooklyn. Yet against the Athletics pitching staff—which, honestly, in 1913 had no man as good as any of the four stars I have mentioned—we seemed helpless. People said we were not a batting

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COLLINS—SECOND BASE MAN, ATHLETICS. THE GREATEST ALL-ROUND PLAYER IN THE GAME.

MARQUARD—PITCHER FOR THE GIANTS.

Photographs by Brown Brothers.

team. But we are a batting team. And we should have appeared to be if we had obeyed orders. Instead of heeding McGraw's command, "Now don't try to kill the ball," the Giants would go up to the plate and after the Philadelphia pitcher — Plank, Bender, or Bush—had thrown one ball, the Giants would let their hands slip down to the end of their bats and try to "kill it."

As a result, not being used to this style of hitting, we were all at sea. Solely through overanxiety we ruined an attack that had terrorized the National League pitchers.

An incident comes to mind showing how apt the Giants are to go to pieces. In the second game of the 1912 series against Boston, my support caved in. It broke for the reasons I have described. Fletcher, who only a few seasons before had been a lanky youth playing in a little Texas league, had fought up to be shortstop of the Giants. I wish to give Fletcher all credit for his ability as a shortstop, for he has shown it again and again. But in his first World Series he became a victim of that disease of the Giants—nerves.

In the first inning, Hooper made a hit off me and stole second base. There was one out. Yerkes, the next batter, lined a ball squarely into Fletcher's hands. Fletcher did not have to move an inch for it. It was a simple play, and when I saw Hooper already halfway to third base I figured on a double play. Fletcher would simply toss the ball to Doyle and the side would be out. But I guess Fletcher was thinking about his responsibility, for he dropped the ball. What should have been an easy double play resulted in both men being safe. Instead of taking the field, Boston subsequently scored in that inning the three runs that cost us the game.

That misplay broke up Fletcher. Thereafter in that game he lost chance after chance, and each error cost us a run. I'm not blaming him. At the time I was not even sore about it. I simply record it as a point showing why the Giants always look bad in a World Series. For some reason they seem to think that they have to stand more on their own, that the hand of McGraw can not aid them as during the regular campaign, and, going ahead on their own hook, they become nervous and blow up.

Before the start of the 1911 series against the Athletics, I took the occasion to investigate the batting methods of my opponents. Only four—Lord, Bender, Murphy, and Davis—had been on the team when I faced them in 1905. I realized that I should be confronted with tricky batters, none of whose secrets I knew. From certain American League players I obtained data about the Philadelphia team. In the first game this was effective. It was doubly effective because I learned they had our signs and were using them. That is to say, they knew

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how Meyers fixed his hands when he wanted a curve ball or a straight one. When the Athletics got men on the bases they would flash to the batter what was coming.

So I told Meyers to reverse his signs, and in that way we double-crossed them for the first game. Once Baker, who had been tipped off by Oldring that a curve ball was coming, stepped across the plate to meet it. But a fast ball was flying straight at him, and he was nearly "beaned." Subsequently he struck out.

With the second game, though, all this changed. Marquard was pitching and he began to get "World Series nerves." In the sixth inning, after two men were out, Collins smashed a two-base hit to left. He then took only a short lead off second base, for he was trying to discover Meyers's new signals. A hit meant the game. Seeing what Collins was up to, Meyers walked out to the box. He said to Marquard:

"No matter what I signal for, you throw Baker two curve balls."

Then, to fool Collins, Meyers gave false signals. With two balls pitched, however, the supply was out, and, not daring to give a signal, Meyers put it up to Marquard. Marquard flashed back that he was going to throw a fast one. Collins knew his sign and flashed the news to Baker. As a result Baker was all set, and when the ball came across the plate he simply swung his bat and it went screaming over the right-field fence. Overanxious in the excitement of that swift moment, Marquard and Meyers forgot that Collins had been spying on our signs and knew what was coming.

That is the authentic inside story of the first home run to make Baker famous.

During the series Devore was so anxious to hit "heavy" that on the way to Philadelphia, when some one introduced him to Ty Cobb, Josh slipped into the seat beside him and talked all the way over.

"Gee," said Josh to me, as we were getting off the train, "that fellow Cobb knows a lot about batting. He told me some things about the American League pitchers just now, and he didn't know he was doing it. I never let on. But I just hope that fellow Plank works to-day, if they think that I am weak against left-handers. Say, Matty, I could write a book about that guy and his 'grooves' now, after buzzing Cobb, and the funny thing is, he didn't know he was telling me."

Plank pitched that day and fanned Devore four times out of a possible four. Josh didn't even get a foul off him.

"Thought you knew all about that fellow," I said to Devore after the game.

"I've learned since that Cobb and he are pretty thick," replied Josh, "and I guess Ty was giving me a bad steer."

It was evident that Cobb's misinformation was working around in Devore's mind when he went to the plate to face Plank, and, instead of being open to impressions, he was constantly trying to confirm these wrong opinions. Plank was crossing him all the time, and, being naturally weak against left-handers, this additional handicap made Devore look foolish.

That helped to send Devore up in the air. Also, the Athletics had heard tales of his baserunning, and when in another game he managed to get on at first, they had it all framed up to catch him. Caught by the "pitch out," he was touched out fully fifteen feet at second. As Eddie Collins threw the ball back to the pitcher he laughed at Devore and said:

"And you call yourself fast! You remind me of a cop on fixed post."

Not only Devore but other members of the Giants were victims of this "goat-getting."

In a subsequent game of that series, we threw away our chance to win simply because of nerves. In the second half of the tenth inning, the score a tie and the Giants needing one run to win the game, Snodgrass was on second base. There was only one out, and Merkle and Herzog were coming up. Put Snodgrass on the bases in a World Series and he acts like a madman. He jumps 'way off the ground and prances about like a dervish. He often takes leads that seem foolhardy. Coombs was pitching for Philadelphia, and Snodgrass, almost breaking through nervousness, was racing for third base at the rise of Coombs's arm, then, if the batter did not hit the ball, ducking back to second. A cool baserunner would simply have taken a good lead and waited his opportunity.

Well, one of Coombs's curves got away from Lapp, the Philadelphia catcher. At the moment Snodgrass was going the wrong way, that is, he had started back for second base, whereas he should have had his face toward third. The ball meanwhile was rolling away from the Philadelphia catcher.

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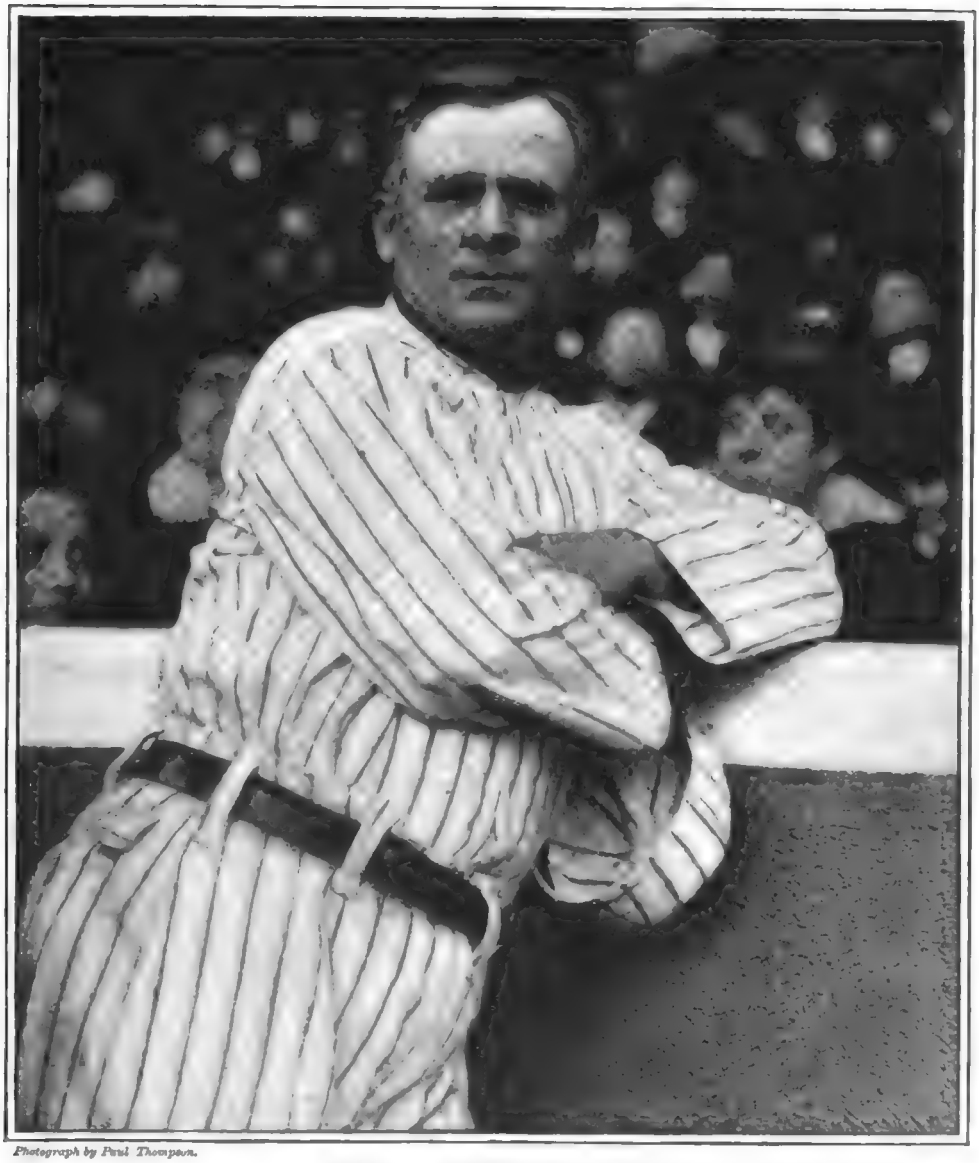

Photograph by Paul Thompson.

McGRAW, MANAGER OF THE GIANTS.
"THE CLUB IS MCGRAW," SAYS MATHEWSON.

Of course, obeying the cries of the coachers, Snodgrass spun round toward third again and got going. He tried hard for the base but was thrown out. If he had not lost that fraction of a second, through having to turn, because of his nervous prancing up and down the line, he would have reached third safely. As things subsequently developed, with a man on third we should have won the game. As it was we lost.

The usual thing happened. The tension tightened, and good ball-players like Herzog, Merkle, and Fletcher went completely up in the air. The game was kicked away.

Still another incident of that 1911 series shows what I mean when I say the Giants go to pieces and do not play their game. Murray is noted as being one of the best outfielders in the National League. He is unquestionably the most deadly thrower. His heaves to the plate, cutting down runners who try to come in from third, are

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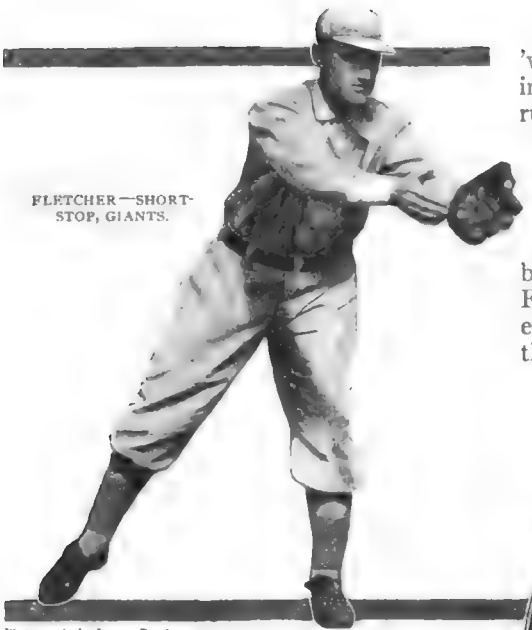

FLETCHER—SHORT-STOP, GIANTS.

Photographs by Brown Brothers.

famous. In the fourth inning of the crucial game in Philadelphia, Murray became so anxious on Thomas's sacrifice fly that he threw the ball twelve feet outside the third-base line and hit the runner. Imagine Murray doing that in any ordinary game!

Imagine Larry Doyle being caught by such a musty trick as this: One of our men hit a high foul ball to Baker. Doyle, who was on first base, broke for second at the crack of the bat. The coacher shouted for him to come back. But Doyle saw Barry, the Philadelphia shortstop, thrust his hands down on the ground as if to stop a ball. Then he saw Collins rushing in to second base yelling "Throw the ball here!" Completely taken in, Doyle charged madly on toward second base. He was sprinting to save himself, as he thought, from being put out on a force-out. Unaware that the ball had been struck into the air, fooled by Barry and Collins, he was an easy double-play victim. And that trick is gray, as Larry will laughingly tell you.

The last game of that 1911 series showed us at our worst. Growing more and more nervous and self-conscious under the tension, we snapped in a way that made us look ridiculous. I was sitting on the bench feeling that we still had a chance if the men would only pull together. Ames was pitching, and with two men on base Barry bunted. Hurrying his throw, Ames was 'way off on his aim, for the ball hit Barry in the head and all the Philadelphia baserunners scampered home.

"Nice head work!" yelled one of those megaphone voices from the depths of the grand stand.

For the first time during the series I laughed. So did all the other men on our bench. With that laugh it was all over. From that moment the Athletics worked everything. They executed fielding plays that seemed impossible; they even worked

TY COBB, DETROIT TIGERS. DISPUTES COLLINS'S TITLE AS THE GREATEST PLAYER IN THE GAME.

the squeeze and got away with it. We felt we were jokes.

Better natural players than our men, the Athletics could stand alone no matter how big the crisis. Unlike McGraw, Connie Mack had not been forced to build a team of puppets worked from the bench by a string. The Athletics could stand on their own feet. Mack has long encouraged them to do that. It is part of his managing system. Even at crucial moments of that series he left things entirely in the hands of his own men—this in direct contrast to the Giants. Whenever our fellows went to bat they unconsciously helped the Philadelphia pitcher. In the tenth inning of the next to the last game as one of our infielders went to bat he said to me:

"Well, Matty, if I don't hit this one it means a loss to the boys of about $30,000."

You see, whenever our fellows went to

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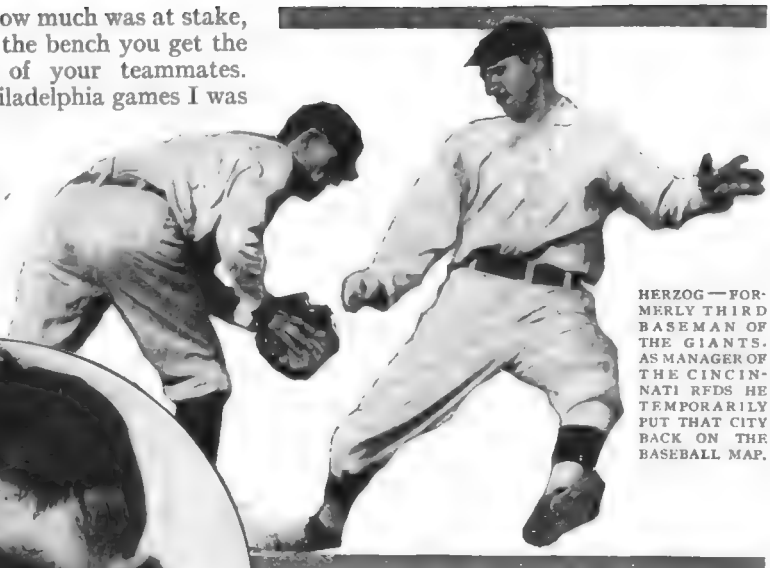
bat they thought of how much was at stake, and they failed. On the bench you get the innermost thoughts of your teammates. During one of the Philadelphia games I was sitting next to an outfielder. A costly error of his had just let in a number of runs. He slid over the bench toward me and confessed with a sickly grin:



HERZOG—FORMERLY THIRD BASEMAN OF THE GIANTS. AS MANAGER OF THE CINCINNATI REDS HE TEMPORARILY PUT THAT CITY BACK ON THE BASEBALL MAP.

Photographs by Brown Brothers.

DEVORE, OUTFIELDER, FORMERLY OF THE GIANTS, NOW WITH THE BRAVES.

"When I booted that one, I said to myself, 'There goes that new auto I was going to buy.'"

That's the way it went; they all thought of anything but the execution of the play of the moment. They thought instead what it meant in dollars and cents. That has done more to lose us three World's Championships than all the Bakers and Tris Speakers.

As I look back upon the 1912 series, when we lost to the Boston Red Sox, I see it was the same. Pitchers, outfielders, the whole team collapsed under the strain. As I watched the way they played behind Tesreau in the first game, I confess that hidden deep in my mind was a doubt that it would turn out just as it had against Philadelphia the year before. With only a one-run lead, Tesreau was pitching frantically. He was cautioned not to worry. I felt he would beat himself; but the strain of wanting to stay ahead—and there was only that one-run margin to keep him ahead—was too much. Let me show you how this worked out:

In the seventh inning he had faced Stahl and disposed of him. Now after Stahl on the Red Sox batting order came Wagner and Cady. They were both supposed to be very ordinary batsmen. Thinking to save himself so as better to face the top of the Boston batting order that would be up in the next inning, Tesreau did not exert himself. For Wagner and Cady he put the ball over, and let his fielders take care of it. If he hadn't been worrying about holding that one-run lead, and about his strength holding out, he would have pitched as usual against these men. As it was, due to Tesreau's letting up they both got on base. Then came an avalanche of hits from the head of the batting order and the game was lost.

It was also in that game that teamwork—we always lose that in a World's Series—began to go. Once Speaker got a three-base hit because Devore and Snodgrass were each too anxious to catch the ball. Devore could have caught it easily, but Snodgrass felt he must do it and came charging in. As a result nobody got it. It was the old sign of over-anxiety, showing early, that worried me most of all.

In the second game the disintegration spread to the infield. Fletcher, usually reliable, blew up.

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In the third game it was Merkle. He began by crossing into Doyle's territory and taking a weak little hit from Yerkes's bat. In this way, first base was left unguarded and Yerkes was safe. Subsequently Gardner drove out a two-base hit, and Yerkes scored.

You see it traces right back to overanxiety in each case.. Yerkes should never have been in a position to score; he should have been out, Doyle to Merkle. Besides, Gardner's two-base hit also put the "tying run" on second base. A few minutes later Merkle muffed a ball squarely in his hands, this in the ninth inning of a game.

I am not saying this in a spirit of criticism. I am merely showing how the Giants blow up in a World Series.

It is never dissension that beats the Giants.

Only recently I heard a little story in connection with the Boston series—a story of those dissensions that sometimes do wreck championship nines. The Athletics suffered from it in 1912. After our defeat on the eleventh of October, the Red Sox were confident that another game would end it. No one was more positive than "Smoky Joe" Wood that we would lose. Wood had been given to understand he would pitch the next game. He had beaten us before, and accordingly he gave $500 to a friend and had him bet on Boston to win the next game.

To Wood's chagrin, not he, but O'Brien, was sent to the pitcher's box. Well, McGraw got after O'Brien. He took the third-base coaching-line and Robinson, now manager of Brooklyn, took the first. We all knew O'Brien was inclined to be wild. Back and forth, across the diamond the coachers began getting in their work.

"Make him keep his foot on the rubber!" yelled McGraw.

"Get on the bases. He can't pitch without a wind-up," chanted Robinson.

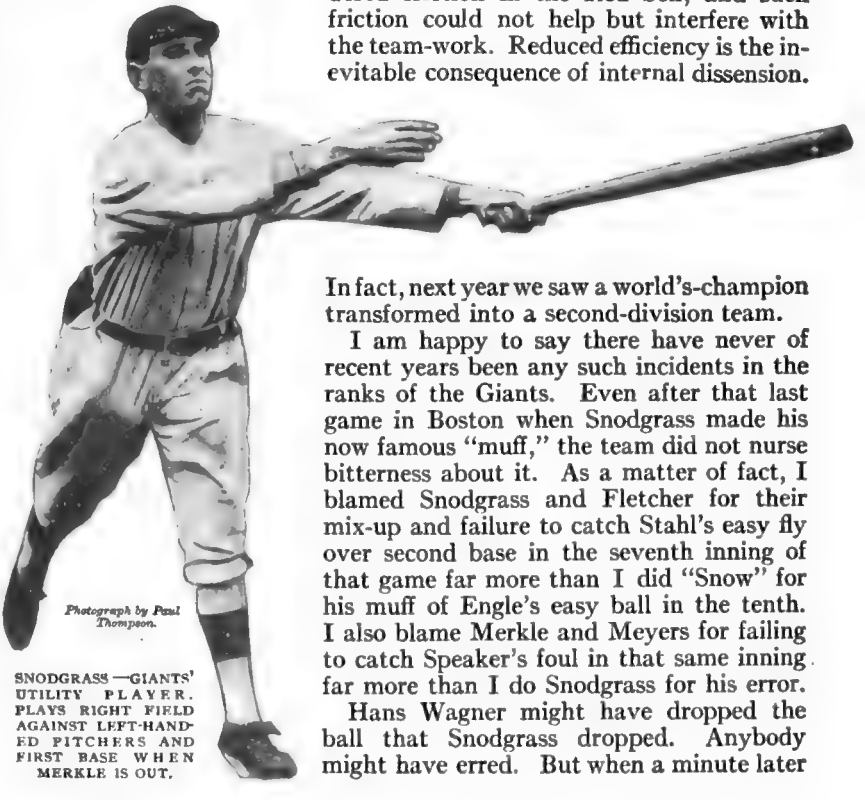
Pretty soon they had O'Brien angry. He was observing the pitching rules and keeping within the bounds prescribed by the rubber plate that marked the pitcher's box. But the yells of the coachers kept up and, finally flustered, O'Brien made a balk and forced in a run. That balk beat him. For with two out, Meyers, Herzog, and Merkle hammered the ball all over the field. The Red Sox lost, and Joe Wood lost his $500.

The sequel comes on a train going to Boston that night. Strolling into a car where O'Brien was sitting, Wood walked up to him and announced:

"Well, you're a fine joke of a pitcher! Put the game on a platter and handed it to the Giants, didn't you?"

O'Brien growled something. Then one thing led to another and an altercation ensued.

This was one of the causes that engendered friction in the Red Sox; and such friction could not help but interfere with the team-work. Reduced efficiency is the inevitable consequence of internal dissension.



Photograph by Paul Thompson.

SNODGRASS—GIANTS' UTILITY PLAYER. PLAYS RIGHT FIELD AGAINST LEFT-HANDED PITCHERS AND FIRST BASE WHEN MERKLE IS OUT.

In fact, next year we saw a world's-champion transformed into a second-division team.

I am happy to say there have never of recent years been any such incidents in the ranks of the Giants. Even after that last game in Boston when Snodgrass made his now famous "muff," the team did not nurse bitterness about it. As a matter of fact, I blamed Snodgrass and Fletcher for their mix-up and failure to catch Stahl's easy fly over second base in the seventh inning of that game far more than I did "Snow" for his muff of Engle's easy ball in the tenth. I also blame Merkle and Meyers for failing to catch Speaker's foul in that same inning far more than I do Snodgrass for his error.

Hans Wagner might have dropped the ball that Snodgrass dropped. Anybody might have erred. But when a minute later

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Photograph by Brown Brothers.

DOYLE, CAPTAIN OF THE GIANTS, AND DAVIS, FORMERLY CAPTAIN OF THE ATHLETICS.

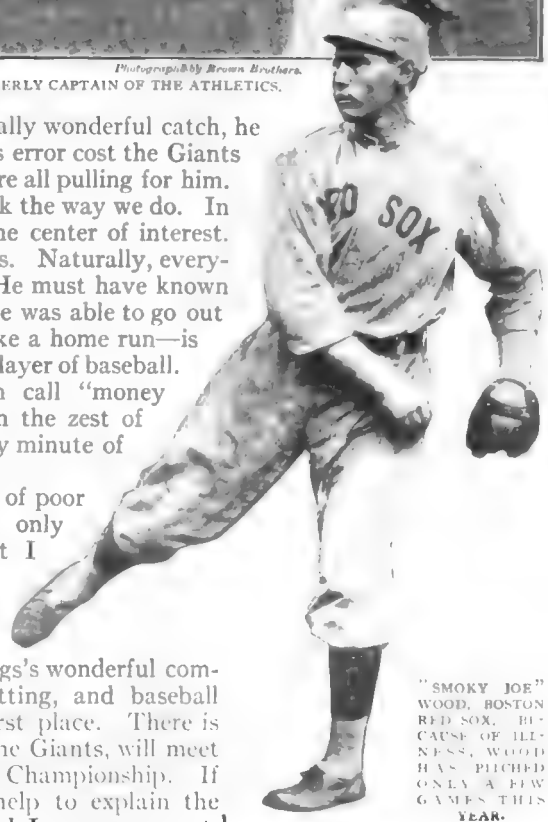
Snodgrass came right back and made a really wonderful catch, he made himself solid with me. Snodgrass's error cost the Giants about $30,000. Yet next season they were all pulling for him.

I marvel that the Athletics do not break the way we do. In that last series, Baker was naturally the center of interest. In 1911 he had made two home runs off us. Naturally, everybody expected big things of him again. He must have known that, and how under the circumstances he was able to go out and do these big things over again—make a home run—is surprising. Baker is the greatest climax player of baseball.

The Athletics are what baseball men call "money players." They played that series with the zest of college boys. They seemed to enjoy every minute of it, while the Giants made labor of it.

I sincerely hope no one will accuse me of poor sportsmanship. I have not squealed; only analyzed the situation from things that I know.

[EDITOR'S NOTE: As we go to press, the Braves have just defeated the Giants three straight games; and Stallings's wonderful combination of pitching, fielding, pinch-hitting, and baseball brains is now only three games below first place. There is a big chance that the Braves, and not the Giants, will meet the Athletics this fall for the World's Championship. If this happens, Matty's views may also help to explain the **failure of the Giants to win the National League pennant.**]



"SMOKY JOE" WOOD, BOSTON RED SOX. BECAUSE OF ILLNESS, WOOD HAS PITCHED ONLY A FEW GAMES THIS YEAR.

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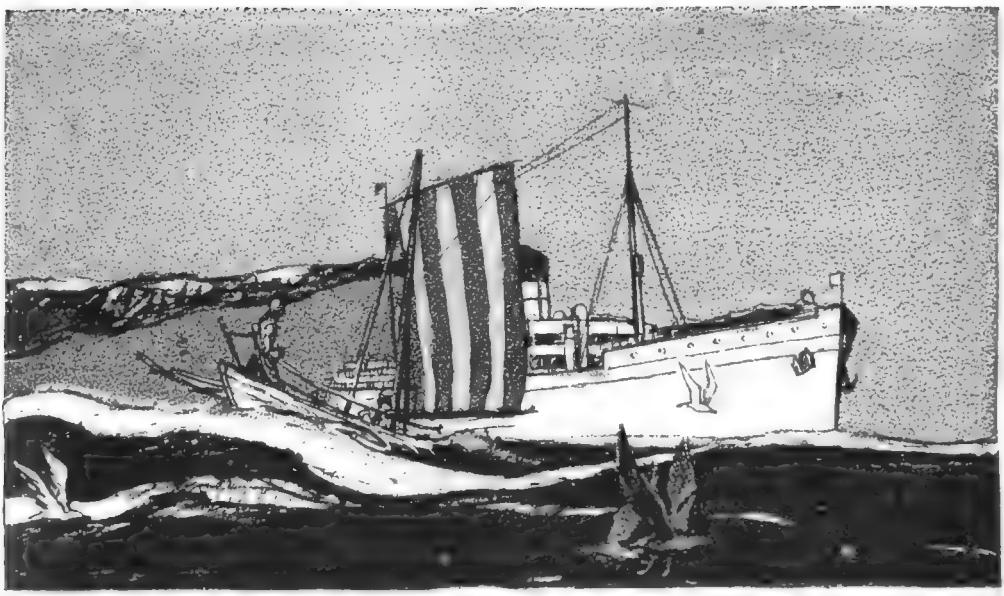

THE PASSENGER WHOM NO ONE SAW

by

BEATRICE GRIMSHAW

AUTHOR OF "THE SORCERER'S STONE," "WHEN THE RED GODS CALL," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. B. FALLS

WHEN the liner crossed the invisible boundary dividing very-far-east from that which is neither west nor east, but Oceania, every one was happy. The weather was perfect; they had now entered the region of eternal summer, and all but eternal calm. Always, in this happy, golden girdle of the earth, seas were warm and sky and water jewel-colored; islands were always green and fresh; flowers grew on coral beaches day in and day out forever.

On the ship the decks were darkened by cool awnings; the passengers lay in long cane chairs, reading, smoking, calling the black boys to bring iced drinks, and watching the matchless panorama of the mid-tropic world slide by. Sometimes they went for days without a sight of land; again, group after group of fairy islets, where green was green fire and blue was blue jewel, came and stayed and passed beyond the rail; smoking volcanoes reared their dragon-heads; canoes, with crab-claw sails

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and mild brown sailors clad in scarlet waist-cloth and knife, went flying by upon the barest surface of the sea. Then came the changeless blue once more; the empty, peaceful dawns; the cloudless carnation sunsets over an unbroken sea.

Early in the long voyage the passengers had used to play games upon the after-deck; count the ship's bells, and translate them into ordinary time; get up concerts and dances. Now they were rather tired of these things and very content to take life easy. There was a good library and a good bar; cards, chat, flirtation. And they had crossed the line into Oceania, and it was now the Land-of-Lots-of-Time, forever and evermore. Yes, there would be a jetty and a port some day, even customs officers—tickets—trains. They knew these things, but they did not believe them. So they were happy.

It is a dangerous thing to be happy; the world knew that long before Polycrates marked his appreciation of the fact by throwing jewelry into the sea. But there is one thing more dangerous yet, and that is to be happy and—say so. If you are happy, do not be ashamed to be superstitious. Neither you nor I know how much there may be in what men call superstition—at present. Cheat the dark gods; feel your happiness, but never let it escape your lips. The Blue Bird is safe only in the nest.

But the passengers on the liner were very happy, and said so. They told one another that they had never had a voyage like this—not a thing wrong from the sixties to the equator; nobody quarreling; no bad weather, even where it was to be expected; a perfect ship, and all the marvels of all the world widening out before her as she went on, with more and more yet to come. Yes, they were happy; they said it often.

One of the crew—a South Sea Islander from Manatonga, where every native has at least three white religions stowed away in the hold of his (presumable) soul, with a layer of genuine heathen ballast underneath the lot—heard two saloon voyagers congratulating themselves, and promptly crossed himself, afterward making the heathen sign for the averting of bad luck. Moreover, he sacrificed a cock in the forecastle (to the confusion of the deck steward, who was accused of the theft) and made an unholy mess with its blood. But all this, as you have to hear, made no difference to what happened after.

They were seven days out from the last port when Fortune turned and smote them. Agnes took ill with pneumonia. Agnes was aged sixteen, a girl like a lily—if one can imagine a lily possessed of a strong sense of humor and a taste for deck sports. Some of you who knew Agnes will smile, even though she is dead. You will understand how she would have enjoyed the absurd comparison.

When she became ill, no one thought that it was very much just at first. All the young people were fond of sitting out upon the forecastle-head after dark, to enjoy the cool river of wind that pounded over the ship's bow; colds had been caught in that way; other things besides colds, without doubt, for these evening winds were best enjoyed, and most sought after, in pairs.

Agnes and an American boy, of not much more than her own age, had been especially fond of sitting out there after dinner, the girl in evening dress, displaying her thin but pretty neck and shoulders. It was not considered dangerous in those latitudes; at least, it had not been till now. When Agnes took ill, the forecastle-head was deserted—to the entire satisfaction of the officers, who had long maintained that passengers were better in their own part of the ship—and wraps that had lain untouched in cabin trunks since the Mediterranean came suddenly forth again.

In Cabin 21, occupied by the girl alone (she was traveling with her father), the stewardess had hard work to keep her little patient as quiet as the nature of the illness demanded. All day long steps passed up and down, and voices inquired at the door. The cold storage was ransacked for fruit; eau-de-cologne descended in a deluge. Agnes was so young and childish, and such a universal favorite, that nobody minded her friends, men as well as women, coming in from time to time. It happened that there were extremely few women on the boat, and that two of them, just at this time, went down with some small tropical ailment and were confined to their cabins; however, the two others, Mrs. Arthurs and Mrs. Waite, also at least a dozen of the men passengers, kept coming in and out, until the stewardess put down her foot and declared they were making the young lady worse and must stay away.

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Whether the visitors were the cause or not, the girl did grow worse, with terrible rapidity. The stewardess, who had traveled longer and more widely than any one else upon the ship, said she had never seen a case of pneumonia so bad. Agnes's father was half out of his mind; the little girl suffered terribly, and nothing could be done. Like too many tropical steamers, they had no doctor on board. The father was convinced that her life could be saved if only medical aid were obtainable, and he counted the hours and the miles, over and over again, to the nearest port.

For of course the captain was putting in to the nearest. It was a little out of his way, but not so much as to matter. Port Torres was the name of the place; chief and, one might say, only town of the great island of New Gaboon. There was a Government medical officer there, of sorts, and a hospital, of sorts. Something might be done—if they were not too late.

It was the evening before they made New Gaboon; already the giant peaks of that strange, unknown island were lifting through the blood-colored sunset sky, when the captain came down from the bridge and knocked at the door of Cabin 21. The stewardess answered through the lattice.

"Yes, sir, I'll come out and speak to you."

"I'll come in; I want to see her."

"No, sir." The stewardess's voice was firm. "I'll come to you on the after-deck directly."

Captains do not usually take orders from stewardesses; but the commander of the ship turned away at once and went out on deck, whistling softly and unpleasantly as he did so. It was very quiet there, save for the low thunder of the awnings as the breeze streamed through; all the passengers were at dinner in the grand saloon, amidships.

The stewardess came out in a minute—a tall, lean woman, with dark eyes and graying hair, and a quiet, secretive face. Yet there was something likable in it, too.

"Well?" said the captain, looking straight at her with his sharp, sea-blue eyes.

"She's going fast, sir," said the woman.

"Last till we get in?"

"I think so, sir."

"You know, it may be nothing—nothing at all. Can't pronounce without the doctor."

"Yes, sir," her manner was respectful. "But—that last port was full of it. They were keeping it quiet, sir. I heard after we'd sailed."

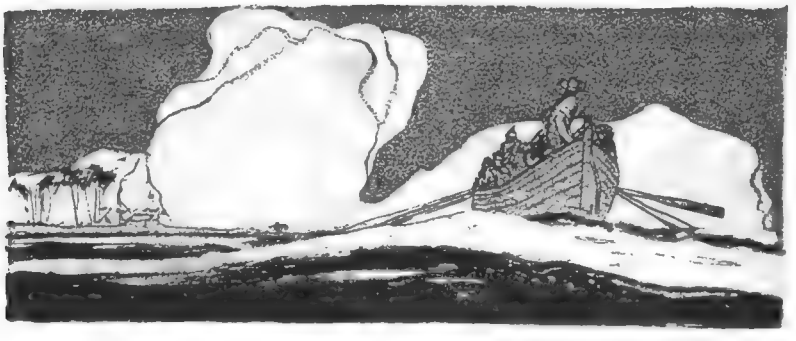
"What about my having a look?"

"We can't afford to have you made a contact, with the crew you've got." She had momentarily dropped the "sir," but neither noticed it. There was something abroad that night that made little of ship rank.

"I ought to," said the captain, angrily pulling his beard.

"Sir, those Malays——"

"All right, all right. Let me look at her across the alleyway; and keep your tongue between your teeth."



"I'll keep it; it won't be for long, probably," said the woman.

"Why, you haven't——"

"Oh, no, sir. But if it is, I shall. You know the percentage of contacts."

"You're a brave woman," said the sailor, looking at her calm, worn face.

"I've nothing to leave behind," she said, following to the cabin-door, which she

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opened wide. The captain stood at the other side of the passage, looking at Agnes's flushed, thin face lying on the pillow.

"If I hadn't such a set of confounded ninnyhammers as officers—" he said impatiently. "But if the Malays take charge there'll be the devil to pay. And they will, if——"

"Yes, sir, they will, if—" said the stewardess. "Better not, sir. You can do no good. She's unconscious. Don't make a contact of the only real man on the ship, sir."

Again the presence that was abroad stood between them and waved away the bar of rank—ship rank, that is more rigid than anything ashore. The stewardess spoke as woman to man.

Sailors are impulsive beyond the understanding of the mere landsman. The captain looked the stewardess straight in the eyes.

"If you get out of this, and I get out of it, I'll make something of you, and that will be a sailor's wife," he said.

"Yes, sir," said the stewardess. "The passengers are coming out from dinner, sir."

Two days later the liner lay out upon the flaming blue of Port Torres Harbor—far out, a mile from shore. She would lie there for a week, and then she would steam on (as if nothing had happened on board) for her next port of call. She was in the strictest of quarantine; not a canoe was allowed to run within a hundred yards of her tall, gray sides, not any boat from the town must approach her—except the doctor's, which was free to come, but did not make use of the freedom.

Dr. Coster, the man with the too-beautiful black eyes, and the marvelous white teeth, and the musical, clipped accent that somehow made you look for the half-moons in his finger-nails, doubtingly—Dr. Coster had said it wasn't necessary. The captain could signal for him if he was wanted. And he was very busy at present on shore. He was: he had to take his own temperature every hour, and look at himself in the glass every time he was left alone. And he had to do a good deal of Bible-reading—Dr. Coster, once Da Costa, had been brought up at a mission school in India, and was religious, especially since the day before yesterday, when he had examined a dying little girl, looked at a bead of saliva in his microscope, and impulsively pitched the slide and the instrument into the sea.

He had hardly nerve to give the necessary directions; but he gave them, saw the boat start from the side of the ship, saw a thin, canvas parcel plunge from the rail (the stewardess, with a perfectly calm countenance, and no help from any one, had lashed little Agnes up in a piece of weighted sailcloth the moment the breath was out of her body), and then made for the township himself in his launch, sweating with terror. Half-skinned with disinfectants, he kept to his house till next day, alternately reading up tropic diseases and saying his prayers.

In a week, his piety relaxed; in ten days, it had faded like a hibiscus bloom plucked from the stalk. Ten days was more than enough. And his duty to the township (he was very certain) absolutely demanded that he should expose himself to no more actual risk. He did not.

Of the liner there is little more to say. She lay for the prescribed time, making no signals to the shore and telling no tales. What went on on board, when the three hundred and eighty colored fourth-class passengers realized that they were shut up on a plague ship with sixty or seventy whites, Death grinning in their faces, and land and safety (so they thought) just a mile of blue water away, is not in this story. But it was well for the whites, and for the ship, and for the township of Port Torres, that the captain was not, after all, among the "contacts."

The boat that went away from the ship's side was steered straight for an island that lay two or three miles out to sea; a low, long island, not ten feet above high-water at any point; a glaring, barren island of sand and stunted palms, with two new, plain, weather-board one-room houses standing on the highest point. It was the quarantine island, used heretofore by Port Torres for the isolation of dysentery among the natives, and never till now occupied by whites.

It was a strange boat-load that glided over the coral gardens of the inner reef and through the jade-blue passage into the green lagoon-water. The boat was badly rowed; there were no sailors in it; only a few men passengers, Mrs. Arthurs, Mrs. Waite, the stewardess, and a steward. All were of those who had come in and out to see, or to wait on, little Agnes. They were

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"contacts," and, as such, ordered into banishment.

For Dr. Coster, who at least knew his bacteriology, had pronounced the disease to be plague—pneumonic plague, the horror that slays its hundred per cent. of victims, and something like eighty per cent. of those who come into direct contact with the infection. The Black Death of the Middle Ages, which is the bubonic plague of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, is mild compared with the rarer and more terrible pneumonic disease.

SHE COULD NOT BRAVE THE SILENCE
SKIRTS AND RAN TO THE OTHER,

There was not one of the passengers in the boat who did not know by this time what they took away with them; did not feel the presence of that other passenger, whom no one saw, as they slipped away from the liner's side—they, the contacts, and one other. All the time, when they had been laughing and flirting and card-playing and dreaming on the liner, this passenger had been with them, unseen. He was with them still, and they knew that his hand was raised to strike. But whom, and when, they did not know.

The island was all sand and wind and sun; it seemed to be steeped in light and heat. Light flashed from the windy palms, that shook always against the white-hot sky; light sparkled back from the hard, sword-like pandanus leaves, and struck clear through the thin tangles of creeper and liana, as if they had been made of glass. Light beat in one's face from the glaring sand and flashed from a brazen sea. There was not a spot of shade on the whole space, save in the hot, verandaless houses, where the party of contacts hastened to carry their belongings and their food.

The houses at least were new and clean, and no one had lived in them; there were bare necessaries of furniture, and a few rough cooking utensils in an outhouse. One of the passengers, who had seen quarantine trouble in out-of-the-way places before, told the rest that "they might have been a lot worse off."

They all sat down to table together that night when the food was ready: the two or

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OF HER HOUSE; SHE PICKED UP HER BEGGING THE MEN TO TAKE HER IN.

three young men; Arthurs, the clergyman, and Mrs. Arthurs, his wife; Mrs. Waite, the smart society widow; the broken-down, miserable man who was little Agnes's father; the steward and the stewardess. They were as cheerful as they could manage to be; they talked of the voyage, and the ports they had seen, and the wonderful weather, and what typhoons were like; they did their best to hearten up the bereaved father, whom no one could hearten or help; and nobody said a single word about pneumonic plague, and nobody thought, for one solitary second, of anything else.

Arthurs, the clergyman, a bright, middle-aged man with the Oxford manner, felt, confusedly, that it was all very like the dinners in the Conciergerie during the time of the French Revolution, when the aristocrats under sentence of death made it a point of honor to be frivolously gay and to avoid all mention of guillotines. Afterward, walking up and down on the moonlit sand with his wife and Mrs. Waite, he said something of the kind. Mrs. Waite fastened on the idea; she was a woman of poses, and was already amazingly pleased with her own dauntless courage in the face of such an awful danger. That it was due more to want of imagination than anything else did not strike her.

Later, the women went together into one house, and the men into the other, and camped as best they could. No one slept much; the distant singing of the reef, the nearer rustle of dry palms, were constantly broken by restless turning and tossing, and long sighs, inside the hot, small houses. For the Passenger Whom No One Saw was with them, and every one of them all feared lest those unseen footsteps should pause by her or him.

Next morning was better. They reminded themselves that many escaped contagion; each hoped to be one of the many. They looked at the liner's gray mass lying out against the blue, and

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watched the tiny figures moving on her decks. They were all very energetic and told each other they had never felt better in their lives. Some of the men went for a walk round the island, six miles or so, and returned scarlet with sun, but almost gay. The women did some sewing, and told each other alleged humorous stories, about the funny things they had known cats and dogs do. These made them laugh very much with loud, shrill laughter.

When Mrs. Waite was not laughing, she sat with her mouth open and her chin a little dropped; her eyes had sunk in her head since morning, and stared uncomfortably at you, if you spoke to her. It was noticeable that she had dressed her hair high up, over an improvised pad, and wore a lace handkerchief tied round it under her chin, eighteenth century style. She used the word "aristocrat" occasionally, and dropped the final t.

About four o'clock in the afternoon Mrs. Arthurs, who was a comfortable, motherly woman, full to her plump chin of simple common sense, put down the teapot, with which she had just been serving tea in the women's house to the assembled company, and said plainly:

"I'm tired of all this pretending and nonsense. We're here because we're likely to get pneumonic plague, some of us or all of us. Does any one know the period of infection?"

Mrs. Waite "bridled" under her lace handkerchief, fanned herself with a paper fan she had made during the day, and laughed—a high, whinnying laugh.

"It is all equal to me," she said. "I do not care. We meet death as gentlemen and ladies."

"Poppycock!" said the American lad, quite rudely. "Stewardess, I guess you know something about it."

"I do, sir," said the stewardess. "Not much; but the doctor told me the period of incubation was three days to a week."

"And how long does the thing take, if you get it?"

"Different periods," said the stewardess. She had seen Mrs. Waite's eyes, and the parted lips, like those of the Lost Soul in Michelangelo's "Judgment," that showed behind the down-dropped paper fan. She was not going to tell all she knew.

They all knew next day, for Agnes's father refused food at breakfast; complained of bitter cold during the morning—in a temperature that kept every one gasping for breath—and by lunch time was terribly, unmistakably ill. The Unseen Passenger had struck.

The stricken man would not come into the house, but sat moaning and fighting for breath upon the burning sand below. And there, with a face like an angel, the commonplace curate of the Oxford manner joined him, and led him away into the long brushwood shed behind the palms, which all had noticed when they came and none had spoken of. And in that rude isolation ward, Arthurs did his best for the first to fall, knowing well how little there was to be done. It was a worse case than the first. Within twenty-four hours Agnes's father was dead.

Arthurs took the body by the feet, drew it along the sand, away from the houses, and dropped it into the channel that ran through the reef. The tide went like a mill-race out to sea when it turned; the sharks would do the rest. Then he disinfected himself, bathed, dressed, and joined the others again. But now the hand of the Unseen Passenger hovered almost visibly above his head; and the face of his wife was pitiful to see. From this time on the two spent hardly a minute apart. They sat away from the rest, talking to each other, in the little oblongs of shadow thrown by the houses early and late in the day—the only shade to be had out-of-doors. Their voices were low and made little sound; there was little sound of any kind on the island in these days, save for the wearisome, endless rushing of the southeast trade, the quarreling notes of leathernecks in the palms, and the high, far scream of parrots, red, green, violet, and yellow, flying homeward when the sun went down.

The factitious gaiety of the passengers had altogether disappeared since Agnes's father died. And still it was only four days since they had left the ship.

Arthurs sickened in three days more. His wife went with him to the brushwood house; and, for three days after, food was brought by the others and laid on the ground near the doorway. Then Mrs. Arthurs came out, with her comely face thinned down to a mere shadow of its former rosy curves, and her eyes burned out with tears. She had tied a rope to his feet; she flung it to the men, and ran away into

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the bush alone, while they dragged the body away and slung it into the mill-race of the passage through the reef.

When Mrs. Arthurs sickened, which was five days later, the little band of contacts saw how the thing was going. It was a law, apparently, that he or she who cared for the smitten one to the end should be the next to go. The stewardess had miraculously escaped when tending little Agnes; but on the ship there were many means of disinfection and safeguard that were unavailable here. The wretched half-caste doctor had been afraid to land on the island all through; he came only once, screaming at them from his launch that his duty to the town would not permit him to run the risk of carrying infection; asked news of the number of cases, slung some carbolic acid ashore, and "chunked" away again as speedily as his engineer could take him.

So, all alone, within sight of a terrified town that would willingly have drowned them all, they worked their way unhelped. The liner was gone; she could not wait after *pratique* was given, knowing that it might be many weeks before all the contacts were free, or dead. Another boat came in, but did not land a passenger; as soon as a launch came out from shore and spoke with her, she had her anchor up again with all speed, and steamed out within the half-hour.

THE STEWARDESS LOOKED AT THE PALMS AND THE SEA AS A GHOST MIGHT LOOK FROM THE TOMB AT A WORLD IN WHICH HIS SHARE HAS PASSED AWAY.

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The prisoners on the island followed her with aching eyes. Each one of them was convinced that he was not going to take the plague, if only he could get away. Oh, to be out on that happy steamer—out, and away, and safe!

Mrs. Arthurs would not give in at first to the truth; the trouble was slow in taking hold of her, and for a day or two she kept about, shivering, breathing hard, and trying her plucky best to fight it off. Whether or not she had any theory of her own about the power of the mind over the body, one can not say; there were Christian Science books found in her trunk—after. She never told what she thought; there was not time.

On the second afternoon, she dropped fainting on the sand, and the stewardess, with a perfectly calm expression of face, stepped forward in her neat blue print and white apron to lift her up and help her away.

"Stop!" cried a hoarse voice that no one recognized. The stewardess turned round. It was Mrs. Waite, still wearing the eighteenth-century head-dress, and with the "aristocrat" expression as if frozen on her face.

"I—I am not afraid," she said. "I am not *canaille*. For myself I have no fear. I speak for these others. Why, then, should they have to die? Stewardess—look here, stewardess," suddenly changing her manner, "I say, it's an awful shame that every one who goes has to kill some one else. Why do you go with her? She's half insensible. She could very well do alone. Give her a tin of water and stay away. Why should you die?"

"I don't understand you, Mrs. Waite," said the stewardess coolly. She was supporting Mrs. Arthurs now—supporting her toward the brushwood house.

"Well, I'll make you!" screamed the other, beyond all control. "You'll be the next, and I shall have to nurse you. I shall have to die!"

"I guess not," said the American lad. "I'll tend to the lady myself. There isn't any Mrs. Grundy on a plague island. Stewardess, you needn't nurse that lady there, anyhow. I'll do it. I guess we can't spare our ladies, not any more of them, that is."

They all spoke of Mrs. Arthurs as dead; the hundred per cent. toll of the fatal disease was known to every one. And indeed, the Unseen Passenger's last victim already scarce seemed to know what was going on about her.

It must not be held against the stewardess that she hesitated. The scene in the liner alleyway came rushing through her mind, as scenes and faces pass before the eyes of the drowning. "I've no one to leave behind me." "If we get out of this, I'll make a sailor's wife of you." Had she indeed no one to leave behind—now? The sea-blue eyes of the "only man on the ship" looked at her out of the shadow that lay upon the brushwood house.

Other visions rose, passed, and faded, and left her senses clear once more—clear to the burning sand, the brassy palms, the hooting wind from the sea, and the bright, watching face of the lad beside her—so young a face! She thought of her graying hair, of the "years that the locust had eaten."

"Thank you, sir; it's good of you," she said. "But I'll see her through. It's my duty, you know, and I didn't take it from Miss Agnes."

"Yes," said some of the men, with an air of relief from responsibility, "she didn't take it—she's proof—she'll get through."

The stewardess moved away with Mrs. Arthurs to the brushwood house. She did not say good-by.

Mrs. Waite, losing all self-control, flung herself about and screamed to the stewardess to come back. Nobody took any notice of her, and she went angrily into the women's house, alone.

"I'll be the next. I won't be the next," she sobbed to herself. And then—"*Canaille! Canaille!* But I will show them!"

There were some afterward who said that the horrors of that time upon the island had really turned Mrs. Waite's weak brain. And there were others who said that she had never been any madder than she always was—mad with vanity and love of self.

In the brushwood house, beside the sick woman, the stewardess sat upon the sand; there was no furniture in there—nothing but a mass of soft dried grass for bedding, and a hurricane lantern to use in the long night. A kerosene tin full of water stood inside the door, and a cocoanut-shell for drinking was beside it. Mrs. Arthur's own cocoanut-shell lay at her head. The stewardess was not going to lose any chances

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SHE STOOD ON THE BARE ROCKS CLOSE TO THE CHANNEL, AND LOOKED CURIOUSLY AT THE DEPTH AND FORCE OF THE SEA-RIVER THAT RUSHED THROUGH IT.

that she could keep. Had she not got through with the other case? She disinfected her hands; she kept a wad of grass over her mouth and nose when attending to the patient. There was a chance: she must not forget that. To believe you will escape helps you to it.

But if she did not escape—what then? Who would insist on caring for her—who would lay down a life to make her last few hours easier? Some one would, she was certain. It would be of no use for her to refuse; the spirit of martyrdom was abroad; the white man's law, that demands care for the sick and dying at any and every cost, held good here on the little lonely island of death, far from human help. The hideous chain would be linked on and on, till it closed round the last of all.

Sitting there on the sandy ground, under the dim, brown roof of the brushwood house, with the half-conscious woman moaning and raving beside her, the stewardess thought, and saw no end to it all. The day wore on; red rays of sundown shot through the low door. Mrs. Arthurs complained feebly of pain; the stewardess lit a fire, and improvised a poultice; propped her up on the bed of grass, raised her when she sank and stifled; held drink to her lips. Mosquitoes tormented them; the stewardess fanned them off with a frond of palm.

By and by the patient seemed easier, and the other woman, making a rough

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paper fan like foolish Mrs. Waite's, to keep away the mosquito horde more effectively, thought she would go over to the lamp and read the bit of paper before it was utterly crumpled. Reading matter was scarce upon the island, and every bit of print had its value.

The newspaper was comparatively fresh; she had not read the telegrams it contained, and she found them interesting. Anything was welcome, to relieve one's mind a little, here in this dim, windy shed, with the sea and the night-birds crying outside, and the lantern swinging on its nail at her elbow.

Among the telegrams was one from the South Polar rescue expedition. It told the tale of the men who had been found too late; of the long history of self-sacrifice and bravery left behind in their diaries; of one who wrote, planned, considered, to the very end of all, with death sitting at his side as he held the pen; of one who went out alone into the snow, giving up his last few precious days of life to help his comrades live.

The stewardess laid down the paper and sat still, looking out through the black, star-sprinkled opening of the doorway. Palm branches waved low and dark against the dim steel of the sea; somewhere not far away shone out the small, bright lights of a steamer. The stewardess looked at them all as a ghost might look from the tomb at a world in which his share has passed away. Then she rose and went over to her patient. Mrs. Arthurs was sinking fast.

"And not too soon," said the stewardess. "I shall have time, but no more than I need." She took her clinical thermometer out, and slipped it under her own arm. The mercury marked a hundred and one.

Next morning she tied the rope to Mrs. Arthur's feet, and the men came and drew her away and slung her into the tide-race, and the current of the reef passage snatched her out to sea. The stewardess stood on the bare rocks close to the channel, and looked curiously at the depth and force of the sea-river that rushed through it. When they called to ask her if she was ready to return to the women's house, she shook her head, and went back to the brushwood shed.

"Not till to-morrow," she said.

The day and the evening passed. Night came, with a rushing sea and a fierce, high-tide rip in the channel. The men in the men's house, sitting dull and depressed over their pipes, heard it in the pauses of the languid talk. Mrs. Waite, in the women's house alone, heard it as she stood at the door, and watched the men for company.

Once she thought she saw something—a shadow, a spirit, she could not tell what—slip past in the far dusk, and vanish through the moonless night, somewhere near the roaring channel edge. Her hair crept upon her head—she knew there was no one living upon the island but herself, the men, and the stewardess busy with disinfectants in the brushwood house. This thing was not of earth.

She could not brave the silence of the house; she picked up her skirts and ran to the other, begging them to take her in. They did, for though they despised her for her outbreak of the day before, she was yet a woman, and, as such, retained her sex's inalienable claim to care. They made her a bed with the best they had, near the door where there was cool air, and she slept till morning.

With the early light the men got up to go down and bathe, and Mrs. Waite returned to her house. On the way she saw something white upon the path—a piece of paper, written on with a charred stick. The writing had been well and carefully done, and was legible some way off.

"DO NOT TOUCH THIS," it began. "READ AND THROW A MATCH ON IT."

Half curious, half terrified, she read:

> Some one has got to break the chain. We are taking it from each other now; the period of infection from the case on the ship is long over. I have decided that it is best for me to break it. My temperature was high last night, and is very high to-night. I feel sick, and am sure that I am taking it. When it is dark, and the tide is high, I will get into the tide-race. Mrs. Waite need not have been afraid; she is safe. Good-by all.

"Oh!" said Mrs. Waite. "Oh!"

Her breath seemed to fail her, and she sat right down on the path—not near the paper, however—she flung away from that.

Presently she pulled herself together, rose, and looked round to see if any of the men were in sight. There was not one. She ran for a match, lit it, flung it on the paper, and watched till every bit was burned.

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ECONOMICS of the SWORD

by

GARET GARRETT

THE German Emperor grasps the sword, and the next day every housewife in Europe and America begins to pay more for food.

War is a sudden and imperious customer in the world's markets, and will not wait its turn. It must have food to sustain armies of men turned all at once from pursuits of production to a work of destruction; and clothes for them to wear; and guns and ammunition for them to kill each other with; and horses and wagons, and hospital supplies, and enormous quantities of fuel, and an immense number of other things; and its agents go clanking about in the places where such goods are for sale, and bid them away from everybody else. The goods commanded by this fierce and unbidden customer advance wildly in price, especially food, and other goods fall in price because the relation of values is changed.

But that is only the beginning of what happens.

Each side seeks by the right of might and the purchasing power of its gold to sustain itself and to prevent the enemy from doing likewise; so that wealth in the form of goods can no longer be exchanged across sea or land with safety, but must be convoyed by war-ships and armies; the rules of civilized commerce are suspended; the confidence upon which credit rests is destroyed like a fragile toy; and trade is reduced to the primitive basis of barter and sale for cash.

Think what that means!

Under normal conditions more than ninety per cent. of the world's business is transacted on credit.

A merchant in London wants 50,000 bushels of wheat, and buys it in New York at $1.00 a bushel.

A woman in New York wants a certain pearl necklace that is for sale in a London jeweler's shop, and a Maiden Lane jeweler in New York orders it for her.

Pieces of paper are written upon, one being evidence that a London merchant owes a person in New York $50,000 for wheat and the other that a Maiden Lane jeweler owes a London jeweler $50,000 for a woman's necklace, and now it is a matter of neither jewelry nor wheat, but of international credit. Europe owes the United States $50,000 and the United States owes Europe $50,000, and why should cash change hands? No cash does. The foreign exchange bankers, for a very small fee, arrange the whole thing.

A London banker has credit with a New York banker and a New York banker has credit with a London banker. The London banker instructs the New York banker to pay $50,000 to the man who sold the wheat, and the New York banker instructs the London banker to pay $50,000 to the jeweler who sold the necklace. Presently 50,000 bushels of wheat and a pearl necklace pass each other on the ocean, and one pays for the other.

Multiply the meaning of this transaction hundreds of thousands of times, and you get a conception of foreign commerce, or trade among the nations of the world, in which goods pay for goods, and very little real money changes hands. In a year when the total trade of the United States with the rest of the world, exports and imports together, should amount to $4,250,000,000, the total exchange of gold and silver on

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account thereof might be only $250,000,000.

The gold and silver exchanged are merely to pay for an excess of imports or exports. If Europe should have bought $2,500,000,000 of goods from us and we should have bought from Europe only $2,400,000,000, the odd $100,000,000 would be settled in gold, and the settlement of that difference in gold is absolutely guaranteed, on the basis of trust and confidence and according to rules so ingenious that it all takes place automatically.

Now comes that voracious customer, War. People know by experience what will happen—that credit will collapse, that commerce will be unsafe, that shipments can not be insured against loss, that payment in gold can not be guaranteed or enforced, and that markets will be plunged into utter confusion. The banks, from foresight, have been accumulating gold. Now everybody begins to want gold, for in war gold is the only thing one can be sure of. There is never enough gold to go around, so the banks stop paying it out. Owners of securities begin trying to sell them for cash, and the stock exchanges shut up.

Finally, nobody can pay anybody else, and the Governments declare moratoria, which is to decree that nobody need pay anybody until further notice, because all the rules of trade and commerce are suspended.

LESSER AND GREATER CONSEQUENCES

These are the immediate and most dramatic consequences of war. They are not the most important. They have already happened. On the overthrow of sanity in Europe and the enthronement of blood-lust by racial acclamation, the great stock exchanges, where people were trying to convert their shares and bonds into gold, put up their shutters, and the great banks stopped paying out gold. Even the mighty Bank of England took a holiday. And the world's trade was paralyzed.

It was the paralysis of trade and the impossibility of keeping books with Europe that caused parallel phenomena in this country. Foreign holders of American shares and bonds began offering them for sale in Wall Street, and then the New York Stock Exchange was obliged to shut up, because if it undertook to keep a market on which Europe could exchange shares and bonds for gold, a great deal of gold would in that way run off to Europe. The banks, too, were obliged to suspend gold payments, because Europe had done so. If we had gone on paying our accounts to Europe in gold while Europe was unable, on the other side, to pay her accounts to us in gold, half the gold in this country might have been drained away.

But of vastly greater interest are the ultimate consequences of war—in this case a war that has no economic parallel in the history of western civilization. For purposes of consideration, they group themselves naturally under three heads, as—

Things that are bound to happen;
Things that will not happen;
Contingent probabilities.

WHAT MUST HAPPEN

The positive certitudes, when we come to think of them, are more numerous than we should have supposed. They are:

That while the war lasts the profits and losses of trade will be both very great and very unevenly distributed.

That there will be a premium upon food commodities in relation to all other goods.

That for a time those industries will be adversely affected which produce a class of American goods for export to Europe, the consumption of which is greatest in times of peace; as for instance, agricultural implements, copper, metal-working machinery, boots and shoes and manufactures of leather, sewing-machines and typewriters, manufactures of metal, manufactures of cotton, raw cotton, and illuminating and lubricating oils, in which the peace-time trade is enormous.

That prices will rise for all goods, especially luxuries, which normally are bought from Europe in large quantities, such as rubber, cheese, silks, wines, tin, Turkish tobacco, wool and wool cloth, dyes, laces and embroideries, linens, china and earthen ware, furs, hides and skins, fancy cotton goods, potash and nitrate of soda (for fertilizer), and also sheep, which we buy from Russia and the United Kingdom.

That the cost of this war in terms of money will be greater than that of any preceding war in the history of civilization, more than $5,000,000,000 having been immediately appropriated by Germany, England, France, Russia, and Austria-Hungary

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to defray current expense, to say nothing of the previous enormous investment in armament that will be lost, and no war yet having failed greatly to exceed the first appropriations.

That when peace is restored and the countries of Europe begin to issue bonds, partly to pay off the debts incurred by war and partly to raise new capital with which to start again, there will be an enormous quantity of new securities for the world's investors to absorb, and on that account interest rates will tend to rise. War piles always higher the mountain of national debt.

That afterward, from the destruction of wealth and property exceeding the value of all the railroads in America, Europe will be for many years poor, with a diminished power to purchase goods in the world's markets.

Then will come a great fall in prices, owing in part to the return of armies of men from war to productive work, which enormously and suddenly increases the production of goods, in contrast with what it has been; and partly, besides, to the diminished purchasing power of people compared with what it was before the deluge, and to a new spirit of economy among them.

The highest prices of the last century, the highest, indeed, of which there is any statistical record, occurred during the Napoleonic wars, and afterward they fell headlong for many years.

WHAT WILL NOT HAPPEN

The negative certitudes are roughly contained in the assertion that trade will not stop, however it may be harassed and inconvenienced by having to adopt new means and find new channels. It is absurd to suppose that this country, for want of ships, or from the disorganization of credit, whoever controls the sea, will be unable to sell its surplus of food, which by good fortune this year is unusually great, with Europe needing it desperately, or that in a little time it will be unable to find a market in other parts of the world for manufactured goods which Europe, because of the war, will be unable to supply as usual.

How the transportation of goods will be managed and how payments will be arranged, one can not say, any more than one could say beforehand what would happen if all the world's gold should be suddenly sunk in the sea; except that after the first shock of the thing people would go on living and producing and buying and selling, more or less as before.

The first shock is the worst that can happen. That is already past. Human ingenuity does the rest. After all, the number of men engaged in war is small in proportion to the world's population, and the remainder must live meantime. Trade does somehow always survive.

In 1807 Napoleon sought to accomplish the commercial ruin of England by closing the ports of all the continent of Europe to her goods. France, Germany, Prussia, Austria, Russia, and Holland all took part in the boycott, and English goods in transit were seizable and forfeit. It is related that English industry was prostrated, that goods accumulated until the storehouses were overflowing, that factories shut up, and that the distress from unemployment was acute. But that was temporary. The statistical record of England's foreign trade during the years of the boycott and preceding is as follows:

1801	£31,700,000	1808	£26,800,000
1802	29,800,000	1809	31,700,000
1803	26,600,000	1810	39,300,000
1804	27,800,000	1811	26,500,000
1805	28,500,000	1812	26,100,000
1806	26,900,000	1813	*
1807	26,700,000	1814	33,700,000

* Records of 1813 destroyed.

In spite of the boycott England's foreign trade increased, because Europe wanted English goods. One commentator of that time naively says that every citizen of Europe became a smuggler, and at last, when English goods, in spite of all prohibitions, were introduced clandestinely even into Paris, Napoleon began to make exceptions and to sell merchants the license to deal in them. It was still, of course, less than the normal trade with Europe which England maintained, but her merchants, seeking new outlets, suddenly seized the trade of South America, where the Spanish colonies had just become emancipated, and this stroke of enterprise on their part, growing out of a great necessity, became afterward a source of immense profit.

Gold payments at that time were suspended by all the great banks of the world, and credit was in confusion; but trade was yet both possible and profitable, though cast in new lines, and though, of course, the

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profits in new directions were offset by losses in other directions.

TO IMAGINE

The contingent probabilities are tremendous. In their purely commercial aspects they seem highly favorable to this country.

One may prove the economic fallacy of supposing that one class of people can prosper really at the expense of another, and yet experience will challenge theory. A house burns down. Persons in the crowd say: "Well, it's an ill wind that blows nobody good. There is work for carpenters and masons and laborers to build a new house." To this the economist retorts: "Not so. The community is poorer by one house that is lost. The money that will have to be spent to build a new one would have been spent for other things which are now impossible." But he is taking an average of all welfare, whereas the carpenters and masons and laborers are thinking only of themselves. And they are right. There will be more work for them at once, and if you say there will be less later, why, that is very hard to prove. It is prophecy.

Europe is burning. We are the carpenters, masons, and laborers, for whom there is going to be more work than before, though the average welfare of the world, no doubt, will be impaired.

Should the war be long, this country would undoubtedly gain access to markets hitherto occupied by Europe, especially those of South America, from which it would be impossible to dislodge us afterward.

Should the war be long, a great stimulus would be imparted to the manufacture of goods hitherto bought from Europe, so that we should be more self-contained industrially forever afterward.

Should the war be long, Europe would run up such a debt with us for the means of protracting it, that we should be less a debtor nation afterward than ever before, and might, in fact, be able to cancel the greater part of that capital indebtedness, for money borrowed in the past, on which we remit annually to the Old World several hundred millions of interest and dividend money.

From a long war, wages the Western world over would greatly rise, and, having risen, would be unlikely to fall again to where they were. That has been one consequence of every great war. Wages first rise, owing to a scarcity of labor, but prices rise too, so that labor gains nothing; afterward prices fall much more than wages, and labor is benefited.

How can prices fall while wages stay up? Well, it happens; and it will happen again because it has always happened before. The reason probably is that during the stress of things, at the first rise in wages, necessity compels the ingenuity of man to provide labor-saving devices and to contrive greater efficiency of production, so that afterward, though wages stay up, the unit-labor cost of producing goods is as low as before or lower, because the individual whose wage has gone up has a greater power of production. Besides, labor always resists a lowering of wages.

Wages per day in France before the French Revolution and under Napoleon were like this:

	Before the Revolution	Under Napoleon
Carpenter	$0.38	$0.77
Mason	0.43	0.67
Day-laborer	0.23	0.43

Prices were like this:

	Before the Revolution	Under Napoleon
A plow	$12	$20
A cart	45	85
A fat pig	16	30
A plow horse	67	120

In the next twenty years prices all over Europe fell, but wages fell so much less that a day's wage continued to buy very much more than ever before.

BEYOND

And if the war shall mean, as many suppose, the crippling of Western civilization in Europe, then the United States, already the richest country in the world, will become the refuge of that civilization, and gain a financial and industrial preeminence on that account to be enjoyed by generations to come.

"WE CAN BEAT IRON AND BLOOD WITH BRAINS AND GOLD."
"THE GREAT DEFENSE"—A STORY OF THE END OF WAR—PAGE 433.

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The FORCES of UNREST

This NEW WORLD of OURS

by HUGH BLACK

Editor's Note:—**This is the second article by Dr. Hugh Black, preacher, author, and teacher, on the changes in religious and social thought that are disturbing many minds. Dr. Black's object is to help such minds to a new stability and a new point of view.**

WHILE we recognize that we are in the midst of a changing order, we are in danger of exaggerating it sometimes. A German proverb says that we never eat our soup quite as hot as it is served to us. Those who purvey our intellectual food often give it to us piping hot, and it is wise to let it cool off a bit. There are other forms of sensationalism than that of the press and the theatre.

Some change is only breathlessness, and some movement is not even change. There is a passage in "Alice Through the Looking-Glass" which comes to mind when one tries to follow the flights of some prophets of change:

> Alice never could quite make out, in thinking it over afterwards, how it was that they began: all she remembers is, that they were running hand in hand, and the Queen went so fast that it was all she could do to keep up with her: and still the Queen kept crying, "Faster! Faster!" But Alice felt she *could not* go faster, though she had no breath left to say so.
>
> The most curious part of the thing was, that the trees and other things round them never changed their places at all: however fast they went, they never seemed to pass anything. . . . . "Are we nearly there?" Alice managed to pant out at last. "Nearly there?" the Queen repeated. "Why, we passed it ten minutes ago! Faster!"

Not only is some of our motion not progress, but also some of our progress, if not all of it, is accompanied by moral danger. When old standards are let go, men lose their moral bearings and many a wrecked life is the result. This is the real menace of our time. There is a breakdown of the ordinary root-virtues by which humanity subsists. Society will go to pieces without the ancient bonds. This necessity explains the amusing spectacle we sometimes come across to-day of men rediscovering the Ten Commandments, and loudly asserting their value for the world.

Offenses against the purity of the family or against the sanctity of human life disintegrate society. Whatever happens to creeds and churches, life can not go on without a moral foundation. It will always remain true that men must not steal or bear false witness, if we are even to do business with each other. We ought to recognize the moral danger of a time of unsettlement of conviction, and hasten to put life

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on a foundation that can not be shaken.

I am specially impressed with this from my contact with so many students in the universities. The breakdown of faith is not confined to any section or church. Take these sample illustrations, which perhaps better visualize the situation than any amount of general statement. In one university a young man came to me and after introducing himself said:

"I am a Jew by blood but not by faith. My parents belong to an Ethical Culture Society, but there is nothing in it for me. As far as I am concerned I could go back to my room and blow my brains out. I have nothing to hold to."

In another university a student told me he had been brought up a Roman Catholic. I gathered that he was of a pious family, and he had put off his break with the church for fear of wounding those he loved, including the priest for whom he had a high regard. But the break had come at last. He could no longer assent to the dogmas with which he had associated Christianity. He was desolate in spirit, and, as he described it, he felt that he was on sinking sand, without foundation for his life.

In a state university a young woman student of Puritan ancestry came, in similar distress. Brought up in a Protestant Church, she, too, had given up the dogmas with which Christianity had been associated. She declared she had nowhere to stand. Nothing was certain to her any more—no kind of authority. There seemed no validity even in the moral principles of her early training, no reason why she should believe anything right.

THE MORAL PROBLEM

I could duplicate these instances a hundred times. These three cases stand out in my memory, because of the vivid remark each happened to make, the poignant cry of moral distress: "I have nothing to hold to;" "I am on sinking sand;" "I have nowhere to stand."

They were not referring to merely intellectual problems, as I found, but in each case to a great moral problem. The moral difficulty arose from the intellectual unsettlement. It is because I know how widespread this is with educated youth that I would like to say something to establish and strengthen. Something is done even if they know that they are understood with sympathy.

Some churches attribute all this to the atmosphere of our universities, and think to conserve something by maintaining little ecclesiastical preserves in education. It is a vain hope; for the spirit of the age creeps into the preserves. Sometimes the relapse afterward is far more calamitous, when the students leave the protecting ecclesiastical atmosphere. Besides, the forces of unrest are everywhere, acting incessantly in the wide world of human life.

I recognize frankly that it is not all an intellectual problem. If we could state religious faith in completely modern terms and could adjust every difficulty to reason, it would not mean that religion could go in and possess the land. The task of religion is not so easy as that. The great necessities of life lie in another region.

The real problems that trouble us to our heart are not speculative at all, but practical. These are: how to live even up to the light we have; how to meet sorrow, temptation, death; how to find a remedy for some of the world's woes; how to deal with sin in self and in others.

These ancient words are still the modern realities. By comparison the intellectual confusion is only on the surface of life. At the same time the intellectual confusion exists, and to many is the cause of some moral confusion and of some spiritual distress.

THREE FORCES OF CHANGE

There are certain broad characteristics of our age which make it peculiar. There are certain forces which are ceaselessly playing on modern life, and which may be said to be creating our new world. They are forces that make for change, and therefore produce unrest.

One is the critical movement, which began with investigating our ancient literature and traditional history, and has gone on to question all authority. The new criticism refuses to be warned off any ground, and applies its acid to every institution of man. It is creating a new self-consciousness.

The second is the scientific movement, which has done so much for practical life. The new science, however, is not content with practical triumphs, but pushes its method as the test of all truth. It has given to man a new world-view.

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The third is the democratic movement, which is changing society over the whole civilized world. The new democracy is not only making new conditions of life, but is invading the region of theory and making new conditions of thought. It has produced a new social conception. Theology, which is our intellectual statement of religion, is bound to be colored by our method of thinking and by the background of thought.

THE NEW CRITICISM

Of course criticism of one sort or another is as old as man, but it has always hitherto been exercised within certain limits. Modern criticism may well be called new, because of its radical nature and its breadth of application. Nothing escapes it. Law does not escape because of its authority, nor does religion because of its sacredness. It leaves its mark on everything and its mark is a great Mark of Interrogation.

Applied, as it is, not only to records and traditions, but also to the very basis of society itself and to every form of authority, its first result is a tremendous unsettlement. Customs, social institutions, law, and order are asked to justify themselves, to show reason for existence, or at least why they are as they are. All modern methods of education begin with historical investigation and criticism, and at first it brings the settled fabric down about the ears of the student.

Take as an illustration *marriage*, whose fixed character and sanctity were unquestioned. Every one who knows modern literature in books and magazines knows how fiercely the critical light is beating on it to-day, and to what weird conclusions some unsettled mortals are coming about it. Of course this critical process does not mean that everything when tested is found wanting. We will find validity in law, and in institutions like marriage. We will find a place for the church, and for creeds. But nothing is taken for granted, and everything has to "make good."

In some respects the keenest criticism is directed to other spheres than religion, partly because religion has already met some of its demands. The world has escaped from some of the theological dogmas that afflicted it. It is still in the grip of political and economic dogmas. The chief critical work now to be done is to reexamine and test some of these—and discard them.

IN THE CRUCIBLE

Some of the sacred formulæ of the past about business, about government, about the nature of law, about social conditions, are to-day in the crucible to find if there is any base metal in them. Modern politics has changed its character, and deals with a whole set of new questions. Economic dogmas on supply and demand, on competition, on the rights of property, are being examined on all hands. Men are asking even more fundamental questions still about law, its origin and its authority.

The critical spirit is creating for man *a new self-consciousness*. He is trying to find himself. Psychology works patiently to discover the nature and the laws of mind. Sociology seeks to relate the individual to the larger life of society. All this is bound to affect theology. It, too, is questioned and is forced to question itself.

The traditional theology was stated when a different view of man was current. Man was viewed as a being created in innocence, who fell from his first estate. All subsequent generations suffered for his sin, and became wholly defiled in all the faculties and parts of soul and body. Ideas like that of original corruption and total depravity seem foreign to the modern mind, though it, too, acknowledges the facts on which these doctrines are based. It would state the facts differently, and would find a vastly different explanation.

The new self-consciousness is not that of a worm of the earth, "utterly indisposed, disabled, and made opposite to all good and wholly inclined to all evil." Man looks on himself as risen, and rising, from lower estates, and sees himself as the heir of the ages, to whom it is given to master the world and bend it to his ends.

THE NEW SCIENCE

Here also science is old, even in the modern sense of physical knowledge. The stream was dammed up for centuries, but its source lies back in ancient Greece with the work of men who investigated and speculated on the natural world. Their work on geometry and arithmetic was permanent, and they laid the foundations of

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medicine and astronomy. Even our modern science is more than three centuries old, with names in its honor-roll like Copernicus, and Kepler, and Galileo. We may, however, speak of the new science of to-day, because of the amazing fruits that have been plucked from the tree of knowledge. The forces of nature have been harnessed to the use of man, and the world is full of the practical triumphs of science.

But far more effective of change is the influence of *scientific method*. It is advanced as the one instrument by which men find truth in every region. It is opposed to the dogmatic method, which practically says that if the facts do not fit the theory, so much the worse for the facts. Science begins with facts, and ends by bringing its theories to the test of facts.

THE MODERN WORLD-VIEW

There has been slowly growing a new conception of nature, and we hardly realize how vast has been the change. Modern geology and kindred sciences have altered our view of the earth on which we live, and altered our view of the past history of the world of man. We accept the great age of the earth, which at first was thought to be in conflict with the early chapters of Genesis. With it has come the comparatively long age of man, drawn from such things as the discovery of implements of different periods in geologic strata.

Modern astronomy has changed the whole view of the universe, not merely in altering its center from the earth, which is now an old story. We can no longer think of the solar system as a kind of machine wound up and set a-going, to be as suddenly one day dissolved by the Creator. To the ancient Psalmist the world was like a three-story building, with the Earth the middle story, below it Sheol, the shadowy abode of the dead, and above it Heaven, set in the floods above the arch of the sky.

Modern biology adds to the change with its master-key of evolution to unlock many doors. Man has learned to look back over the long way by which the race has come, and sees unity of progress in the mystery of life.

The scientific spirit has created for us *a new world-view*. It is dynamic, not static; a process, not a structure. All that exists is seen as the consequence of a previous condition. Everything is viewed in the light of development. Even Cause is not looked on as something from the outside producing its effect, but as within the process, acted on and acting at one and the same time. In life there are no fixed types, but all have flowed from other forms, and themselves are moving to newer forms.

The induction made is that a force can be converted into other forces, and that the infinite variety of the world has been so made. In this endless flux the idea of First Cause in the old sense has no place. I am not here criticizing, but merely describing briefly—too briefly—a world-view, which through the thought of evolution is taking possession of men's minds.

It is impossible that such a view of nature can be held by science without affecting theology. Science works by the assumption of a law of continuity. Evolution and the uniformity of nature are only other forms of stating the same law. Science refuses to leave any gaps, and indeed its work consists in filling up the gaps. The traditional theology was stated when different conceptions of the world were current. It spoke the speech of its time, but the speech has changed and sounds foreign to many. It dates from a time when a comet was a portent and an eclipse meant the anger of God; when witchcraft was a natural explanation for some things, and certain diseases were thought to be the possession of a devil.

THE NEW DEMOCRACY

Like the other forces of unrest to which we have referred, democracy is not a new thing. But the features of the modern democratic spirit are its radical nature and its breadth of application. It is being applied with a vigor and rigor hitherto unknown. Other democracies there have been, but of limited character. The Greek democracies were really parochial, the government of a city, and with restricted citizenship at that. Also, they were built on slave labor. The slaves of course were excluded, and in Athens they outnumbered the whole free population. All resident aliens were excluded, and even the subject allies. Besides, it was only a democracy for those within the circle—outside were barbarians. Nowhere was possible the conception which to-day is growing in men's minds—to use the words of Goldwin Smith which have

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become the motto of Cornell University—"Above nations is humanity."

The new social spirit is seen everywhere, and affects every region of life. It is sweeping over the whole world, even awakening China from what looks like a sleep of centuries. Its effects in Europe and America are not so spectacular, but are as far-reaching. The new democratic movement is altering political theory, and industrial practise, and social life generally. It is a vast movement of which we see hardly more than the beginning; but that it spells change of all sorts, no one can doubt.

Already the emphasis is on social ethics, not merely private, and on social responsibility, not merely individual. We see it in the new sense of social guilt. Religious leaders sometimes speak of men to-day being hard to convict of guilt. That is true of some things, but probably more men have an uncomfortable conscience than ever before. There are even new sins recognized by the conscience that is enlightened by the social spirit.

Again, charity of the old type is not so highly esteemed, and men ask for justice, and resent the superior air of the distributor of alms or tracts. Some rights that were once thought to be purely private are brought within the sweep of public control. Everywhere the waters of our social life are troubled, stirred to their depth by a new spirit.

NEW MEANINGS FOR OLD WORDS

This democratic spirit is creating *a new social conception*. The rising tide of democratic ideals has altered the whole configuration of the coast, so that we need a new map. Theology can not help but be affected—not only in some of its institutions like the church, but in its whole statement and emphasis. In the long run there can not be an aristocratic church in a democratic state. The traditional theology was stated when society was viewed differently, when the natural title for God was King and men were subjects.

Even when old names are retained, their meaning has changed. When I first lived in America I used sometimes to refer in the common English phrase to the "liberty of the *subject*." I found I was not understood and that the phrase was unknown, but instead men spoke of the liberty of the *citizen*. The two words in the English-speaking world meant precisely the same thing. I realized how a word can remain, and yet have its meaning transformed. The great English democratic movement has made the old word subject mean simply citizen. So in religion the word Kingdom to-day is much nearer to the thought of Jesus than it has ever been before; for, to Him, the head of the Kingdom was not King but Father.

We have hitherto been merely making an analysis of conditions, but that in itself is worth while. It is a mistake to despise the necessary work of diagnosis. The same man may not be able to give at once a correct diagnosis and an infallible prescription. But surely the way is opened for at least a possibility of cure by finding out exactly what is happening.

We are always inclined to look for a nostrum, a quack medicine that will by magic produce a state of perfect social health. But there never is—or can be—a state of absolute fixity. That would be death. It will bring us far on the way if we realize that even we shall never be able to say the last word, and we should be content to have enough light to walk by and enough truth to live by.

These three movements are ceaselessly playing on modern life. We may dread them, or welcome them; we may exaggerate their influence in some particulars, or underestimate them; but that they are forces that make for change we can not deny. Movements so subtle and so penetrating can not have free course in our midst without affecting our statement of everything that affects man. We may differ as to the results. We may differ as to this or that item in the program, and may think that a particular doctrine need not be changed; but we agree as to the process. The general theological machinery that satisfied our fathers looks strange to us.

LESS THEOLOGY

While it is not our part here to specify in detail how particular doctrines seem to be affected, there are certain things that can be said in general about the whole subject. We will content ourselves with three evident results of the process. Already we see how, unconsciously, a change of emphasis has taken place.

Theology does not attempt so much as it

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used to do. We have even discovered that we can get along comfortably enough with a good deal less than our fathers thought necessary. The old was an attempt to put the whole universe into a single system of logic. Some of our present distress is due to this; for when the view of the universe changes, as it has changed through the access of new knowledge, trouble begins. If the old seems bound up with religion, we feel we must defend it at all costs, and when we find we can honestly defend it no longer, everything goes to pieces.

Thus, Christianity was identified with doctrines no longer vital to us and doctrines out of keeping with modern thought. We discover that there is no real connection. We learn that we do not need to tie up theology with a theory as to when and how the world began, or with a theory as to when and how it will end. These are very interesting subjects known as cosmogony and eschatology, but they are not of the essence of the Christian faith. Theology in the broad sense has to deal with these and other abstruse subjects, but it is not tied up to any ancient or medieval ideas about them.

We have a truer view of the nature and limits of theology. It is merely the attempt of the mind of man to explain the facts of religion and to interpret the experience of religion. There is therefore nothing sacred about it. It is not an enclosure from which intruders must be warned, like the grass in front of the house of David Copperfield's aunt, who could not endure any donkeys on it even for a moment. Even donkeys can come on to it, at their peril. Anybody can try his hand on theology — and mostly everybody does!

PUTTING CREEDS WHERE THEY BELONG

But some who claim the right to alter their own views, object to the church's changing her doctrine. Naturally a church with a creed moves more slowly, and does not alter a doctrine till the faith of the church compels it. This at once puts creed in its right place, which is certainly not at the door of entrance. We do not begin with a creed—we arrive at a creed. The true point of view is that theology is the servant of religion and not that religion is merely the material for theology.

No science is complete. It is always ready to alter its conceptions with new facts or new explanations. If theology is in any sense the scientific formulation of the facts of religious life, it follows that no theology can be accepted as the final statement. It is the interpretation of religious experience, and each age has to interpret it anew. The language, the thought, even the experience itself, change. The more vital and central a truth is, the more it demands restatement.

Above all, no theology, no matter how new we call it, can alter the facts. It can mean at most a new setting of facts. The Copernican astronomy displaced the old Ptolemaic astronomy and made astrology impossible, but it did not do anything to the facts. The sun and the moon and the stars went on exactly as before. It set them in new relations. The new chemistry made the astronomer's stone and the elixir of life impossible; but everything real was just as before; only the facts were related and tested.

So, any new theology can only put the religious facts of human history and experience in new relations.

There has been a change of emphasis from the speculative to the practical and social. Christianity has never entirely lost sight of the true emphasis, as it has never entirely lost sight of its Master. But there is always a danger of making true opinions the test of faith.

In every age the great leaders of religion have put the emphasis right. Henry Crabb Robinson, in his "Reminiscences," tells how when a boy of fifteen he heard John Wesley preach, not long before his death. He was so feeble that he was held up in the pulpit by two men with their hands under his armpits. The picture of that reverend countenance, with his long white locks, before the vast crowd of his lovers and admirers, was one never to be forgotten. Wesley addressed the people on liberality of sentiment, and spoke against refusing to join a congregation on account of difference of opinion. He said, "If they do but fear God, work righteousness, and keep His commandments, we have nothing to object to."

We learn that Christians are united not by a common creed, but by a common purpose, and they find their purpose in the great purpose of their Master.

Dr. Black's next article will appear in the November number.

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EVERYBODY'S MONEY

by JOHN PARR

THREE ECONOMIC MIRACLES

A COUNTRY in its youth is preserved by many miracles. It accepts them as its due, or boasts of its capacity for self-preservation, instead of thanking the Providence that loves more the reckless spirit of young gristle than the reverent philosophy of old bones.

Some day an imaginative person will write a book on the Economic Miracles of American Progress, and after that only those who prefer figures for their own mad sake will continue to amuse themselves by adjusting superhuman phenomena to the rules of statistics, and by writing books in which you read that the return of prosperity at a certain time was owing to "a large increase in our favorable balance of trade," when it was owing instead—well, not to a miracle, if you disbelieve in miracles, but to a coincidence of extraordinary timeliness, which is just as hard to account for.

Let us take three, and see what we can make of them. One was in 1879, another was in 1896, and the third is happening.

To begin with, do you know what a greenback is? It is a piece of paper money that has often passed through your hands, but you wouldn't have noticed it particularly, because nowadays, fortunately, all forms of paper money are interchangeable with gold coin, and one does not bother to look.

It was not always so. The face of the greenback has changed from time to time, but the legends have been invariable.—*United States Note. The United States of America. Ten dollars. This note is a legal tender for ten dollars, subject to the provisions of section* 3588, *R. S.*—and the back is always green; hence the name. It is unsecured, save by the general credit of the Government, differing in that respect from the silver certificates, which are secured by silver coin or bullion; the gold notes, secured by gold coin or bullion; and the National-bank notes, secured by Government bonds.

Shortly after the start of the Civil War, more than fifty years ago, the United States Treasury and all the banks suspended specie payments, which is to say, they began to hoard their gold and to make their ordinary payments in forms of paper money not interchangeable with gold. The Government issued $450,000,000 of its unsecured notes, which were those same greenbacks, and decreed that they should be legal tender money up to ten dollars, except for making payments to itself.

If you owed the Government money, you had to pay in gold. If a merchant imported dutiable goods, he was obliged to pay the duties in gold, and to obtain the gold he paid a premium in other money for it.

At first the premium was not very large, but as the output of paper money increased and confidence in the Government declined, the premium on gold increased, until at one time it took $2.50 of paper money to buy $1.00 of gold. Merchants having customs duties or foreign payments to meet in gold and all who entered into contracts payable in gold, were in a continuous dilemma, never knowing one day what gold would be worth the next; especially as speculators greatly aggravated the case by dealing in gold for a rise or fall, as in wheat or stocks, and carried it once so far as to attempt, under the leadership of Jay Gould

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and Jim Fisk, to make a corner in the precious metal.

After the close of the Civil War the National Banking System was created, for one purpose, among others, of substituting National-bank notes for the greenbacks in the country's circulating medium. The greenbacks had been regarded only as a desperate expedient of war, and it was proposed now gradually to retire them. But when somewhat more than $100,000,000 had been retired and people began to feel the effects of contracting the currency, and also to blame upon that head all economic ills not otherwise to be accounted for, violent opposition to the Government's policy appeared. Not only was the redemption of greenback money stopped, but in the panic of 1873 some that had been retired was reissued in obedience to a popular demand.

For several years more, gold and paper money were at a wide disparity, with always a premium on gold. The country's great financial ambition was to restore all money to a gold basis, but it was a very difficult thing to do, partly for economic reasons, as we were heavily in debt to Europe, and partly for psychological reasons, many then as ever before and since preferring cheap money and plenty of it to any other kind.

At last in 1878 the Congress, after much hesitation and self-contradiction, authorized the Secretary of the Treasury on January 1, 1879, to "resume specie payments," that is, to undertake to pay out gold on demand in exchange for paper money, provided, however, that the cancellation of greenbacks should cease, that the amount then outstanding ($346,681,000) should be irreducible, and that as fast as greenbacks were redeemed in gold on demand of the holders, they should be reissued.

The banks agreed to cooperate with the Government and themselves to resume paying out gold on January 1, 1879, but it was, as everybody knew, a rash undertaking. The Government had not gold enough to redeem the greenbacks, if more than a third of them were presented for payment in gold, and, as they had immediately to be reissued, under the law, the same greenback could keep coming back again and again as a demand upon the Treasury for gold. So it had to be assumed that people would believe the Government could pay everybody gold who wanted it, and, believing it, would not apply. Neither did the banks have enough gold to pay everybody, if everybody wanted it, and it had again to be assumed that everybody would believe it without putting it to the test.

Economic conditions were unpropitious. The country had been running in debt to Europe. Its imports exceeded its exports, and it was obliged to pay the difference in gold. However, on January 1, 1879, the funny little iron wagon that had been employed to haul gold from the United States Custom House through Wall Street to the Sub-Treasury failed for the first time in fifteen years to make its daily trip. The Government was taking its own money in payment of customs duties, and the experiment of specie resumption was begun.

Wall Street was very distrustful of the whole proceeding. It was, as the financial writers say, bearish. How absurd it can be in that mood it would not believe itself. The Brooklyn Bridge was building at that time. But the work had run out of money, and the leading financial weekly solemnly advocated that the project be abandoned, rather than that good money should be sent after bad. The bridge would be a poor substitute for the ferry in time of fog and ice, and but an obstruction to traffic at all other times.

Jay Gould was the leader of the bear party in Wall Street, and sold stocks heavily for a fall, on the belief that the experiment of specie resumption would fail. Industry was depressed. Agriculture was impoverished. There was no money in the earth's produce, and Europe was selling American securities and demanding payment in gold—always in gold.

Then came——

THE FIRST MIRACLE

The daily wheat quotations began to rise. Nobody noticed it much at first. They continued to rise, and people began to ask why. The reason was bad weather in Europe. There was a late frost in France and a later one in Great Britain, and then it began to rain, and rained steadily for weeks on end. Also, it was very cold. Overcoats were worn in London in July. The Archbishop of Canterbury directed that prayers for fair weather be offered up in all English churches on Sunday, July 6. But it went on raining, and Europe's crops were ruined.

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In this country the sun smiled and the crops grew amazingly. The production of American wheat that season broke all records. There was a great surplus for sale to Europe. It saved hundreds of thousands of people from death by famine and it saved also our rash experiment in specie resumption. Europe had to pay for the wheat in gold, so that where in preceding years we had been sending gold away, the tide now was abruptly turned. Our command of gold was increased the next year also by another wonderful crop, before the Old World had recovered from the loss of one, and thereafter for fifteen years you had not to bother to look at the kind of money you had in your pocket. It was all as good as gold.

THE SECOND MIRACLE

Money has been an indispensable convenience to society. It has made possible a division of labor undreamed of when men exchanged goods for goods, instead of exchanging labor and goods for money and then the money for labor and goods, as nowadays; but it has been a great torment, too. It often goes wrong, like the human liver, and throws everything else into maladjustment, and, like the liver, it is frequently blamed for ills that come from other causes.

It seems necessary to say this in order not to have to take sides in the historical contest that was waged in 1896 between the Free Silver Party and the Gold Party in politics.

There had been an international panic in 1893, which left business prostrated, and prices were so low that again, as in 1878, there was very little profit in the earth's produce or in manufactures. The Greenback Party of the late '60's and early '70's was now the Free Silver Party, believing that the trouble in the world was dear money and that prices and prosperity could be restored by cheap money, in the form of silver, and plenty of it. The farmer thought the low price of wheat was owing to the fact of its being a gold price, and Mr. Bryan said the price of wheat could never rise until the gold standard was repealed and the mints were opened to the free coinage of silver—the people's money.

The world could prosper with either gold or silver money, as money serves merely to effect an exchange of goods. But with the business of the whole western world on a gold basis, this country alone could not go over to silver without risking the loss of a great quantity of its gold and a tremendous dislocation of its international credit.

The possibility of the gold standard being abandoned led people to begin hoarding gold. Those same greenbacks, which were redeemable in gold under the specie-resumption act, but which had to be reissued by the Government as fast as redeemed, began to be presented for redemption. They were no sooner redeemed in gold and reissued than presented again for redemption in gold. It was an endless chain by which the United States Treasury was drained of gold.

The Government sold bonds for gold to replenish its reserve, but, of course, the new reserve went the way of the old. People with greenbacks in their hands waited all day in long lines at the Sub-Treasury in Wall Street to get gold in exchange. It was a run on the Government.

Besides, as in 1878, the country was heavily in debt to Europe, and Europe, disbelieving in the ability of the Government to continue gold payments, exacted payment in gold of all the debts she could press, and gold was going away from the country by every east-bound ship.

What would have happened if in November the Free Silver Party had won the election, so that this country alone among competitive nations should have had to abandon the gold standard, nobody knows for sure. Something else happened: The wheat crop failed in India.

What had that to do with it? Why, it had this to do with it—the price of wheat began suddenly to rise, only a few weeks before election, to the consternation of the Free Silver Party's leaders who had said that this could not happen on a gold-money basis. It had been as low as fifty-three cents in Chicago in August; it was ninety-four cents the week before election.

For several years the world had supposed that wheat was too plentiful ever to become scarce again; but the failure of the crop in India led it to take stock of its wheat stores. They had been running down for several years, almost unnoticed, until India's misfortune made the world thoughtful; and the result was the rise of forty cents a bushel in a few weeks.

That was Nature's unexpected contribution to the sound-money argument of 1896,

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and it won the day. The country had a large crop, and a large surplus to sell at a high price, and the prosperity implied in these events not only upset the Free Silver Party's predictions, but caused a great many people to change their minds at the last minute and vote to leave their money as it was.

THE THIRD MIRACLE

And now what is happening?

Last December, in passing the Federal Reserve Bank Act, to reform the banking system of the country in a fundamental manner, the Congress committed the country to the most important financial experiment since that of specie resumption in 1879. The effect of this act will be greatly to increase the volume of both credit and currency in ratio to gold. Protestations were loud and vehement. It was a dilution of the currency, the critics said; it would drive a lot of gold out of the country, others believed. It would succeed only by great good luck in the beginning, said the mildest critics, and these might have added, if they had thought to do so, that the country had always been lucky.

During the late spring and early summer gold began to be exported in such unusual quantities as to remind Wall Street of 1879 and 1896, and here was an untoward beginning for the new banking system, the successful introduction of which required our having command of enough gold to inspire international confidence in our ability to maintain the new currency on a gold basis. And Wall Street, as usually is the case in all emergencies, was despairing and bearish.

However, before the middle of summer the Crop Reporting Board of the Department of Agriculture at Washington was able to announce that the four principal cereal crops—wheat, corn, barley, and oats—would exceed all previous performances.

That of itself might not serve the purpose. It is one thing to have a large surplus production and another thing to have a market on which profitably to sell it. You might have one without the other; that is, a surplus and very low prices, or very high prices and no surplus to sell. But on this important announcement from the Government's Crop Reporting Bureau grain prices did not fall headlong. The prices of wheat and corn remained within a few cents per bushel of where they had been at the corresponding time of the year before.

The reason was that for the third time, by an extraordinary coincidence, we had had better luck than the rest of the world. The crops of Russia, Rumania, Bulgaria, Hungary, Italy, France, and Greece were all under normal. There had been a drought in all Scandinavia. The Balkan Wars, of course, had impoverished agriculture. And, besides, the world's reserves of wheat from former years were unusually low again.

Then suddenly, to the amazement of the whole civilized world, Europe abandoned its agriculture and plunged itself into war. As everybody knows, war puts a high premium on food supplies, and here was the United States, a neutral country, with a large surplus of food to sell at war prices. The great banks of Europe suspended gold payments, and so did the banks of Wall Street; but this Government most fortunately had in its vaults an immense supply of emergency currency—provided for after the panic of 1907, as a kind of insurance against financial trouble pending a reform of the banking system—all untouched. This began immediately to be issued, where nobody had supposed it would ever be needed. It is secured by the best municipal, state, and corporation bonds, and will serve until the Federal Reserve Banking system shall have been firmly set up. Then the emergency currency will be replaced by Federal Reserve notes.

So, with Europe at war and its monetary system broken down, the position of this country is that it has the best credit in the world, the best money in the world, a large surplus of food commodities to sell, and a great reserve of manufacturing power to be utilized in producing goods for the markets of the world that have been suddenly cut off from their sources of supply in Europe.

You may call it luck; you may say it is another fortunate coincidence; but it is the luck of a country in its youth and a concurrence of things over which men have not the least control.

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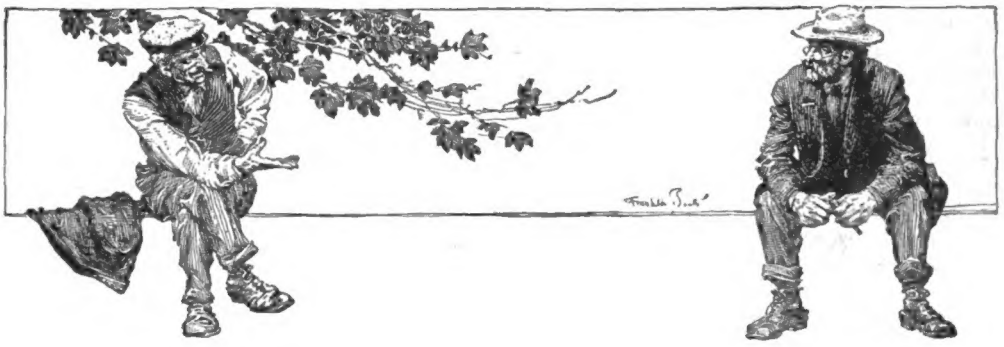

UNDER THE SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE

EDITOR'S NOTE—A good story is a treasure, and, like other precious things, hard to find. Our readers can assist us, if they will, by sending any anecdotes they find that seem to them good. Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. The younger the better. We shall gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree," enclosing stamped, addressed envelope.

At an inauguration in Washington, D. C., a couple of negro venders were observed passing through a crowded street, one about ten feet in advance of the other, and both endeavoring to dispose of their wares to the passers-by.

The first negro would cry out: "Heah's wheah yo' get yo' cigahs and tobacco, candies, fruits, and nuts."

Each time he called this out, the negro shuffling along in the rear would cry: "Same heah, same heah."

Just before the Civil War so much counterfeit money was in circulation that business men found it advantageous to use a counterfeit bank-note detector.

A storekeeper in a New Hampshire village came into possession of a bank-note which he strongly suspected to be counterfeit, so he sent it to a near-by city in charge of an old stage-driver for examination.

On two successive trips the old fellow forgot this particular errand. A third time he was charged with it in terms unmistakably strong. Again he forgot. Fearing to confess his carelessness, he resolved to brave it out somehow.

"Well," said the storekeeper anxiously, "did they say it was a bad bill?"

"Why, no," responded the stage-driver deliberately, "not exactly."

"Not exactly?" ejaculated the other. "What do you mean? Was it good?"

"No, not exactly that either—" and the old man brightened a little. "They said they guessed it was '*bout middlin*'. "

A very small man sat in a street-car until he became tightly wedged in from both sides. There entered a large, handsome woman, upholstered to the minute. She took the strap in front of the small man, and was hanging to it in discomfort when he arose with a flourish of politeness and touched her arm.

"Take my seat, madam," he said with a smile and a bow.

"Oh, thank you very much," she replied, and turned toward the seat. Then, smiling genially, she added:

"Where did you get up from?"

Dr. Wiley, our foremost expert in the pure-food crusade, is responsible for the following:

"Four flies, which had forced their entrance into a certain pantry, were bent upon having a feast. One flew to the flour and ate heartily; but soon died, for the flour was loaded with plaster of Paris. The second perched himself on the sugar-can; but he fared no better, for the sugar was full of white lead. The third

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decided to sample the sirup, which stood temptingly near; but his legs were shortly raised toward the ceiling, for the sirup was colored with anilin dyes. The fourth and only surviving one had been coquettishly hovering around the different receptacles, apparently unable to choose. But finally, overcome with grief at the death of all his friends, he also decided to end his life and drank deeply of the fly-poison which he found in a convenient dish. But he is still alive, and in excellent health.

"The fly-poison, too, was adulterated."

The two oldest inhabitants were very ignorant, neither of them being able even to tell the time of day. A friend of Uncle Ben's gave him a watch, of which he was very proud. One day, before the crowd at the corner-store, old Pete, being slightly jealous of such wealth and wishing to embarrass his rival, said: "Say, Ben, what time have ye got?"

The other old fellow drew out his watch and turned its face toward his inquisitor. "There she be!" he exclaimed.

Pete was almost at a loss, but he made a magnificent effort and retorted: "Blame if she ain't!"

Ikey could not learn to subtract, so the teacher put this practical problem to him:

"If Ikey had eight pennies and lost three, how many pennies would Ikey have left?"

"For why should Ikey lose three pennies?" came the prompt reply.

Shortly after the death of one of England's great poets, one of his devoted admirers visited the little village where the poet had lived and died. The stranger entered into conversation with an old man, a native of the village, remarking sadly on the death of the poet.

"Aye, aye," answered the old man encouragingly; "still I mak' no doobt but the wife'll carry the business on."

In a small South American state which had recently undergone a change of administration the new potentate summoned an artist and ordered new designs for all the official uniforms.

"I wish showy costumes—very showy," he said, "for the people are impressed by them. I have here some sketches that I myself have made. Look them over, and be guided by these ideas as far as possible."

The artist examined the sketches carefully. "This," he said, turning the pages, "is evidently for the navy and this for the army; but if you please, what is this—a long plume on a three-cornered hat, yellow dress coat trimmed with purple, and——"

"That," replied the chief of state, gravely, "is for the secret police."

A young Scandinavian recently applied for a job as life-saver at the municipal baths in Minneapolis.

As he was about six feet six inches tall and very well built, the chief life-saver gave him an application-blank to fill out.

"By the way," said the chief life-saver, "can you swim?"

"No," replied the applicant, "but I can wade like blazes!"

A booking agent for a Chautauqua bureau visited a small town in the Middle West. He called on a man who said that in order to introduce a Chautauqua it would be necessary to see the most prominent man of the town. Together they called on the "first citizen," and the booking agent was introduced.

"Mr. Jones," said he, "I called to see you in regard to a Chautauqua."

"It won't do a bit of good," spoke up the prominent citizen. "My wife and I have looked over all the catalogues carefully and have already decided on another machine."

Peter Thompson went to visit his son in Montreal. It was his first visit to the city, and the young man showed him all the sights, concluding with an ascent of Mount Royal. In a burst of enthusiasm young Thompson said:

"See, father, isn't it wonderful down there!"

"Well," said his father, "if it's so wonderful down there, what did you drag me up here for?"

The Chinese are not a race given to flattery.

A gentleman called at a Chinese laundry for his clothes. On receiving the package he noticed some Chinese characters marked upon it. Being curious, he asked, pointing to the lettering:

"That is my name, I suppose?"

"No. 'Scliption," was the Chinaman's bland reply. "'Lil ol' man, closs-eyed, no teet'l"

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EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE
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STRAIGHT TALK WITH EVERYBODY'S PUBLISHERS

RARELY did we get such hard brickbats and fragrant bouquets when we were editing EVERYBODY'S all alone as have come to us since our readers began their editorial work on Rum. Some of the comments of course went swiftly by us and hit the co-operative editors themselves. But most of the critics, in pointing out errors of fact or theory in their fellow-editors' letters, included a little slap or compliment for us. We have been accused of displaying every editorial weakness or vice, in our selection of letters, from bad taste to partnership in a brewery.

And on the other hand, Prohibitionist, distiller, and drinker alike have called down a blessing on our heads for our educational work. Most of our readers agree that they have been shown a unique collection of typical points of view on the liquor question. That was well worth doing.

Here are some of the comments:

LET THE HAGUE CONFERENCE ABOLISH ALCOHOL

This is not a Rum-contest letter, but simply one in answer to the letter by Louis G. Copes of Buffalo, "Alcohol: Use *vs.* Abuse," published in the June EVERYBODY'S.

I must take issue with Mr. Copes, even though I believe in some of his statements. For instance, "Abuse," says Mr. Copes, "is inherent in the man." True; but is there such a thing as the *use* of alcohol in the sense in which Mr. Copes uses the word? He compares alcohol straight along to food, when speaking of its use *versus* its abuse, and it is an absolute fallacy to compare alcohol in any way to any food, even "tomatoes." The use of alcoholic beverages in any amount is a physiological abuse. Alcohol is not at all necessary to the existence of man on the earth. Food, even if abused, is necessary to such existence.

Alcohol is not a food—it does not build up tissue waste; the most that can be said of it is that it is a tissue sparer. But it has been pretty conclusively shown that even the so-called use of alcohol in moderate daily quantities does promote tissue decay—in other words, hardening of the arteries, and premature old age.

On the other hand, as Jack London has so forcibly pointed out, our custom of allowing liquor to be sold on every street-corner, of allowing the saloon to be made more attractive to the vast majority of our youths than any other pleasure resort within their reach, does start the abuse of liquor at a very early age. The boy thinks it manly to imitate his elders, and before he has a chance to arrive at anything like an ability to judge for himself, the poison has established a body habit which, unless the youth has been endowed by nature with much more than the average strength of will, makes him prisoner for the rest of his life.

I quite agree that "man himself is the liquor problem." But what chance has man to be anything else while we allow the children of man to be destroyed by Rum before they are able to reason for themselves?

Nature's splendid law of selection would solve the Rum question in the end, as it has many others, but civilization never has time to wait on nature. Civilization has established a Hague Peace Conference to help in the final

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abolishing of War. Civilization has established health offices in every community, and quarantine stations at every port. Why will not Civilization be consistent and establish a Hague Conference to abolish the manufacture of liquor in every civilized land?

Congers, N. Y. DR. E. W. P.

FACTS IN THE LIFE OF MEN

For my own satisfaction I must offer some comments on the July instalment of "What We Know About Rum."

The article by Mr. Thayer is a graphic and admirable presentation of one aspect of the Rum problem, though it presents nothing new, of course, for those who are conversant with the facts concerned. Assuming that Mr. Thayer would not offer cleanliness as the only necessary remedy for the evil he describes, one must only be grateful for what he has written.

The discussion of Professor Ladd must be considered differently. He appears to assume that he has not only dealt with "the facts in the souls of men," but that he has dealt with *all* the facts bearing on the liquor problem, in principle, if not in detail. Such an assumption is a fatal error, if one looks at the problem from all sides. It illustrates the dangers of specialization, since of course there are other facts in the *lives* of men in addition to those which are "in the *souls*" of men. Life is far more than soul. Some of the most important facts of life are not soul, and Professor Ladd has overlooked them.

Professor Ladd insists that "in four cases out of five *it is because the victim* [of liquor] *was not brave and strong enough of soul to stand up and take life's inescapable disappointments, losses, sufferings. . .*" In saying this the professor overlooks, of course, the fact that bravery and strength are not merely individual qualities "in the souls" of men; he is unaware that bravery and strength are partly social qualities, so that some men who can be brave and strong against liquors when social conditions are favorable, can not be brave and strong when social conditions are unfavorable.

Having overlooked such a fact bearing on the Rum problem, it was perfectly natural that Professor Ladd should minimize and distort the significance of legislation as a corrective of the alcohol habit. One must object to his argument for the reason that prohibitive laws when enforced *do* relieve men from the drink evil. Every one who is familiar with the general situation, and is not prejudiced in favor of liquor, knows that *prohibitive laws give relief.*

I shall be told, of course, that prohibitive laws can not be enforced. The reply is, that such laws are enforced to a large extent, and that men are freed from the alcohol habit as a result. It may be added that when these laws are broken, they are broken ordinarily by people who are connected with the liquor interests, directly or indirectly, and who then have the brazenness to exult in what they have done.

Even a partial enforcement of prohibitive laws gives some relief; and every one who can look at the matter broadly is aware that, if we could at once have general prohibitory legislation and have it enforced, the evil would swiftly disappear. Full relief will never come without enforced prohibitive laws. I do not say, of course, that prohibitory legislation is the only thing needed.

As to the "common-sense temperance" of our friend Mr. Samuel, little need be said. The proposal is too superficial for serious consideration by those who actually desire to deal with the Rum evils.

The strangest thing about what you offer concerning Rum in the July EVERYBODY'S is, that these articles are presented as the "common-sense side" of the Rum business.

Is this an indication of the attitude of EVERYBODY'S to this great problem?

Chester, Pa. F. G. L.

THE CASE OF BEER

It is interesting to read Mr. James Samuel's characterization of Prohibition Maine in your July Rum Letters: "Drunken Maine, with its thousands of juvenile and female common drunks." He does not tell us of those greater thousands of sober men and women who have grown up in Maine without ever seeing saloons, since Neal Dow first "planted the state of Maine knee-deep in temperance literature" because a saloon-keeper declined to refuse his inebriate friend liquor.

He voices the pet stock objections to Prohibition, which the liquor-dealers claim increases their sales of liquor, and yet which, with singular inconsistency, they spend millions of dollars to defeat.

He speaks of the "light-hearted, hopeful, optimistic Germans," and claims that "beer" "opens their mouths to laughter and song." Strange that the Emperor William does not take that view of it: it is well known that he, seeing the ravages made in the army and universities of Germany by beer-drinking, has become himself a total abstainer, and lectures against its use.

But your correspondent was least happy in his reference to Bismarck, who went on record as opposed to beer-drinking when he said: "Beer is a greater enemy to Germany than all the armies of France."

Those of us who have witnessed the efforts of men to break away from the drink habit by using the less intoxicating drink, know of its utter futility as a temperance drink.

New Orleans, La. (MRS.) A. M. E.

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